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THE
CATHOLIC WORLD

MAY, 1936

## EDITORIAL COMMENT

### WAR PEACE DIPLOMACY

WHILE the news of the world unreels (as they say in movie-lingo) I find myself repeating incessantly the gently cynical exclamation of the seventeenth century Swedish statesman Oxenstiern, "Behold, my son, with how little wisdom this great world is governed." It is refreshing to know that a trained diplomat could make that confession, for in general the craft takes itself very seriously. We, the uninitiated, are supposed to believe that a diplomat must be something of a wizard, with a preternatural knowledge of men and an uncanny appreciation of the meaning of events. Do not practitioners of the craft advance very slowly from post to post, and are we not asked to believe that the unfit are eliminated along the way? Is it not true that a blunder at Sofia, or Belgrade, or Oslo forever precludes the possibility of one's representing one's country at the big centers, London, Paris, Washington? As for Versailles, or Geneva, or Locarno!

**Little Wisdom**

But the irreverent man in the street, unconvinced of the difficulties and intricacies of the diplomatic profession, persists in thinking that he could do as good a job as any of the bigwigs whose names he reads in the headlines. In fact I have heard one rough fellow declare that a cowboy could throw a lariat into a crowd and casually rope in a dozen men who wouldn't have blundered so badly as Lloyd George, Orlando, Clemenceau and Wilson at Versailles. I am half inclined to believe it. I can even imagine that one of our haphazard juries, composed of a grocer, a baker, a carpenter, a housewife or two and a residuum of court room hangers-on would have given Germany a better "break" at Versailles and in consequence would have done more for world peace than all the illustrious and sacrosanct diplomatic nabobs.

Would it have required any supernatural intelligence to rise and say: "Gentlemen, what we aim at is not to punish the Central Powers but to repair Europe. To wreak vengeance on the conquered would be to hark back to savagery. The only wise thing to do is to invite Germany and her allies to sit in

here on equal terms with ourselves. If we don't do it now, we shall have to do it later. The Germans are a powerful people. They pretty nearly licked us, even though we were ten to one against them. A powerful people and a proud people. Let us not, therefore, attempt to extract from them under duress a confession of guilt. They will make the confession, like a prisoner tortured on the rack, but when they get home they will repudiate it. And the memory of their humiliation will rankle. So, let bygones be bygones. See if we can't get together and patch up the sorry wreck we have made of civilization."

**Common Sense Speech**

Unfortunately there was no such simple wisdom as this at Versailles. The diplomats went in behind closed doors, as if engaged in some esoteric mystic rite in which only past-masters could take part, and came out with the stupidest, most vengeful and most unenforceable "treaty of peace" ever written since the dubious art of diplomacy was invented.

TAKE the one feature of that treaty that has been thrust in our face by Hitler's recent march to the Rhine. Did any one of those myopic statesmen for one moment imagine that German soldiers could be kept away from their own river by lines written on "a scrap of paper" and signed under threat of slaughter? Much holy wrath has been expended over Bethmann-Hollweg's historic and infamous utterance. But if the Germans were mendacious, treacherous, perfidious, did the allied diplomats expect them to hold sacred a treaty made at the point of the bayonet, after they had torn up one they had made as free agents?

**Hitler at the Rhine**

If it comes to a question of ethics, no moralist, Christian or pagan, would hold a conquered people bound by a compact signed under threat of annihilation. That's the word, annihilation, obliteration, suffocation. The plan of the Allies was not to reprove but to remove Germany. Deliberate effort was made to erase the Central Powers from the map of Europe. Of course it couldn't be done. No such thing ever has been done. Extermination of a whole people, healthy, virile, in the prime of life is a physical impossibility. Whether we admire the Germans or despise them, love them or loathe them, it would be asinine to imagine that they can, at the present stage of their development, be expunged from the scene by diplomatic cunning. Yet the dictators of the terms of peace seem to have thought that they could do just that.

I repeat: any dozen men casually corralled from a crowd would not have blundered so fatally. What's wrong with this world is diplomats, stiff-shirted, frock-coated, top-hatted nincompoops masquerading as adepts of a recondite art.

And now the world pays the penalty. Hitler is at the Rhine with his arms and his men. And the English and the French are at loggerheads as to what to do about it. A pretty how-do-ye-do within a couple of decades after Versailles!

I HOPE it is not necessary to protest that I hold no brief for Adolf Hitler. To me he is a paranoiac and a homicidal maniac. Precisely: a cold-blooded, calculating murderer

as he demonstrated with his Neronian "purge." Furthermore, like all other tyrants, he is superstitious and fanatical. He is Europe's Menace No. 1, a greater danger than Stalin or Mussolini.

**"He Seen His Chance"**

But pile up the epithets as we may, one thing we must admit: Hitler, like the Bret Harte bandit who outwitted the sheriff, "seen his chance and tuk it." The "chance" was a present from the diplomats. He had only to go about in Germany and shout at the top of his lungs, "Remember Versailles! Avenge Versailles!" Why talk about his superlative oratory and the electrifying influence he exercises upon vast audiences? Unless the Allies had played into his hands he could have done nothing with his loud voice, his frown-that-never-comes-off and his stiff-right-arm salute. If the victors of eighteen years ago hadn't conspired to throttle Germany with that iniquitous "Treaty of Peace" Hitler would still be a cheap agitator, recognized as a psychopathic case. Instead of trembling in his presence, men would laugh at him. The Germans would have denied him citizenship, and very probably would have "liquidated" him. But his stock-in-trade, his total assets, his argument, the source of his power, his all in all is the cry, "Versailles! Remember Versailles!"

"THAT which thou doest, do quickly" is a maxim of wisdom—or of expedience — that the western diplomats didn't know or didn't dare put into practice. They planned to ruin Germany *ultimately*. If they were determined to do it at all, they should have done it *immediately*. The more rabid Germanophobes in 1918 cried, "No armistice! No peace! On to Berlin! Exterminate the vermin!" Does some forgetful person exclaim, "Nonsense! nobody could have been so bloodthirsty as that"? Dear friend, dig up the records.

**Strangling a Nation**

Read some of the speeches delivered in the House of Commons, in the Chamber of Deputies, and in our own national Congress. Look at the correspondence columns in the newspapers in the days between the signing of the armistice and the conclusion of the Treaty. Those orators and letter-writers were doubtless mad but they had the right idea. If the plan was to obliterate Germany, every last German should have been slaughtered. Impossible? Of course.

THE Allies, and in particular the French, are now pretending surprise and scandal that Germany has been arming all the while. When the German troops crossed the imaginary barrier, fifty kilometers back of their western border, they came, not with bare hands, not with those ridiculous shovels on their shoulders, but with the very latest and best in firearms. But was it really a surprise to France and to England? Let us not be naïve. Unless the "intelligence departments" of those two great powers have been comatose for the past few years, they must have known what was happening on the other side of the Rhine. There are limits to the ignorance even of diplomats. No government could really be so unaware as France and England pretended to be of what it was all about when Hitler gave the word, *"Vorwärts! Am Rhein!"* Men of

mature intelligence—presumably—could not remain for eighteen years serenely confident that a proud and warlike people would be quiescent while their neighbors, Russia to the east and France to the west, were organizing such armies and constructing such fortifications as the world has never seen before.

Every newspaper for half-a-dozen years past has carried information about the "impregnable underground Gibraltar" constructed by France from the Belgian border to the Mediterranean. But Germany was supposed meanwhile by the terms of that incredible treaty not to build a block house or to permit a soldier to set foot within thirty miles of the frontier. Had the diplomats actually persuaded themselves that Germany would play the lamb in the midst of wolves? Of course they didn't. Why then all this pretense of pained surprise when the expected happened? Well, why any or all of the other silly gestures of the trained diplomats? Why those feeble and futile threats of the League to discipline or to halt Italy while she went uninterrupted on her bloody way through Ethiopia? For that matter, why did the League and the Court adjourn at Geneva as soon as it came face to face with the crucial question, "sanctions or no sanctions"? Why have they been, and why do they remain, inert while Japan proceeds ruthlessly on her way to dominate all Eastern Asia?

**Pharisaic Scandal**

I am afraid we shall have to say "Amen" to old Oxenstiern's classic utterance, "with how little wisdom the great world is governed!" Little wisdom, indeed, and less courage.

FATHER John Elliot Ross contributed to *The Commonweal* for March 27th an interesting paper on "America and War." As always, his thought is significant and his expression vigorous. But, if I may say so, Father Ross leaves unanswered a question which perpetually plagues me because I have not found its answer: How far are we willing to go in pursuit of peace?

Doubtless he will say that he didn't start out to answer that question. But it comes spontaneously as a result of his argument, and the answer to it is as necessary as a corollary to a geometrical or logical proposition. But before we insist upon what Father Ross *didn't* say, let us recapitulate with the necessary abbreviation what he *did* say.

He proposes the query, "How shall we keep out of war?" The answer, he thinks, is Education in a dozen different modes: "Until all the educational forces—pulpit, press, school, stage, screen, radio—patiently educate our people to a will for peace, we may expect that legislation will be futile."

**Can We Keep Peace?**

He wishes that "some journalist with a flair for describing gruesome details would write a description of war corresponding to that journalistic effort, 'Sudden Death,' describing the horrors of automobile accidents. . . . If a description of the horrors of war could get similar publicity, and if dramas for radio and screen and stage took it up, sermons were preached upon it, teachers in high schools and colleges recommended it to their students, the process of educating for peace would be greatly stimulated."

He has a startling idea for a street

procession: "Widows and orphans and crippled men marching would be substituted for waving flags and brilliant uniforms and stirring bands in our parades on military anniversaries. Floats would represent all the gruesome details of battle."

Such graphic propaganda for peace is the novel suggestion in Father Ross's paper. He goes on to make the more usual points that war is foolish and futile. And he riddles the notion that preparedness for war is a guarantee of peace.

**Shall We Sacrifice America?**

SO far, very well. But readers of the more impatient sort will rush through these familiar arguments, in the hope that Father Ross is about to explain what shall be our course of action when once we have the people thoroughly convinced that war is brutish, savage, foolish. What next? The Oxford oath? If not that pledge of absolute pacifism, what? Merely the usual injunction to "Write your congressman"? Or to "Agitate, ye divils, agitate"? Father Ross in this instance leaves me unsatisfied, as do a great many speakers and writers less keen and less courageous than he.

IN a word, shall we or shall we not disarm? If preparedness is no warrant of peace, is unpreparedness better? Which is worse, to be half prepared or not prepared at all? If we are half prepared we may think we can fight. If we are wholly unprepared we know that we can't fight. In the former case we shall present a pitiable and tragic spectacle. In the latter case we shall be, at least in the eyes of the world, contemptible. Which shall we choose? Have we the supernatural moral courage to be content with the world's disdain? Are we ready for sacrifice? Can we educate the American people up to the standard of St. Telemachus, whose splendid gesture and pathetic death led to the abolition of gladiatorial combats? Shall we aspire to emulate even a greater than St. Telemachus, Christ on the Cross? "It behooveth that One man should die for the people." Doth it behoove that one nation should die for mankind? If so, are we eager that our own nation should be the sacrificial victim?

Even if we do educate America to the sublime height of mystical self-immolation, will it really save the world? When they that crucify us have cast lots for our garments, will they then cease to fight forevermore? Or will their lust for loot grow with what it feeds upon? The big nations have devoured Africa. Is their hunger now appeased? Japan is in process of swallowing China. When she has gorged herself with that huge meal, she will perhaps remain in a coma for a while like an anaconda. But will she then awake and move on to devour the Philippines? I do not ask shall we stand by and watch her while she takes our Asiatic possessions at one gulp. By the hypothesis we shall not be here when it happens. We ourselves shall have been swallowed up.

PURSUING the thought—does it make any difference whether the United States of America survives or perishes? Once we had a great mission to mankind. Did we abandon it? Is the American experiment finished? Does there re-

main anything of it except fragments? If not, shall we ask Europe and Asia to come over and sweep away the rubbish with which our collapse has cumbered the earth? Perhaps they will come without being asked. They certainly will if we are unprepared to stop them.

Of course I recognize that in a realistic world the idea of the sacrificial immolation of one people for the good of mankind seems insufferably silly. But after all what is it but the old question "Can a nation as well as an individual, conduct its life on Gospel principles? Many years ago Sir John Seelye in that little masterpiece of Christian philosophy *Ecce Homo* wrote:

"When a theory of selfishness is rife in a whole community, it is a bold and hazardous step for a part of the community to abandon it. For in the society of selfish people selfishness is simply self-defence; to renounce it is to evacuate one's entrenched position, to surrender at discretion to the enemy. If society is to disarm, it should do so by common consent. Christ, however, though he confidently expected ultimately to gather all mankind into his society, did not expect to do so soon. Accordingly he commands his followers not to wait for this consummation, but, in spite of the hazardous nature of the step, to disarm at once. They are sent forth 'as sheep in the midst of wolves.' Injuries they are to expect, but they are neither to shun nor to retaliate them. Harmless they are to be as *doves*. The discipline of suffering will wean them more and more from self, and make the channels of humanity freer within them; and sometimes their patience may shame the spoiler; he may grow weary of rapacity which meets with no resistance, and be induced to envy those who can forego without reluctance that which he devotes every thought to acquire."

**Can a Nation Be Christian?**

Obviously he is speaking of individual Christians or little groups of them. They are to do what Christ did, go like lambs to the slaughter. But does that apply to nations as well as to individuals? *Is* there a Christian nation? If there be, should that nation hold itself in readiness to be crucified?

YES, Father Ross's article started me off on a perfect stampede of questions. This is not the first time they have tortured my brain. They are with me very much of late. I imagine they must be in the mind of every man who hates war, loves peace, looks with foreboding upon increase of armaments abroad and at home, but doesn't know whether he should ask his own nation to make *il gran rifuto*. "Immolation" we Christians call it; "suicide" the world names it. Sacrifice or suicide, are we ready for it? If we are not, there would seem to be but one alternative, preparedness, armament to the 'nth degree. Either we must lay down our arms and die, or plunge into the mad race with those who are so feverishly building bombing planes, cruisers, destroyers, submarines, battleships, and inventing all manner of death-dealing devices. There may be a *lacuna* in my logic. If so, it will ease my mind greatly to have it pointed out. To simplify the task of the kibitzer, let me put my perplexity briefly: I see no *via media* between total pacifism and adequate military preparedness. The distinc-

tion between preparation for offense and for defense means something but not much. A nation prepared merely for defense would be quickly encircled on land or on sea or on both. No modern nation can be encircled and live. Encircling involves strangulation. A nation must be prepared to break through the encircling foe. That means offense, and offense, in turn, demands big armament, as big as the other fellow's, perhaps as big as that of two or three other fellows. Even in the Gospel we have the warning: "When a strong man armed keepeth his court, those things which he possesseth are in peace. But if a stronger than he come upon him and overcome him, he will take away all his armor wherein he trusted and will distribute his spoils."

**Preparedness or Pacifism?**

So, suppose we do succeed in fully demonstrating to all the people the horrors of war, the savagery of war, the madness and futility of war, what then? Preparedness or Pacifism?

---

PACIFISM seems to get a hearing particularly in the universities. But oddly enough at these same universities the students are taught a philosophy which makes all discussion about peace or war nugatory. The philosophy is determinism, the theory that the universe and all within it including man are governed by rigid immovable unchangeable inescapable *Law*, ironclad law, not a law established by legislatures but the law of the universe, as old as creation, as fixed as the stars in the heavens, as cruel as fate. "Fate," for another name of Determinism is Fatalism, the theory that things just have to happen because the universe is what it is.

If that approved and dominant philosophy be true, we are all automatons in a puppet show. We laugh, we cry, we dance and sing, we love or hate, we kiss and we kill, we defend one another or murder one another, but it is all a show. We no more know what we are saying or doing, than Punch and Judy or the ventriloquist's doll "Eddie."

As for war, we can neither make it nor stop it; as for peace, it comes or goes and we have nothing to say in the matter. Forces, tendencies, causes accumulate and they have their way, infallibly. True, men come together and make treaties, pacts, concordats on the one hand, and alliances for offense and defense on the other hand, they declare war and sign amnesties, but it all doesn't mean anything. The stars, the fates, the gods, or their modern equivalents, the hormones, the body chemistry, environment, heredity, circumstances rule the world and dominate man.

**The Futile Gestures of Man**

To the Greeks all the words and deeds of man, all his eloquent mouthings, all his Ajax-like gestures of defiance to fate were magnificent but futile. They made good literature, good drama, but it was all theatrical. Man did what the gods commanded as an actor speaks the lines put in his mouth by the playwright, or a character in a novel speaks the thought of the author.

CURIOUSLY enough that fatalistic philosophy once recognized as purely pagan is taught here and now once again in classrooms, in textbooks, in lectures and at

seminars, and rehearsed in the salons of the intelligentsia. It prevails in fiction. You may hear it sometimes in the law courts, as for example when Clarence Darrow, one of the few who has the courage to come out in public and say what he learned in college, declares that a murderer is not to blame for murder, that no man is to be held responsible for his deeds, that the allotting of either credit for good actions or blame for bad actions is superstitious; that not only our left hand doesn't know what our right hand does, but that our brain, our mind, our self has no control either over the left hand or the right. Whether a man is good or bad, saint or devil, philanthropist or misanthrope, St. Francis of Assisi or Nero doesn't depend upon himself but upon certain elemental forces which he can neither defeat nor control, which he can neither set in motion nor stop, forces as far beyond his reach as the fires in the sun or the wellsprings under the ocean.

**Paganism Reborn**

NOW let us suppose that this fatalistic, deterministic philosophy is true. Then Hitler's march to the Rhine, France's countermarch, the rattling of the saber on the one bank and on the other, the hurried hysterical consultations of diplomats, appeals to the League of Nations, parliamentary oratory, resolutions, declarations of either warlike or peaceful intentions—all these things are just so much automatic but useless action and reaction like the jerk of your foot when the nerve in your knee is touched. Mr. Eden, M. Sarraut or for that matter *Herr* Hitler and *Il Duce* Mussolini have in reality no more power to determine peace or war than they have to say whether Vesuvius will erupt on the first Thursday in June, or whether the sun will shine at Cape Nome on the 4th of July.

It sounds absurd to common-sense people. If we believed it, stagnation and paralysis would ensue, as well as cynicism and despondency. One who accepted that philosophy would throw up his hands and just wait to see what would happen.

It's a mad philosophy and I suppose some will say, "But it's a mad world, and that's what makes it mad." Sometimes even we Christians may be tempted to think, So that is what explains the lunacy, the homicidal mania, the utter brainlessness of war making and of crime, as well as the absurdities, the asininities, the incredible unthinkable follies of this human race.

**What Made the Mad World Mad?**

But of course we don't believe in Determinism — Fatalism. The Greeks didn't really believe it. Perhaps the Buddhists do believe it, or the Japanese and Chinese Shintoists. But the professors of psychology in the "important"—oh, how important — universities don't believe in determinism. They are only playing with it as with a fascinating theory, a theory that flatters freshmen and others of adolescent mentality who like to think that they are not to blame no matter what shameful or vicious action they do. No reasonable human being contradicts the testimony of his own consciousness, not to say his own conscience. If, for example, Mr. Eden believed in Determinism, he wouldn't rush up to London to make a speech to the Commons. He would remain at home and play golf or tinker with crossword puz-

zles, or romp with the dogs on his estate or ride to hounds or indulge in whatever pastime suits his fancy. For what difference would it make whether he played ping-pong or went to Geneva to harangue the League if what is going to be will be and if no man can stop it?

**Tennis Court or Council Chamber?**

So let's drop the nihilistic immoralistic philosophy of the universities and come back to common sense and to the Christian philosophy. Man is not a puppet pulled with strings, or a doll in the crook of the ventriloquist's arm, or a piece of fluff blown hither and thither with every gust of wind. Man is a free agent, responsible for his actions. He is the true cause of what happens in the moral world, if not in the physical universe. He has indeed no control over the rising and setting of the sun, he cannot control the tides in the sea or the course of the planets in their orbits, but, and here is the fundamental truth of ethics, of civilization, of human history, man can and must control his own moral actions.

Unless we start with a philosophy of free will and moral responsibility, we shall never solve the problem of peace.

---

ANY antiwar propaganda is imperfect unless it emphasize the fact that in modern warfare chivalry is dead. Glaring evidence of that fact is the cold-blooded, ruthless and incredibly cruel slaughter of the Ethiopians by the Italians. On the one side was an army equipped with a superabundance of modern instruments of mass-murder, high-powered rifles of the most recent make, tanks, planes, mines, poison gases. On the other side was a higgledy piggledy, hobble-de-hoy mob of bareheaded barefooted black men, whose military training was largely of the age of the Queen of Sheba, armed for the most part with old-fashioned muskets, with no airplanes, no battle-tanks, no destructive chemicals or gases, in a word with what must be called no weapons at all in comparison with the up-to-the-moment equipment of *Il Duce's* legions. In the chivalrous days of knighthood men would have cried Shame! Shame! at any such unequal combat. Indeed it would have been unthinkable that a knight armed *cap-a-pie* would enter the lists against a virtually unarmed opponent. Unless an antagonist were equipped with coat of mail, lance, a sword, or battle-ax, no one would contend with him. Even the Saracens had that much sense of honor. It remained for a Christian Catholic people to swarm heavily armed over a nation of poor helpless blacks and slaughter them.

**The Shame of Italy**

In the second week of April, Mussolini in one of his grandiose harangues to the people of Rome boasted that his army had just met and conquered Ethiopian troops "armed and drilled by Europeans." Perhaps the enthralled listeners were too much under the spell of *Il Duce's* stentorian eloquence to make the obvious inference that until that date, the Italians had met troops *not* armed and drilled by Europeans. I doubt if the *Duce's* prototype Julius Cæsar would have gloried in the fact that after a year's fighting he had for the first time caught up with an opponent armed and trained like his own legions.

READ the following dispatch from Gura, Eritrea, written by Edward J. Neil of The Associated Press: read and weep for the utter extinction not only of chivalry but of common humanity:

"I flew for four and a half hours with an Italian bombing squadron . . . and saw what the Italians do when they find from the air columns of Ethiopians and animals huddled despairingly along the caravan trails.

"We had been flying half an hour from Gura with Captain Giovanni Dauria and Major Piero Ferretti at the dual control of an eight-ton Savoit low-winged bomber, holding two tons of explosives and a ton and a half of gasoline. . . . 'Bomb a column of Ethiopian quadrupeds in the river bed of Addi Waffett, near Aio' . . . came the command.

"We saw strung out groups of perhaps 500 Ethiopians in dirty shammas and about 2,000 mules, horses and camels. . . . Our plane wheeled, dove and thundered at them less than 600 feet from the ground, so close we could see the black men sawing desperately at the reins of their mules, while dun-colored camels stuck their long necks skyward, looking for the noise. . . .

"We dropped twenty-four fifty-pound bombs, several pairs of fifty-one-pounders in clusters, and I saw at least ten strike squarely in the middle of frantic groups.

"The explosions were so terrific and we were so near that the plane rocked, and through the clouds of smoke shattered bodies were easily visible flying through the air."

This hideous slaughter of a naked people "huddled despairingly" with no means of defense, not to say of retaliation, is the most shameful episode that I have ever read in the history of war, ancient, medieval or modern. And this cruel carnage, this cold-blooded butchery was done in the name of civilization; even in the name of religion. If I were an Italian I should blush for my country, my *Duce* and my army. As a white man, it shames me to think what members of my race have done to the blacks. As for European "statesmen!" who diddle-dawdled over sanctions when Mussolini defied them all and went ahead first with ruthless preparations and then with wholesale slaughter of human beings, there is no epithet in my vocabulary, or in any man's, to characterize their cowardice. The ignominy extends likewise to our own government, too supine even to say "Stop in the name of humanity!" Perhaps it was too much to expect that an administration which dared not speak a word of remonstrance to Calles and Cardenas should try to halt the modern Cæsar in his mad career. Mussolini doubtless aims to do to Haile Selassie what the first Cæsar did to the noble and chivalrous Vercingetorix. Historians excuse Julius Cæsar on the ground that he could not be expected to be ahead of his times, a Christian before Christ. But how shall anyone excuse this modern Cæsar, who entered Ethiopia in spite of the public opinion of the world, a traitor to his own sworn obligations as a member of the League and a signatory to Locarno, who wages war full in defiance of Christian ethics, and yet in the Christian name and under Christian insignia? The first Christian Cæsar, Constantine, would have repudiated him as unworthy to fight *In Hoc Signo*.

"Christian" Murder

## WHEN YOU COME BACK TO-DAY

By C. F.

WHAT were Your thoughts, O Prince of Peace,
When the Roman soldier came
With the scroll for the Roman census list,
Asking for Your name?
What were Your thoughts when he smiled and said,
"Too beautiful by far!
A scribe or rabbi He may be,
But He's unfit for war.
Great Cæsar would have husky men—
Men who can hate and fight,
But peace is in this Stripling's eyes—
Peace and a dreamy light."

What are Your thoughts, O Prince of Peace,
When You come back to-day,
When You see the soldiers in the streets
And hear their music play?
I wonder does Cæsar watch You come
Athrill with glad surprise—
For Cæsar would have husky men—
And there's peace in Your dreamy eyes.
I wonder will You find an inn
Where You may make Your home—
Not in the streets of Bethlehem,
But in the streets of Rome.

# HOUSING AND CRIME

By Lawrence Lucey

IT is difficult to move a stubborn mule but the American conservative is the stubbornest mule that was ever born. In spite of all that has happened since 1929 he still insists that America up to that date had the highest standard of living that ever existed in this world. He never tires of telling about the luxurious buildings that housed Americans; their plumbing, heating and design was more advanced than the palaces of ancient kings. Today all his energy is bent on recovering the standard of living that prevailed prior to 1929. He explains the period from 1929 to date as a temporary condition caused by the World War or the decline in world trade which will pass away as soon as natural forces are allowed to follow their natural course. His every effort is expended to recover the glory of the Coolidge era.

Since the golden age of American capitalism passed wages and profits have fallen. The depression altered this aspect of American life. The conservative says that the present decline in wages and profits is only temporary and will change for the better if business is only allowed to have a free hand. However, it cannot be said that the houses of America have changed in their essentials since 1929. The houses of 1936 are the same ones which dotted the landscape of 1929. Perhaps these homes are in need of painting now, or the front steps may have rotted in spots and remained unrepaired because of the depression, or a few windows may be stuffed with paper and old rags instead of glass. But aside from these minor points the American home is the same today as it was when it was reputed to be the greatest, most livable home in the world.

The type of houses in which people live is a barometer that records the economic condition of a nation. The adage can be altered to read: "Show me the houses in which a people live and I'll tell you what kind of people they are." Let us take a look at the American home of 1936 and 1929, not the home of Park Avenue as that can be seen in the picture section of any newspaper, but the home of the workingman. Let us see how great and livable his home is. Further, let us try to determine what relation there is between housing and crime by examining the homes from which groups of criminals have come. Let us see if the glory of the Coolidge era is worth recovering.

A ride on any of the elevated lines in New York City is a horrible experience if one will take his eyes from the newspaper and look at the buildings that are within a few feet of either side of the train. These are the tenements of New York in which a million and a half people, almost a quarter of the population of the greater city, spend their days and nights. These tenements are the homes of the poor. In 1901 a law was passed which made it il-

legal to build other tenements like these. But since this law could not be retroactive and affect the tenements that were already built, they have remained—a problem which the greatest city in the world has never been able to solve.

As the elevated train rounds a curve it comes very close to these ramshackle, dirty brown buildings. The deafening roar of the "L" is said to lull the occupants of these homes to sleep at night. On a curve one can get a quick view of their interior. They are dark, poorly ventilated, furnished with broken-down chairs, and perhaps there is a kerosene stove with its unhealthy fumes in the center of the parlor. A newspaper in New York raised a rumpus recently because the Fire Department ordered these people to buy fireproof cans to hold the kerosene. The paper thought these people could not afford to buy such cans. The paper was probably correct. A fireproof kerosene can is a luxury in the tenements.

But let us enter these homes of New York's poor with the editors of *Fortune* who recorded their experiences in "Housing America."

"An investigator may find any kind of human misery he desires. A three-room apartment will house eleven people, the baby sleeping in a cheap baby carriage, the husband and wife and the next youngest child in a three-quarter bed in the bedroom, five older children in another three-quarter bed in the dining room, another child on a bed of boards and chairs in the same room, and a boarder on a folding cot in the kitchen. Or nine people will live in a three-room apartment (originally designed for coal bins and storage lockers) with one windowless room, one room with a window on an areaway and so dark that not even a flashlight photograph could be taken, and one window looking out at the shoesoles of passers-by.

"Air will be anything from foul to merely stale. Baths will not exist. Toilets will be hall toilets shared by as many as twenty-five people and cleaned by none of them so that the resulting fetor will be literally indescribable within the limits of printable English. Hallways and stairs will be filthy and stinking and black."

The riots in Harlem and the vice investigation in that part of Brooklyn called the "Jungle" uncovered one of the reasons why New York is running a neck to neck race with Chicago for the highest crime rate in the United States. Rents in Harlem are so high that it is necessary for these Negroes to take in roomers in flats where there is no room for them. Rent runs as high as $25 a month for one room. Overcrowding is common. The Negro cannot move to other sections where better housing may be had for less rent as the color line is raised in these places and bars his entrance. At times there are so many people living in one flat that some of them must do their sleeping in the day time for their beds are occupied by others at night. The money to pay the rent is frequently procured by having a party in the flat and charging the guests who attend a fee.

But New York is not the only offender. Newark, Albany, Boston, Chicago, in fact most every city in America has its district on the other side of the railroad tracks where the other half of the population live. In his poem "Home" Edgar Guest thought that:

"Even the roses 'round the porch
must blossom year by year
Afore they 'come a part o' ye, suggestin' some one dear."

In the tenements one sees an occasional box on a rusty fire escape in which a geranium or a morning glory is being raised. These fire escape gardens are tragic things. They represent the dreams and hopes of some one within that she will see the day a rose arbor will shade and scent her back porch. She dreams of roses every morning when she pours the water from her kettle into her flower box.

What kind of housing is there in the country? Rural America may have plenty of fresh air, open fields and sunshine, but when it comes to housing it is not much better than the slums of the cities. Let us enter the home of a share-cropper in the company of Norman Thomas.

The soil about the house is too poor for trees or grass. A few skinny chickens scratch in the dry dirt. The house is perched up on posts, and underneath it the chickens have their coop. The house is one-story high and made with boards that have never been painted. There is no electricity, gas or plumbing. A radio and a telephone are gadgets which the cotton share-cropper seldom hears about. Water comes from a well which the father has dug in the yard. A short distance from the well stands the unpainted privy. A barn that appears to be about to cave in completes the outside picture.

"Inside the house, with some ingenuity, the share-cropper has rigged himself a stove made out of an old oil drum in which wood can be made to burn. The family boasts one good durable bed and at least one pair of sheets. Where the five children sleep is not altogether clear to the daytime visitor. Whether they lie on cots or on the floor, they can comfort themselves in clear weather by an occasional glimpse of the sky through the cracks in the roof, or amuse themselves in the rain by calculating the spot on which water will not fall. Back of this one fair-sized room is a kind of lean-to which houses a decrepit kitchen stove. There is no need of closet space, for the family has no wardrobe or other possessions. The farmers of the South have grown too much cotton and hence their children have no underclothes. I have heard of at least one fair or exhibition which offered a prize to the girl who made the nicest dresses out of fertilizer sacks. Children clad in fertilizer or flour sacking are no uncommon sight in the cotton region, or the mining camps of West Virginia. And the diet matches the clothes."

This one home which Norman Thomas visited is not an isolated, exaggerated case. In the play *Tobacco Road* the author pictured another typical, southern home that was worse than any city tenement or any miner's hut in Pennsylvania. A report of the International Housing and Town Planning Congress reveals that:

"A survey in North Carolina showed that the Negro houses had from one to three rooms while the white farmers' houses averaged four rooms. These were small, ceiled, but not plastered, with window openings without sash or glass. In

the mountain district, the houses were of one and two rooms with only a fifth over four rooms. A fourth of the families slept four or five persons per bedroom.

"In one survey in Mississippi . . . most of the cabins were one-story with three rooms; only four per cent were plastered on the interior. Numerous dwellings lacked windows and were shuttered for stormy weather. Overcrowding was common. In fact, forty per cent of the families lived two or more per room, ten per cent of the white families slept four or five per bedroom; eleven per cent, six or more per bedroom; while cases of nine or ten per sleeping room were found."

Bad housing is the cause of many evils. The mind of Pope Pius shuddered when he recalled "how the present economic régime and above all the disgraceful housing prove obstacles to the family tie and family life. . . . " Bad housing undermines the moral and physical health of a people. It gnaws at the roots of a civilization. And just as the tenements and rural hovels are the breeding place for vermin, they are likewise the incubators of criminals.

The Harvard Law School and Sheldon Glueck performed a valuable service when they investigated the homes and neighborhoods from which various criminals came. Their studies are confined to conditions in Massachusetts but there is no reason to believe that housing in this State is any worse than it is in other States. If anything Massachusetts has better housing than most States in the Union.

In classifying the various homes which were inspected they were divided into three types. A "wholesome" home was one in which the sleeping quarters were not overcrowded (not more than two adults for each bedroom), clean, well lighted and ventilated, with furniture sufficient to satisfy the minimum need. An "unwholesome" home was one characterized by overcrowding, dirt, bad lighting and ventilation, and shabbily furnished. A "fair" home was one that had some of the traits of both the "wholesome" and "unwholesome" home.

First, let us look at the homes from which seven hundred and forty-three juvenile criminals who appeared before the Boston Juvenile Court came. (One thousand juvenile delinquents were investigated but information could only be procured as to the home environment of seven hundred and forty-three of them.) The physical condition of these homes is described in the following table:

| *Condition of Home* | *Number of Delinquents* | *Percentage* |
|---|---|---|
| Wholesome | 97 | 13 |
| Fair | 184 | 24.8 |
| Unwholesome | 462 | 62.2 |
| Unknown | 257 | --- |

When only about one-eighth of these youths came from wholesome homes, one-fourth from partly unwholesome homes, and two-thirds from wholly unwholesome homes, it is obvious that bad housing exerts not only a detrimental influence on individuals but is a social evil that results in crime which costs a community money and lowers its moral standing. The lives of these youths were warped and twisted by the hovels in which they were born and by the neighborhood into which they ventured to play their first game. It is not surprising to learn that they became criminals. The really surprising thing about chil-

dren born in the slums is that so many of them are able to rise above their homes and become moral, law-abiding members of the community.

When it is discovered that a youth who has resorted to crime lives in a house that is characterized by dirt, over-crowding, poor lighting and ventilation, unsanitary; and the neighborhood in which the youth lives is inhabited by criminals of every kind and description, the natural remedy would be to have the youth move to another home. But this solution is very frequently a rosy dream which a probation or parole officer cannot reduce to a reality. Most of these delinquents were born and raised in the slums because their parents could not afford to live in a better home. It was learned "that many juvenile delinquents who need foster home care are unable to get it because the parents cannot pay even the small sum necessary. . . ."

Now let us look at the homes which housed five hundred women who had been committed to the Massachusetts Reformatory for Women. These groups of statistics are particularly enlightening as they sketch the biography of these women in terms of housing from the day that they were born to the time they entered the reformatory. The following table shows the condition of the home in which the offender lived until she was fourteen years of age.

| *Condition of Home* | *Number of Offenders* | *Percentage* |
|---|---|---|
| Wholesome | 88 | 24.6 |
| Fair | 116 | 31.6 |
| Unwholesome | 159 | 43.3 |
| Varied | 4 | 1.1 |
| Unknown | 133 | --- |

Up to the time that they reached fourteen seventy-five per cent of these girls lived in homes that were either wholly unwholesome or partly so.

During their adolescence (14 to 21) the condition of the homes in which these girls lived was:

| *Condition of Home* | *Number of Offenders* | *Percentage* |
|---|---|---|
| Wholesome | 81 | 24.1 |
| Fair | 105 | 31.2 |
| Unwholesome | 144 | 42.9 |
| Varied | 6 | 1.8 |
| Unknown | 164 | --- |

Thus there is little change in the homes of these girls during this period as almost seventy-five per cent of them are still living in either partly or wholly unwholesome homes.

Finally, the condition of the homes of these girls, now grown to woman's estate, is observed within the year that they were committed to the Massachusetts Reformatory:

| *Condition of Home* | *Number of Offenders* | *Percentage* |
|---|---|---|
| Wholesome | 44 | 11.1 |
| Fair | 87 | 21.9 |
| Unwholesome | 261 | 65.7 |
| Varied | 5 | 1.3 |
| Unknown | 103 | --- |

There is little room for argument on the effect which housing has on crime when eighty-eight per cent of these women lived in either partly or wholly unwholesome homes at the time they were sentenced to prison. Another fact that cannot be overlooked is that the number of girls in wholesome homes dropped over fifty per cent between their adolescence and the time they entered the reformatory.

One of these women on being asked what she thought of the reformatory said it was "the only home I ever had." It is a sad state of affairs when it can be said that the four walls, cot and iron gate of a prison cell are more comfortable and sanitary than are many Ameri-

can homes. In many cases the American home which was reputed to be the most livable home on the globe was not up to the standard set by prisons. And until recently there was more talk about improving living conditions in prisons than there was about improving the homes in which the poor are forced to live. It was believed that the poor lived in palaces greater than the one inhabited by Solomon and his harem.

Another aspect from which the home may be viewed is the neighborhood in which it is located. An unwholesome home in a good neighborhood is not so detrimental to its occupants as the same home in a poor neighborhood. Unfortunately unwholesome homes are usually found in poor neighborhoods. Thus the occasions of crime are multiplied by a collection of unwholesome homes in one slum district.

In the tables that follow which describe the neighborhoods from which various criminals came these neighborhoods are divided into three classes. A "good" neighborhood is one that has a place for recreation such as a park, school, community center, or playground within easy walking distance, and one in which there are no street gangs or centers of vice within a radius of two blocks in the city and one mile in the country. A "poor" neighborhood is one in which there are street gangs or centers of vice or crime. A "fair" neighborhood is one that lacks street gangs and centers of vice or crime, but also lacks a place for recreation.

The neighborhoods in which the homes of the one thousand delinquents who appeared before the Boston Juvenile Court were located follows:

| *Neighborhood* | *Number of Delinquents* | *Percentage* |
|---|---|---|
| Good | 25 | 2.8 |
| Fair | 104 | 11.4 |
| Poor | 782 | 85.8 |
| Unknown | 89 | --- |

When it is discovered that over eighty-five per cent of these youths came from neighborhoods in which they played in the street to an audience of criminals, and later fraternized with them on the corners, in gin-mills, or in pool rooms, the reason for their criminality becomes apparent. A remedy for their crime may also be gathered from the fact that good neighborhoods only contributed two and eight-tenths per cent of these delinquents.

Another phase of the biography of the five hundred women who were sentenced to the Massachusetts Reformatory for Women is to be had by following the neighborhoods in which they lived from the time of their birth to their entrance into the reformatory. The neighborhoods in which they lived during childhood follows:

| *Neighborhood* | *Number of Offenders* | *Percentage* |
|---|---|---|
| Good | 62 | 17.6 |
| Fair | 175 | 49.7 |
| Poor | 113 | 32.1 |
| Varied | 2 | 0.6 |
| Unknown | 148 | --- |

As these girls grew into adolescence their neighborhood condition became a bit worse:

| *Neighborhood* | *Number of Offenders* | *Percentage* |
|---|---|---|
| Good | 50 | 14.7 |
| Fair | 140 | 41.1 |
| Poor | 143 | 41.9 |
| Varied | 8 | 2.3 |
| Unknown | 159 | --- |

And, as was to be expected, their neighborhood condition went into a tailspin during the year that they were committed to the reformatory.

| Neighborhood | Number of Offenders | Percentage |
|---|---|---|
| Good | 25 | 5.9 |
| Fair | 99 | 23.2 |
| Poor | 296 | 69.3 |
| Varied | 7 | 1.6 |
| Unknown | 73 | --- |

While the politicians and ballyhoo men of the golden age were chanting their refrain about the American home which would soon have a two-car garage in its rear, there were others who were studying the phenomenal growth of cities and finding that most every city had its delinquency area. Just as the advertisers of the prosperity which would never end had their charts and figures to prove their point, the others also had their diagrams which showed where the delinquency area could be found in most every city. Unfortunately the statistics of the first group had more crowd appeal. The missing links were filled in with promises that were accepted as here-and-now facts. The loud, raucous voice of the prophets of prosperity *ad infinitum* silenced the fears and facts of those who knew about the slums. And America marched over the precipice of 1929 without even knowing that there were such things as delinquency areas which were millstones tied around its neck.

A diagram of the American city shows it to be a series of four concentric circles. The center of these circles is the heart of the city, while in the space beyond the last circle the suburbs may be found. A city develops in the manner in which a stone that has been dropped into a lake sends out concentric circles.

Between the center of the city and the first circle is the business district where the retail, financial, theatrical and court buildings can be found. Only a few people live in this district such as hoboes and the transient residents of hotels. In the morning the center of the city is thronged with office workers, then come the shoppers, and finally at night the crowds flock to its restaurants, theaters, and night-clubs. From the night-club curfew till morning this section is almost deserted. On the dividing line between the business district and the second zone are the factories.

The second zone is in a period of change. Old residences are waiting to be torn down and transformed into business sites. This is the delinquency area. The Ghetto, the Black Belt, and Little Sicily are here. Rooming houses, gambling houses, and dens of vice abound. Everywhere there is overcrowding and dirt. A quarter of the population of the city is crammed into this small area. This is the millstone which has been tied around the neck of the rest of the city. It produces criminals that prey on the city and the rest of the country, populates the prisons, and fills the relief rolls. It is the home of the forgotten man.

The third and fourth zones are residential areas. The workingman with a home a little better than those in the slums lives in the third zone. The fourth zone is inhabited by the middle class, and at its edge and in the suburbs are to be found the mansions of the wealthy.

This theory which was in existence prior to the depression went unheeded. It is not entirely correct. It does not, for example, account for the lavish apartments of the wealthy which are rising in New York amidst the slums. However, in the main it is accurate and shows what is wrong with our economy.

What is being done about the housing problem? Very little. Out-

side of the city of Norris, where the Federal Government has done a noble deed by building houses for the workers on the Tennessee Valley Authority Dam, there have only been a few scattered housing projects such as the apartment lately completed in New York City. The New Deal has not even kept pace with England, the bosom of conservatism, where His Majesty's government has in recent years built a million homes for its underprivileged classes. Instead of putting the men hired by the C.W.A. and W.P.A., a large part of whom are poorly housed, to work on housing projects, they were sent out to rake leaves and perform other boondoggling. It is a pity that these men could not have built houses for themselves.

The most recent events which promise to come to grips with the housing problem is the new federal housing bill that Senator Wagner is sponsoring, and the drive on tenement houses which Langdon Post, Tenement House Commissioner of New York City, has started. Senator Wagner wants to set up a new agency in the Federal Government with an $800,000,000 fund for the purpose of subsidizing housing so that the government will pay the difference between what a poor man is able to pay for housing and the amount that is needed for a decent home. In New York City Langdon Post promises to close one-half of the old law tenements by forcing their owners to either remodel them according to the Tenement House Law or close them up. There are some 66,000 tenements here that have been illegal for thirty-five years, yet they have continued to house people because they were in existence before the law went into effect.

Perhaps the most ironic twist to the housing problem is the fact that the building trade is one of the industries that suffered the worst from the depression. In spite of the fact that there is enough work for twice the number of carpenters, bricklayers, painters, plumbers, electricians, architects, masons, and day laborers than there are in America, few of these men can obtain a day's work. This, of course, points to the root of the housing problem. The people who needed houses had not the purchasing power with which to buy or rent them.

A glimpse of how weak the purchasing power of a group of people can be may be had by surveying the weekly wage which the five hundred women who were sentenced to the Massachusetts Reformatory received. Their weekly wage in their last legitimate occupation prior to commitment was:

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Never worked | 15 | --- |
| $5 and under | 11 | 3.5 |
| $6-$10 | 130 | 44.8 |
| $10-$15 | 104 | 35.8 |
| $15-$20 | 37 | 12.8 |
| $20-$25 | 8 | 2.8 |
| $25-$30 | 0 | 0.0 |
| Unknown | 195 | --- |

Not one of these women received $25 or more a week, while eighty-five per cent of them received less than $15 per week. Good housing can't be obtained on such wages. Starvation wages push one into the slums and then on into crime.

Government housing is necessary now but in the long run, if people are to have decent homes, if slums and delinquency areas are to be abolished, there must be an economy which makes it possible for everyone to obtain the purchasing power necessary to live in a decent home.

# NEW COMMUNIST ATTACK ON YOUTH

By G. M. Godden

"Under all circumstances we must gain the Youth."
—*American declaration at the VII. World Congress of the Communist International. August, 1935.*

THIS present year will undoubtedly witness a world-wide effort to persuade the ardent and generous youth of all nations that they will be promoting social progress by joining with, if not *in*, the ranks of International Communism. The new policy of inviting coöperation from every kind of youth organization was laid down at the VII. World Congress of the Communist International, held last summer, a summary of which has already been given in the pages of The Catholic World.[1] This new policy was reenforced at the following VI. World Congress of the Young Communist International. It is a definite world policy, which will be carried out, concretely, in the sixty-five countries in which the Communist International is actively at work. It is a policy that will be subsidized by the illimitable financial resources of the Communist International. It is a policy which will be guided by first-class brains. Therefore it is of immediate urgency for all the forces of religious, social, and national defense to be acquainted with the line of this new policy, and the methods of its application.

"Of particular importance is the development of a wide UNITED FRONT MOVEMENT OF THE YOUTH" is the announcement of the VII. World Congress of the Communist International, promulgated, in the English editions of the official reports, in conspicuous capital letters. This Movement, it was further stated, must not be one of narrow "official Communism," limited to an antiwar and antifascist struggle; but must be set going on the basis of a "general Youth programme," including such demands as those for better education, for security of employment, for the abolition of unemployed "forced labour camps." Acknowledgment was made that the Communist approach to Youth has, hitherto, been "too general, too abstract"; and two countries only were selected for examples of the better way, France and *America*. This is a startling pointer on the importance attached by Moscow to work in America. And wherever the Moscow of the Communist International focuses its attention, results will be swift and certain.

What had the VII. World Congress to announce concerning the youth of the United States? The Congress was told (and the Report again uses capital letters) that "the experience of the Young Communist League of the United States is extremely instructive." The beginning of the new policy in America is indicated in the bold decision of the Communist Youth to attend the American Youth Congress called, with Government support, in 1934. Led by Comrade Green, "our American Comrades," the Moscow lead-

1 "A Declaration of World Civil War." December, 1935.

ers were told, "were very successful at the Congress," which represented a "motley gathering of the various social strata of American Youth." A United Front of radical Youth was formed. And, when a second Youth Congress was called, the Communist section then stepped into an important position. For such a position they were gaining equipment by four lines of experience. They had in the first place learned that it was necessary very patiently to explain the "meaning" of Communism to masses of American youth who were completely ignorant of Communist formulas; and to do this "*without forcing upon the youth our point of view.*" Secondly, they had learned to replace the stereotyped Communist jargon with the "fresh, concrete, popular, and expressive language of Youth." Thirdly, they had learned to apply *flexible tactics*. Fourthly, the young American Communists convinced themselves of the fact that it was necessary for them "to enter the *broad organisations of the youth* which are now under *bourgeois* leadership, and to carry on work there"; that it was necessary to "transform these organisations from centres of bourgeois influence into centres for the United Front struggle, into centres of Proletarian influence." In less than a year, as the World Congress was told, the Young Communist League of America had succeeded in forming 175 Communist "cells" in these American mass Youth organizations; an achievement received not only with applause, but with the stimulating comment: "Is all this work, carried on in the ranks of the bourgeois mass organisations, the beginning of which has so successfully been laid by the American Young Communists, possible and necessary only in the United States?"

That is a question which has already been answered in England. Within a few weeks of the deliberations of the VII. World Congress in Moscow, a "reporting Meeting" was held in London, proclaiming the "United Proletarian Front" for the building of (atheist) Soviet Power. The English comrades were told that "in union with the VII. World Congress we must make great changes. Communism is a living power . . . *the United Front is the main link in the chain of carrying out World Revolution.* . . . We must change our whole attitude to the Youth question. The Communist Party must come out more clearly as the leader of Youth." Within five months Communist leadership for English youth was announced, during a three-day Congress in London; a Congress which claimed to be unique in the association of Communist, Christian, Liberal, and Socialist Youth on a common platform, it is true, but under Communist leadership skillfully veiled. Thus, instead of the customary giant portraits of Lenin and Stalin, dominating the platform, a perfectly innocuous scarlet back-cloth hung behind the speakers, bearing the legend: "Young People of Britain Unite for Peace, Freedom, and Democratic Rights." This London Congress was faithfully following out Dimitrov's famous injunction, at the VII. World Congress, in Moscow, to all Communists throughout the world, to adopt the Trojan maneuver of the Iron Horse, the maneuver of penetrating the enemy ranks, concealed inside a harmless exterior. The Iron Horse of Dimitrov will certainly be transshipped across the Atlantic, for active serv-

ice in the American United Front campaign. Two enormous streamers decorating the sides of the large Municipal Hall in which the London Congress was held were equally innocent of Communist intentions; one called for "Peace and Democratic Rights against War and Fascism," the other announced that "The Trade Union protects the lives and rights of Youth."

A great deal of (dirty) water has flowed under the bridges of Communist diplomacy before a Communist Congress could blazon on its walls for "democratic rights," instead of denouncing Social Democrats as "lackeys of the bourgeoisie." It is a diplomacy which will almost entail the use of a new Communist vocabulary, adapted to the entirely new requirements of the VII. World Congress.

The speeches in London, which went on for some sixteen hours, were in strict keeping with the startlingly neutral decoration of the Hall. Delegates were supplied with a collection of resolutions and pamphlets, not one of which bore as much as a sickle or a hammer. Comrade Woolf's "Report of the VI. World Congress of the Young Communist International," which followed immediately on the "VII. World Congress of the Communist International," last Autumn, was indeed a prominent link with the red parent organization. But there was nothing to indicate to a timorous delegate, associating for the first time with Communists, that he or she was indeed assisting at a momentous meeting of the English "Komsomol"; — that "Komsomol" of which hundreds are specially trained for active work on the "anti-God Front," and for a "real battle against God"; and which has won special official Soviet praise:—"Our Soviet young men have been the first to break the celestial front. . . . When all the world over the poisonous mists of various religions have been dispelled mankind will gratefully remember that the first public challenge to God was made in Soviet Russia,"—by members of the "Komsomol" or Young Communist International (*Izvestia.* January 10, 1923). There was nothing to indicate that every member of the Communist Party, in whatever country and of whatever nationality, is bound, by the "Programme of the Communist International," to the task of "systematically and unswervingly combating religion—the opium of the people" (*Programme of the Communist International,* English edition, p. 38).

*The entire façade of the new Communist attack on Youth is to be changed.* There is to be, as the VI. World Congress of the Young Communist International declared, a "reorganisation of our entire work"; a "new type of mass organisations of the youth in capitalist countries, concerning themselves with all the vital interests of toiling youth"—and carefully omitting attacks upon God, for the time being. A Mass League is to be created "the doors of which are to be wide open for all the Youth who honestly and loyally wish to take part in its work" (Repart of the VI. World Congress, Y. C. I.). Instead of the old narrow Communist organizational structure, cultural organizations are to be set up, clubs, circles, educational courses, economic organizations, "Unemployed" organizations, students' and women's groups. These are to be the "main form of our organisation." In particular no effort is to be made to force on the partici-

pating youth "any ready-made organisational schemes, or previously elaborated programmes." A girl worker, an American lad, is no longer to be openly asked "to accept the Dictatorship of the Proletariat, Soviet Power, the necessity of transforming imperialist war into civil war, to accept the correctness of the General Line, the relentless struggle against opportunism." At last, the directive forces of the Communist International have realized that seven years of this manner of approach to Youth have been almost fruitless: that ready-made programmes described in these terms have left the youth of the world cold. American Youth is now to be called upon to unite for a "Declaration of the Rights of American Youth"; and the Young Communist International claims that already the Young Communist League of the United States, applying the new policy, has created a United Front with a membership of 300,000; and that the Second American Youth Convention, at which the Communist Section was active, represented a million young people. And, wherever a Communist Section, or even Communist leadership is active there, as the VI. World Congress stated in a momentary indiscretion, "youth is being educated in the spirit of class war," in "proletarian internationalism," in "Marxist-Leninism"; there "our Soviet ideals, materialist and Communist, are carried into the vast masses of the Youth, are inculcated into the minds of the Youth" (Reports VII. and VI. World Congresses, 1935).

The creators of the new Communist policy for the capture of Youth are very insistent that each country must work out the methods best suited to its national characteristics; that there must be "elasticity," but elasticity based always, and all the time, on "revolutionary Marxist-Leninist theory"—in other words on militant atheism. The "elasticity" applied to the capture of English Youth, as announced at the recent London Congress, is the method of a "Charter of Youth Rights," to be presented to the British Parliament, in the name of all youth organizations. These "Rights" are to include technical training, improved supervision for factory accidents, improved health insurance, a grant of £5,000,000 for improved playing fields and sports facilities. These demands are to draw in "all religious organisations" for English youth. The London Congress welcomed especially the presence, at the Congress of representatives of the English Christian Social Council, the Student Christian Movement, and of the Young People's Department of the Congregational Union of England and Wales.

A member of the French "Young Communists' League" claimed that collaboration with French Catholic Youth had been effected; and that the French comrades "purposely refrain from hurting the feelings of those who are Christians and Catholics." This French comrade omitted to add that, also, every assistance has been given to the Spanish comrades who have been burning churches and convents; an omission made, doubtless, out of consideration for the "feelings" of the Christians in his audience. An organizer from the North of England reported that the new policy had drawn in the "Young Men's Christian Association" and the Young People's Societies of several Christian organizations, through the erection of a local "Youth Peace

Movement." Doubtless America will soon be experiencing an extensive eruption of local "Youth Peace Movements." The representative of the "Student Christian Movement" stepped right into the Communist parlor, with the phrase, "Let us see how Christians and Communists can stand together"; and was followed by the representative of the Christian Social Council who welcomed "the spirit in which this Congress has been called"—the spirit, had he but known it, of Marxist-Leninism. The Secretary of the British Young Communists League summed up with a colorful picture of "Christians and young Socialists marching arm in arm"—to a Godless Soviet State? Then, as so often happens in prolonged Congresses of this nature, an indiscretion occurred, an indiscretion worth quoting in full. A member from the London area of the Young Communists League said, "It will be a long time before we finally banish religion. Every member of the Communist Party must coöperate with Christian organisations. When inside these groups we can educate the members."

This eagerness to capture Christian organizations, and to win over individual Christians, by the new Youth policy of the Communist International, is in complete obedience to the "momentous Resolution" passed at the VII. World Congress of the Communist International in Moscow, on August 1, 1935. This Resolution included a specific instruction to the Executive Committee of the Young Communist International "to make it the duty of members of the Young Communists Leagues to join all mass organisations of the toiling youth (trade union, cultural, sports organisations) formed by bourgeois, democratic, reformist and Fascist parties as well as religious organisations, and to wage a systematic struggle in these organisations to gain influence over the broad masses of the Youth." It is an eagerness which was well illustrated in a speech, at the World Congress, of the American Comrade Gill Green. The Communists, said Comrade Green, were faced with a "United Front" difficulty at the Second American Youth Congress: "Many religious youth were sceptical about uniting with Communists, for they feared that this was a trap to force our atheist views upon them. This problem was solved by simply permitting all the religious youth in the Congress to hold church services, Sunday morning. This did not compromise the Communist youth in any way, and yet showed the masses of religious youth that this was not a United Front against religion." Alas for the ignorance of those American lads, so easily taken in by their long-sighted Communist captors. Every school in the U. S. A., to-day, should see to it that its elder pupils, every Youth organization should see to it that its members are taught the elementary facts of the "Programme of the Communist International," with its rigorous discipline from Moscow exercised over every National Section, and its unswerving insistence on the obligation, laid upon every Communist in every country, of working for the ultimate destruction of all religion.

## RESURGENCE

By Mother St. Jerome

INCOMPARABLE artist—with magical touch,
Nature beautifies, rectifies, heals
The wounds and the weals
In the bosom of placable earth
Who has, motherlike, nourished us all
Since Eden was lost by the Fall.
Be the injuries little or much,
She swiftly commences
To cover offenses,
With a gay inexhaustible mirth.

We root up a copse,
Spoiling hawthorn and briar—
In the spring a whole crop of fresh flowers
Push up from some long buried grain,
Hid too deep hitherto for the impulse of showers,
And the tender pale tops
In their dainty attire
Feel out to the sunshine and rain.

Mid mire and confusion we build a new house,
Raw red of the bricks, crude color, hard lines,
Till, presently, o'er the bald brows
Nature puts in some lichens to soften the tiles,
Draws blue shadows, tones down and refines,
With exquisite wiles.
Rounds off a corner, fills in the holes,
Spreads out a carpet of green at the door,
Clothing the massacred boles
In garments of virginal vines,
To leave them more beautiful far than before.

Think of Flanders—the flood of strange blooms
That broke o'er that desolate region of tombs;
From the blackened shell holes
Sprouted forests of giant bulrushes, and shoals
Of vigorous flowering weeds round each pit,
And whole tracts by the great yellow irises lit.

Well—pause here and muse
By this newly dug grave.
If nature, though blind (so 'tis said), can yet use
So wisely the powers God gave,
How much more shall God
Who made us, renew in a breath
And restore from the sod
The forces dissolved for a moment in death?

# THE MISTRESS O' KERRYDALE

By Grace Irene Carroll

LUKE PORLOCK, the stalwart new driver of the omnibus making daily trips over the coombs and dells to Dolgelly, had fitted into his position at Kerrydale Farm scarcely more than a week before Martha Dobson, its comely middle-aged mistress, was preening her feathers like a peacock before him, bent upon his subjugation.

That there were feathers to preen, no one would deny. In all Scotland no finer an estate than Kerrydale could be found. Martha was inordinately proud of the solid, gaunt, old house, with its leaded windows and heavy cross-beams, which had been built many generations before by one of her ancestors, and of the extensive sweep of upland pastures enclosing it. She even felt a proprietory fondness for the bleak moorland hills that huddled at its back, looming one beyond another, a patchy mingling of heath, crags, and furze bushes, of purple heather, golden gorse, and indigo shadows, extending almost to the very edge of the tiny, stone-built village of Dolgelly. Her pride was not without its justification, for homage from all quarters was as the breath of her nostrils. Every dalesman in the community scraped and bent to her. They accepted her importance just as they accepted the fact that if you sat over the wheels in her omnibus, on the trip to or from Dolgelly, you got well churned and bumped. Since she had been left a widow, more than one presumptuous young swain in the surrounding countryside, decked out in a fancy waistcoat and thinking to better his fortunes, had had the temerity to sue for her hand in marriage, only to be sent packing. Martha knew her own worth.

There were, however, two suitors, each bent on winning her, between whom Martha, secretly yearning to shift the weight of her large responsibilities to the more rugged shoulders of some new mate, and with so large a favor to bestow, was torn with indecision. Noah Cumberland, a blacksmith in Dolgelly, had, as Martha was well aware, saved up a tidy bit during his many years of smithying. Noah's bald pate was as pink and shiny as that of a skinned pig hung up in the market. He walked with a slight limp, having once been kicked by a vicious horse, and his left leg resembled the left half of a wishbone. Adam Fairfax, on the other hand, was called "unco guid-lookin'." He had tended Martha's large flocks of sheep for her ever since her husband, Tammas Dobson, had succumbed to his rheumatics and expired. Adam's farm, a snug little place adjoining Kerrydale on the north, had long been the object of Martha's envious consideration. It would make a nice little addition to Kerrydale—an argument that fully balanced Noah's bags of gold. And Adam was canny. As Martha expressed it, he was "a deep one for all he be sae talkative and full o' gab." Foreseeing that Martha would inevitably take a new mate in the course of events, Adam had boldly taken time by the forelock and put his bid in early. Im-

mediately after the body of Tammas Dobson was laid to rest in the quiet graveyard at Dolgelly, Adam had driven back to Kerrydale with Martha, followed her into the bleak front parlor, where the odor of funeral flowers still lingered, and outspokenly declared himself ready to fill the rôle of new master. Of the two men Martha rather inclined to Adam, not just fancying Noah's lack of personal charm.

But Hannah Larson, with whom Martha, feeling the need of advice, took counsel, rather discouraged the idea of another marriage. "Were I in yer shoes, Mattie," she ventured in her customary manner of obsequious self-effacement, "I'd think twice afore I put mysel' into the shafts wi' a man again, I kna that. What's to be gained? Dirty shirts to wash, reekin' wi' bacca, and muddy boots trackin' muck all over the hoose. In yer circumstances, wi' none to do for but Aggie, and her most likely to marry and gang off hersel' afore sae very long, I wouldna put my head into another noose."

But though Martha's keen blue eyes twinkled thoughtfully, she was unconvinced, and for a long time it continued to be nip and tuck between Adam and Noah. More than once Martha had gone to bed leaving her two suitors sitting it out before the great fireplace in her big stone-flagged, oak-raftered kitchen with its rows of brightly-polished pots and kettles, each determined to outstay the other.

There is no telling how it would have ended had not Martha's aged stage-driver, old Micawber McFootit, passed away with a sudden heart attack, making it necessary for her to send to Glasgow for a new man to operate the omnibus. So the stalwart, quiet-mannered Luke had arrived to fill the vacancy, and in less than a week's time Martha was clucking and crooning about him like a brood hen, intent upon covering him with her protecting wings.

Aggie Morris, Martha's turquoise-eyed, kitten-like niece, had also found the arrival of this blond, slow-spoken Hercules the source of much pleased fluttering of the heart, although she affected an air of supreme indifference, almost disdain, whenever Luke's admiring eye traveled down the long table in her direction at meal times. Martha, upon whom little was lost, inwardly commended her niece for her maidenly reserve and discretion. Had she known the inward twitter the demure Aggie was in, she might have felt much less complacent.

For to a pretty girl, to whom a good-looking, eligible man was as much of a rarity in this sparsely-settled district as a tropical bird at the North Pole, the advent of an admirer was distinctly a corner turned in life. Aggie had long found it a hardship for a marriageable maiden like herself to be penned up on an isolated sheep farm seven miles from even the nearest small village, and her lack of opportunity to meet suitors was a source of bitter discontent with her. For some time past she had ardently desired to accept an invitation to spend a winter in Glasgow with her Aunt Matilda, who was desirous of having her niece's companionship. But Martha, while acknowledging that the advantages held out for Aggie were doubtless greater than Kerrydale could offer, had always vigorously opposed the plan. "It was lonesome enough," she contended, "wi' no husband to cheer her solitude or

speak wi' o' an evenin.' Aggie must bide where she was."

Of late, however, the shrewd Martha had, with much private gratification, sensed a subtle change in Aggie's attitude in the matter, and felt that her niece was no longer eager to leave her. To tell the truth, since the arrival of this "fine strappin' chiel," Luke, Aggie had veered like a weather-vane; and instead of hankering to escape from Kerrydale as she formerly had done, she was now privately much worried for fear that her astute aunt might detect the budding romance between her and the new stage-driver, and promptly put an end to the affair. Much to Martha's surprise, any reference to Glasgow seemed to have a very disturbing effect upon her niece. So pronounced, in fact, was the disturbance that, although Martha had actually no more intention of parting with Aggie's cheerful society than she ever had had, she now and then voiced a threat of packing the obstreperous girl off to Glasgow. But the threat was merely a threat, much as it frightened Aggie. For Aggie's lively presence in the old house was, so Martha was wont to declare, "like a slant o' sunshine in a shady place," and her piping young voice "better nor a blackbird in a hawthorn bush."

Aggie, on her part, had soon plumbed the depths of her aunt's susceptibility to Luke's good looks, and she delighted in teasing him.

"Her 's fair set on ye, Luke," she twitted playfully. "A straight aim will bring doon a bonny bird, I promise. Kerrydale be yours for the askin'. 'Tis a big plum to drop into a man's lap wi'oot his havin' to reach up to pluck it."

"Na," grunted the tormented Luke testily. Unable to measure the magnitude of the favor being shown him, Martha's persistent attentions irked him excessively. "If it be courtin' her ye mean, 'tis the wrong pig ye hae caught by the tail this time."

"Well," retorted Aggie derisively, aggravated at Luke's quiet way of treating the matter, "if Aunt makes up her mind to hae it so, 'tis as good as settled and done, for she'll no' be said nay, and ye hae no' the spunk o' a chicken wi' her."

"Think ye that?" exploded Luke, badgered beyond patience. "Let her ask me, then. The sooner she does so, the sooner she'll get her answer fair and square."

So while Aggie continued to plot and worry, Martha, intent upon her own plans and ambitions, remained serene and unsuspecting. She harbored no resentment toward her niece, although it would have been only natural for her to have felt some jealousy in view of the fact that Aggie was only eighteen and as vivid, colorful, and fragrantly full of promise and bloom as an opening rosebud, whereas she herself, by contrast, was forty, stodgy, and as ruddy and mature as an over-ripe plum. As mistress of Kerrydale she considered herself unrivaled in desirability.

Adam, meanwhile, had astutely taken account of the direction the swallows were flying. Perceiving that Martha was growing unduly interested in the newcomer, and that his own prospects were thereby endangered, he had, in a quiet way, assiduously fanned the blaze of Luke's infatuation for the pretty Aggie. Many a secret meeting did the lovers enjoy in his little cottage, while he remained outside, ostensibly watching the sheep on the distant hillside.

"Court all ye loike," he advised jocularly. "I'll stand guard."

"Aunt 'll flay me alive for a wanton if her finds me here," Aggie had demurred guiltily.

"Dinna fret," Adam consoled. "I'll gi' ye fair warnin' if a storm brews."

One sunny morning—Luke had been at Kerrydale just three months—while the frugal Martha was busily scolding a kitchen wench for having wasted the candle ends, Aggie seized the opportunity to escape unnoticed and run down to the barns to bid her lover good-by before he started off on the stage. A few moments later Martha, with some trifling last order to give, also took the path to the stables. As she turned a corner of the cow shed, she perceived the stage standing ready to depart with Luke on the seat, the reins in his hands. More than this, she saw her niece, Aggie, a'tiptoe, reaching up for a kiss. Martha halted abruptly, transfixed with astonishment. Here was treason! Seething with anger she stood for a moment irresolute. An exclamation escaped her. Aggie turned, gasped, and fled, like a mouse caught nibbling at cheese, while Luke, blushing furiously, gathered up the reins and, clucking to the horses, drove off precipitately.

Martha heard a quiet chuckle just behind her. Wheeling angrily she discovered Adam Fairfax leaning against the stone gatepost, an amused spectator of the scene. His laughter was like tinder thrown into a haystack. An immediate conflagration resulted.

"The shameless trollop! The wanton limmer!" Martha exploded indignantly, fixing Adam with a hostile eye.

"Whist!" admonished Adam with irritating calmness, his smiling composure in marked contrast to Martha's flustered temper and disordered appearance. "Young folks be young folks the world over. No sense in gettin' mad wi' them."

Martha's countenance took on the tints of an August sunset. "I'll hae no such doin's here," she protested, red with rage. "The huzzy'll answer to me for her conduct."

"Stop your haverin', woman," placatingly remonstrated Adam, anxious to befriend the unfortunate culprit, Aggie. "The lassie's no' a huzzy. If ye'd hae a little sense and let them do their billin' and cooin' in yer ain kitchen, as should be, there'd be no need for them to play hide and seek in order to court."

"Heard ye ever the loikes o' that!" snapped the exasperated Martha belligerently. "Court! Billin' and cooin'! My niece? Wi' Luke?"

"And why no' wi' Luke?" answered Adam, with dispassionate assurance. "The man's free and unencumbered, and unco guid-lookin', as ye can see for yersel'. Aggie be of age, and the lassie hae a mind o' her ain. 'Tis high time she found a sweetheart."

"Nae wi'oot *my* consent," Martha declared with unmovable decision, seeing through Adam's sly diplomacy and chafing secretly thereat. By fostering an attachment between Luke and Aggie, Adam had killed two birds with one stone—got rid of a rival and thereby forwarded his own prospects. It was transparent to Martha. "And I'll thank ye no' to meddle in affairs as is nane o' yer business," she ended bitingly, turning abruptly on her heel. "My niece'll pack hersel' off to Glasgow. I'll see if I am to be flouted to my face. Stand aside, man."

Like a hen that has come off worst in an encounter, but whose feathers are still ruffled and who still has fight left in her, Martha stalked away, her head in the air. Adam watched her trudge heavy-footed up the road. It was difficult to disturb his habitual good nature, but as Martha's stodgy form disappeared into her kitchen doorway, he took his pipe from his mouth, rubbed his chin thoughtfully, and winking soberly at an imaginary audience said resignedly, "Her's a foolish, feckless woman. 'Tis likely I hae killed the goose as lays the golden eggs, just to feed a maggot. Her'll hae it in for *me* now."

And have it in for Adam Martha certainly did. She was, as she believed, thoroughly decided on making Luke master of Kerrydale. That Aggie, of whom she had had no suspicion, should loom all at once an obstacle in her path was not to be taken calmly. The girl must and should be shown her place. Yet strange to say, the blast of her fury fell, not on the lovers, but on the unlucky Adam. For him to have aided and abetted any such foolishness was beyond pardon. Working secretly against her who had befriended him these many years past! And that wasn't all. He must even flout her to her face, and most likely make mock of her when her back was turned! The palavering tabby-cat! The meddlesome fiddle-faddler! Billin' and cooin' indeed! Pish!

Before Martha reached home she had worked herself into a frenzy of wrath. If she could she would have blotted the unfortunate Adam, not simply from Kerrydale, but from the face of the earth. There was comfort, however, on reaching her kitchen, in pitilessly flaying Aggie for her shameless conduct, and in loudly and emphatically reiterating the threat of instant banishment to Glasgow and Aunt Matilda should there be any continuance of insurrection. The weeping Aggie was convinced her fate was sealed.

Martha wasted no time in considering the next step. Her anxiety was sharpened to the point where, so she decided, it was necessary to speak her mind frankly to Luke at once. There should be no more shilly-shallying. She would make it plain to him that Kerrydale weighed heavier in the scales than a pretty face. Not for an instant did she doubt the outcome. No one in their right senses would hesitate. Luke had only to be given his choice. She would have it settled at once. Adam should dance to her piping. He should see who was mistress at Kerrydale.

The next afternoon, consequently, it being Sunday, Martha, arrayed in her best black alpaca and beaded dolman, a splendor reserved ordinarily for some wedding or funeral in the surrounding countryside, crossed her kitchen garden and farmyard, and proceeded purposefully toward the barns. It was the somnolent time of day, close upon three o'clock. Insects buzzed lazily in the warm quiet of the Sabbath afternoon air, and a tinkle of bells on some distant cows broke the stillness now and then with a drowsy note. The sun lay in dreamy warmth on the upland moors where her hundreds of sheep, grazing in placid content, made whitish patches that moved from hour to hour across the sunny landscape. Above her the rooks circled and called, and the song of a skylark struck on her ear. The scent of the warm

earth filled her nostrils. Life was sweet.

Amid the sweeping immensity of blue sky and heather-purpled hills Martha grew thoughtful. Though her anger with the meddlesome Adam was still keen, yet with it there now mingled a slight uneasiness. She reflected that her old suitor, after all, had had interested motives in fostering Luke's liking for Aggie. And the affair had probably not gone far as yet. Perhaps she had been a bit hasty. Adam had always been a stanch friend. Her Tammas had had a high regard for him. The little cottage tucked away under the braeside was as snug a little place as could be found, and its surrounding farmland a tidy bit of property. That it adjoined Kerrydale on the north she had once thought a consideration. It would have made a nice addition to her property. A breeze caught and twisted her skirts around her. She dismissed Adam from her mind and continued on toward the stables.

As she turned a corner of the cow shed, a figure flitted out of view and sped away. Martha felt a wave of suspicion as she fancied that she caught a glimpse of her niece, Aggie. But when she had approached nearer she saw no one but Luke. He looked a trifle disconcerted and not over-pleased as she joined him. But Martha noticed nothing amiss. Having magnanimously decided to make no reference to the previous morning's happening, and preoccupied with her own thoughts and purposes, she plunged at once into the subject which was filling her mind.

"I hae been thinkin', Luke," she began complacently, "that seein' as ye hae the stage business sae well in hand, it might be a guid plan for both of us were ye to take full charge o' everything here. What say ye? A big place the loikes o' Kerrydale needs the hand o' a master."

Luke shifted uneasily from one foot to the other and fidgeted with his cap, misery depicted in every lineament. He was exceedingly anxious not to displease her, for he did not want to lose his job. He had expected that she would voice her displeasure with regard to his conduct with Aggie, and was prepared to prove defensive. Her complete ignoring of the incident left him slightly bewildered and undecided from which quarter the wind was going to blow.

While he remained speechless and confused, Martha's frank talk flowed on like a brook in freshet, and she laid the situation before him plainly, stressing the many advantages of her plan. It was a good arrangement all around. The omnibus business was growing rapidly. They needed more horses and perhaps extra help. Luke listened in awkward silence, looking downcast and embarrassed rather than elated. At last, having exhausted her argument, she ended a little impatiently, "Speak up, man, and say what ta thinks."

Luke, feeling like a cornered rat, respectfully stammered his thanks. "Kerrydale be a bonny spot," he faltered, for want of something better to say, "and nae better to be found anywhere."

"There be truth in that Luke," Martha agreed proudly. "And as master o' it all there be a many as 'll envy ye. When will ye hae it, then?"

"Na," objected Luke, in a panic, seeing that she was misunderstanding his words and jumping to con-

clusions. "I didna say as I'd gae that far."

A quick flush mounted to Martha's forehead. It was like a red rag signaling danger ahead. "What meant ye, then?" she demanded testily.

"I dinna wish to marry," Luke apologized meekly.

"And what objections hae ye?" she urged, still anxious to persuade him and not easily to be balked in her set purpose.

Luke struggled like a bird caught in a trap. He pleaded first one thing and then another in extenuation. Martha met and overcame each excuse with unflagging determination, while the distressed and tormented Luke stood like a stag at bay, his imaginative faculty buried beneath the avalanche of Martha's clear logic. At last, in desperation, he blurted out the truth, twirling his cap in his shaking fingers and inwardly hoping that he was not sealing his own doom. He loved Aggie.

So that was it! Martha was decidedly crestfallen, not to say affronted, at Luke's lack of appreciation of the honor she had condescended to do him. To be thus checkmated was a new and unpleasant experience that left her with an impotent sense of defeat and disappointment.

"Why didna ye say so in the beginning, man?" she remarked tartly, smarting with injured pride and defeated self-will. Then, without further comment, she turned abruptly on her heel and left him.

For the rest of the week Martha's thwarted plans carried her into a zeal of industry, and Aggie had to submit to her aunt's changeable moods, "tantrums" Aggie called them, without complaint. But now that the cat was out of the bag and there was no longer any need for secrecy, Aggie was too happy to be easily depressed and gave free rein to a light-heartedness that made the old house echo with her frequent laughter. To Martha all this gayety was like vinegar poured on cream—she curdled sourly. And the brunt of her excessive displeasure, oddly enough, fell on Adam. She refused to see him or to speak to him. Adam shrugged his shoulders and kept out of the way.

Luke, too, felt a chill in the hitherto balmy air of Martha's favor. He began to worry for fear he should be dismissed from her service. But he need have had no fear, for Martha had no more notion of permitting the faithful Luke to leave her employ than she had intention of sending Aggie to Glasgow, notwithstanding her frequent threats to that effect. She was too well aware of the difficulty she would have in finding anyone to take his place who would prove as reliable, as honest, or as competent.

As time passed and she pondered the situation, Martha grew to dread the loneliness that would descend upon her when Luke and Aggie should marry. She found consolation in the thought that the time of this catastrophe must be far removed, for at present there was no house nearer than Dolgelly wherein they could live and begin housekeeping, and this was much too far away from Luke's work. It would be some time at least before they could leave her. "They canna build a nest in the trees and live loike the birds," she comforted herself cannily. And she had no intention of asking them to make their home with her at Kerrydale, although the

old house afforded ample room.

"'Twould be poor livin' wi' a feckless young thing the loikes o' Aggie, as is full o' notions and foolishness," Martha told Hannah Larson in confidence. "Her'd be wantin' to turn the hoose topsy-turvy to her ain likin'. Young folks should bide by themsel' and no' wi' their elders."

In her disturbed state of mind her thoughts turned more than once to Adam. Unconsciously she yearned for the consolation of his opinion and advice. But pride and resentment still held her aloof. And because he was very evidently popular with Luke and Aggie, she tortured herself by attributing to him some ulterior motive or desire to thwart and outwit her. Afternoons when the stage arrived home, it was annoying to watch Aggie rush down to the barns to greet her lover, and to see them later, hand in hand, stealing toward Adam's little cottage. Martha felt outside it all. Adam, she decided, had usurped her place in her niece's affections and confidence.

With each passing day her emotions grew more and more keen. At times she longed to stalk forth and boldly face them all in Adam's little kitchen. And all the time she grew more and more resentful that Adam did not come to her and meekly seek reconciliation. One day she spied him approaching down the road and her heart quickened its beat, while her mind grew busy with the caustic things she meant to say to him. But he passed along without even looking in the direction of the house. For a moment Martha's heart was like a bird about to fly out of its cage; then it sank with a dull feeling of disappointment and renewed resentment. Her remarks that evening anent all officious meddlesome busybodies were filled with a venom that appalled even the cheerful Aggie.

"Her'll end by packin' me off to Glasgow," Aggie lamented loudly to her lover the following day.

"More likely it be me as maun gang steppin'," retorted Luke, who was decidedly uneasy at the loss of Martha's favor and fearful of immediate dismissal.

By the end of the week the situation had become acute. On Saturday Aggie was delegated to execute a few errands for her aunt in Dolgelly, and permitted to make the trip on the stage with Luke. Adam was out of sight over the hills with the sheep. Martha had a long dull day. The week's disturbed thought had left her spent and depressed. She missed Adam's cheerful flow of talk. It was hard to maintain her ire against him, especially in the presence of so much joy and lightheartedness as Aggie evinced. Adam had always been her friend, her rock of support. Without realizing it she had leaned upon him. Yet he seemed quite able to do without her—lost to her. Not once in all the week had he stepped over the sill of her kitchen door. If only he would come in and speak his mind, she was prepared to be magnanimous and to make peace. For she earnestly desired to confer with him concerning the future of Luke and Aggie. It was imperative that some arrangement be made for them. But Adam, just when she needed him most, remained stubbornly aloof and out of reach.

So when, at sunset, the stage at last lifted over the crest of the hill against the yellowing sky before descending the long slope to the barns,

Martha, watching from her kitchen doorway, heaved a sigh of relief and rising hastened down the road. Aggie, her hands full of bundles, descended slowly from the high seat. Martha thought Luke unduly solicitous in assisting his agile sweetheart to earth. It irritated her afresh. "As though the girl were eggs as was likely to break if let fall," she thought impatiently.

"Hae ye fetched the black alpaca?" she demanded at once, scarcely waiting for Aggie to touch the ground.

With trembling fingers Aggie fumbled among her bundles. "Here 'tis," she said, thrusting the parcel toward her aunt.

As she did so Martha's quick eye spied a plain gold band on the third finger of Aggie's left hand. The sight of it seemed to stagger her. She caught Aggie's fingers in her own.

"What means this?" she demanded sternly, glaring at the ring.

Aggie faltered and shook; but Luke, grown suddenly bold, placed a protecting arm about her as he answered proudly, "It means that we were married this afternoon at Dolgelly, and that Aggie is now my wife. If ye maun scold, scold me."

Then, as if one blow at a time were not enough for poor Martha, Aggie, finding her tongue at last, must needs launch her arrow of revenge just then. "We hopes ye can forgi' us, Aunt," she announced, far from humbly; "but if ye canna, we may as well say at once that we'll not be troublin' ye long. We shall likely be goin' to Glasgow to live soon."

Martha's threat was now Aggie's threat, and Martha found the turned tables far from pleasant. "Na," she said, in an unexpectedly conciliatory tone, "it's over hasty ye hae been; but since 'tis done, most likely it's all for the best."

Clasping her bundle, Martha turned abruptly and stalked away. And neither Luke nor Aggie even suspected that the reason was because her sharp blue eyes had filled with sudden tears, a shameful weakness which Martha feared to betray.

Next morning early, Martha set out purposefully for Adam's cottage. Adam saw her coming and met her at the door.

"What's in the wind?" he asked, cannily aware how the land lay and half expectant of what she had to say. His eyes danced with lively interest as she entered and seated herself in his cozy kitchen.

Martha's glance never wavered as she met his smiling gaze. She began at once with the matter that was occupying her mind. "Sit doon, man," she ordered, with returning affability, motioning him to a chair beside her that she might deliver herself of what she had come to say with greater ease. "Ye ken, Adam, that Luke and Aggie hae been and got married yesterday in Dolgelly."

"And why for shouldna they mate if they want to?" he demanded.

"Na, I hae naught to say against it," Martha asserted testily. "I asked Luke to be master o' Kerrydale; but the silly loon would rather Aggie and a bit o' oat cake than Kerrydale wi' comfort and plenty. But it's no' my affair if he canna be made to see which side o' his bread the butter's on."

Adam smiled knowingly. "Na, I knew all along ye were sittin' on an empty nest there. Luke and Aggie hae been makin' love reet under yer nose this long time. The man

couldna eat porritch wi' his mouth full o' pie."

Martha looked thoughtful. She hesitated a moment before continuing with deliberation, "Well, I hae been thinkin', Adam, that mayhap —since Luke couldna be made to see sense and bide wi' me at Kerrydale, that—that likely yersel' might be willin' to. I hae no stomach for Noah Cumberland wi' his bald pate and his game leg, as ye ken."

Adam's face beamed with the same satisfaction that an interested onlooker exhibits when he closes the door upon a very notional little bird whose indecision and caprices he has been quietly watching for some time, but who he has known with certainty would eventually enter the cage. At Martha's unabashed proposition his eyes twinkled back into hers with whimsical amusement, though he questioned cautiously, "What mean ye, woman?"

"I be meanin' just what I hae said," Martha rejoined, with businesslike straightforwardness. I'se askin' ye to be master o' Kerrydale. Will ta come, Adam?"

Adam stretched forth a large hand that grasped hers warmly. "Why, Mattie," he said, with a hearty laugh, "Ye ken well I said on the very day as Tammas Dobson were laid to rest that I stood ready to take his place whenever yer mind were made up to it. When will ye hae it, then?"

Martha smiled with relief and content as she cordially returned Adam's strong possessive handclasp, saying, "Whenever ye loikes, Adam, but the sooner the better, say I." Then, after a moment's hesitation she added tentatively, "I was thinkin'—how would it be—since ye will come bide as master o' Kerrydale—how would it be if Luke and Aggie were to take this little hoose o' yours and come bide in it? What think ye, Adam? Kerrydale'd be sore lonesome wi'oot Aggie's cheerful pipe. It'd seem as if all the rooks were gone frae the chimney."

Adam reassuringly patted the hand he held. "I long ago told Luke that he and Aggie could bide in my hoose as soon as they were married. No need to worry yersel' aboot that. 'Tis all arranged and settled."

Martha looked nonplused. "Then why did Aggie tell me that they'd likely be leavin' Kerrydale and goin' to Glasgow to live?" she demanded suspiciously.

Adam smiled grimly. "Aggie's a sly rogue as maun turn the tables and hae her bit o' a triumph for once, I fancy," he explained shortly.

But Martha still looked her astonishment that the wary Adam should thus have bargained himself out of his own abode. "And where did ye think to bide yersel'?" she asked blankly.

Adam threw back his head in another hearty laugh. "Why, lass," he confessed with happy confidence, "I always knew as ye would see things my way, come time."

# FROM A NATURALIST'S NOTEBOOK

By Alan Devoe

IT is a curious thing, and almost paradoxical, that the more concerned men become with science the less notice they tend to pay to nature. To-day nature has all but disappeared from the public consciousness; as Henry Chester Tracy has phrased it, nature has "vanished into formulæ of energy and into mathematical descriptions of atomic and electrical force." We have got to the very strange state where, in our preoccupation with the antics of electrons, we think that the heart of nature is to be perceived only through a laboratory lens. We do not walk now in wooded places, and mark the look of birch-thickets and listen to the calling of vireos, and seek knowledge in that way. It seems not to occur to us that the intimations to be drawn from some new chemical formula are no nearer to the core of reality than those no less clamorous intimations which can come to a man when he lays his hand upon the rough bark of a tamarack, or squints up at the winter sky to see a solitary red-tailed hawk hovering there, or listens at night to the cry of foxes in a quiet countryside.

There is an old saying about not being able to see the forest for the trees. To-day we can scarcely see nature for the science. True, nature is a matter of chemical fusings and mathematical formulæ and biological permutations. But nature is also the singing of phœbes in country meadows in the spring, and the leap of catfish in rush-ringed ponds, and an exultation and a miracle. And if we would not lose all poetry from our hearts and all intuitiveness from our minds, we would do well, I think, to remember these things.

To-day I have been reading (and belatedly, as it appears to have been published more than three years ago) the autobiography of Clarence Darrow. It is as desperately bitter and malcontent a book as has ever come my way. In the evening of his life this Clarence Darrow is a lonely and mistrustful man, filled with frustration. What especially impressed me in this book of his, however, were the many long passages in which the author writes about nature. It has always interested me to observe that the readiest and most expansive generalizations about nature are uttered by those who are least in authority. To Clarence Darrow, criminal lawyer, all nature is an open book, her ways and purport holding no mysteries. He is able to write—with a positiveness exceeding even the chronic blithe certainty of Mr. H. G. Wells—that "Nature knows no mercy nor goodness. Nothing is so cruel and abandoned as nature. Man is only a part of nature, and his conduct is not substantially different from that of all animal life. . . . All life is a carnage of death in terror and agony." Loose but electrifying pronouncements of this kind fill the closing pages of the book; they are termed by Mr. Darrow, with his

customary brisk unhesitancy, "these obvious facts." In the presence of this kind of complacence it were not well, I fancy, to start an argument.

I have been thinking, since reading the Darrow autobiography, of certain men who—strangers to law-courts and murder-cases — passed their lives in scrutinizing the earth and the sky. And by "scrutiny" I mean no vague and v a c u o u s glance, but a sharp-peering study of thrushes' nests and turtle-eggs, grass-roots and sea-water, alluvial mud and particles of moss. These questing men — men with such names as Bartram and Muir, Thoreau and Burroughs — were ever chary, as naturalists are wont to be, of speaking in large generalizations. But now and then—as when John Muir records his "walkings in the Godful woods"—one is told by hint and inference the portent of their findings. It is good sometimes to recollect that terse summation which Henry David Thoreau spoke. "I have heard," he said, "no bad news."

It is current practice to use the words "naturalist" and "scientist" synonymously and interchangeably. This is inexact and wrong, and does injustice to both. A naturalist is a man versed in nature; a scientist is a man versed in science. The two things are quite different. One of the most astute and engaging naturalists I know is an aged farmer who lives not far from my cottage. I think it improbable that he has ever heard of what Bouvier calls the "flexibility of architectural genius," and I am certain that he has never heard of Ferton's researches among *Osmia rufigastra*. But that hoary old skull of his is packed with lore. He knows where in the spring the first bloodroots will appear, and he is wise in the ways of winter deer, and he has found the nests of chickadees in hollow birch stumps and made a study of them. He is a naturalist, blood-brother to the old man of "Slabsides" and to that gaunt and tragic Englishman who wrote *A Hind in Richmond Park*. Naturalists are, in a sense, a curiously child-like lot. They have—the best of them—the same simplicity and undistorted vision, the same wholehearted responsiveness. Too often the scientist, infatuated with pedantic idiom and overeager to classify the cosmos in neat terminological pigeonholes, withdraws so far into the realm of the merely mathematical that he loses his ancient kinship with that real world where there are speckled trout in cold mountain brooks and wild geese flying in the autumn sky and hawk-moths hovering over phlox-beds in the summer dusk.

To-day it is bitterly cold, and a gale howls down the valley from the north. This morning I walked on snowshoes to the summit of Phudd Hill and carried corn there for the pheasants. I like to stand in such a place, where there is no house or person near, and listen to the sounds of winter. Mostly they are very small sounds—the rattling of promethea cocoons on their frozen twigs, the little sibilance of powdery snow sifting through pine branches. And I like to walk home slowly, looking at the ground, and see in the snow the queer T-pattern of cottontails' tracks and the little maze of marks that is witness to the passing of meadow-mice. To-day there were pine siskins in the birches.

I have little patience with those stolidly confident and always very vocal Explainers of the Universe who are forever inventing new devices for measuring the intellect of white mice or the behavior of newts and proclaiming their findings with a sturdy certainty that they are quite conclusive. This kind of experimentation, instructive though it sometimes may be, must always be limited by the grave inadequacy of its instruments.

To-day I have been re-reading that extremely exhaustive and altogether fascinating book called *Instinct and Intelligence*. It is the work of Major R. W. G. Hingston, M.C., that brilliant English entomologist whose contributions to scientific knowledge in his chosen field are already very nearly classic. For seventeen years prior to the publishing of *Instinct and Intelligence*, Major Hingston passed his days in studying—with unwearying patience and the incisive keenness of a true scientist—the insect life of the Oriental tropics, and especially of India and Mesopotamia. Too honest and too wise a man to affect that glib positiveness so often characteristic of less experienced observers, Major Hingston has called the penultimate chapter of his book, quite simply, "The Unknown Sense." Speaking out of his great experience, he concludes that not only scientific instruments, but the human faculties themselves, are entirely inadequate for arrival at any Incontrovertible Truth about even so small a creature as a common ant.

"The (preceding) chapters in this book," he writes, "are full of explanations of why such and such behavior takes place. Nevertheless, there is a residuum. Something is left over which defies explanation. We find ourselves against a brick wall. . . . I strongly suspect that certain Termites can hear sounds that are beyond our range of hearing; and ants are sensitive to ultra-violet light to which we are completely blind. There is reason to think that insects possess some faculty different not only in degree, but also perhaps different in quality from any faculty that exists in us. Certain acts of behavior are beyond explanation. We call in the aid of an Unknown Sense."

It was Henri Fabre who wrote, a good many years ago, that "Life has unfathomable secrets. Human knowledge will be erased from the archives of the world before we possess the last word that a gnat can teach us." To-day it is Major Hingston who, at the conclusion of his seventeen years of persevering study, concludes his observations with the certainty that "we cannot explain psychic phenomena by reducing things to physical and chemical laws. Even insect psychology has something else!"

It were an odd thing if those whose lives are given to the earth and to its wonder—those who have exulted to hear the rattle of a kingfisher by a lonely lake, to see the fanning of a cecropia's wings, to feel the texture of a spiderweb—should choose to take no cognizance of the Author of these things.

# RITUALISTS IN THE LONDON SLUMS

By Frederick J. Maynard

PERHAPS even the most sanguine champions of the Oxford Movement never thought of a day in the future when the effects of their studied Tracts would be felt in the lowly hovels of England's slums. And yet, in somewhat less than fifteen years after the first of the Tracts was published, Anglican Ritualists, representing a logical outcome of the Movement, had already brought the revival of ceremonial, which the Oxford men had urged, into the poorest districts of the land. Ritualism, dedicated to the outward expression of Tractarian principles, had appeared along about the year 1840. Almost from the very first the new "party," or at least many of those who composed it, had shown an interest in welfare work done for the sake of souls; and by the year 1850 Ritualist priests,[1] and shortly afterwards Ritualist Sisters, were to be found in the poorer sections of England.

The Ritualist clergy as a body, of course, did not confine their work to any one class of people; nor were the slums in any sense the special object of their ministry. Many of the Ritualist clergy were attached to wealthy city parishes; and some of them, who may even have considered themselves unfortunate in their charges, were incumbents in parishes where welfare work was neither known nor needed. But among the Ritualist priests of that period were many zealous men who spent their lives working earnestly for the social and spiritual welfare of the lowly classes in the slums of England. Their work varied, naturally, according to the local conditions which existed from place to place, and in no two sections of the whole country perhaps did the priests use identical methods of social uplift. But though that is true, the work in general was much the same one place as another, for slums are slums and souls are souls no matter what city they are in.

The devotion of Ritualist clergymen to so worthy a cause earns our hearty approval; and this article by calling attention, mainly through the use of instances and examples, to the social activities of the Ritualists, seeks to pay just tribute to a good work done out of love for God and souls. This will tend, we hope, to do away with the opinion, held by some, that Ritualism in its early years was for the most part only an æsthetic fad. While we do not recognize the Ritualist clergy as priests in the true sense of the word, we can, and we should, admire the motives which urged many of them, as well as many of the Sisters and layfolk of the Ritualist party, to go down into the slums. That these motives were of the highest we can have no doubt, for many of the nineteenth century Ritualists later joined the Catholic Church; and God's grace, we know, is not given to hypocrites.

[1] The use of the word "priest" does not imply on the part of the writer a recognition of the validity of Anglican Orders.

Paradoxically, the first individual to whose ministry we shall refer was neither a slum worker nor, at the time we write of him, a Ritualist. But Dr. Edward Pusey was so devoted to the poor that we select him as an example of those clergymen who, though they did not themselves work in the slum districts, nevertheless by their generous financial aid enabled others to work there effectively. It was not until 1866 that Dr. Pusey joined the Ritualist party; but his charitable work in behalf of the poor goes back even prior to 1839, the year in which he made possible the building of St. Saviour's, Leeds. Even before that time Dr. Pusey, heartily supporting the Bishop of London's plan to build churches for the poor in East London, had contributed generously to their erection. But in the year 1839 Mrs. Pusey died and the Reverend Doctor, taking her loss as a punishment for his sins, determined to manifest his repentance by taking on additional charitable obligations. So, upon learning shortly afterwards that a suitable place of worship was sorely needed in a certain lowly district of Leeds, he made himself responsible for a sum of £1,500, and more if possible, out of his regular income, for the building of a church in that hard-pressed community.

The district of Leeds which received the benefit of this timely gift was one sadly in need of some such spiritualizing force. With very few exceptions the community of approximately 6,000 people living in that section was exceedingly poor. "Narrow streets, with low houses, were inhabited by mill-labourers and mechanics; and among or around these ran a branch of the river Aire, whose 'waters were brown and thick with mud, and dye-greases, and drains.' The physical discomfort was outdone by the moral degradation; every form of the foulest vice flourished, as was natural, in rank luxuriance. The moral, as well as the mental atmosphere, was heathen, without the restraining forces which occasionally made heathenism respectable."[2]

Church buildings of themselves, of course, are not necessarily a force for good, for people such as the inhabitants of this Leeds district might never be tempted to enter them. But like many another church built under similar conditions, St. Saviour's formed the nucleus in which the parish priests could center both their social and spiritual activities. The Ritualist clergy of St. Saviour's, all of whom, except one, later joined the Catholic Church, were zealous in their pastoral work among the people; and, unbelievable though it may seem, conditions in the parish changed to such an extent that six years later, when the building was finally completed, two sermons were given daily for a full week following the consecration of the church.

Turning attention now to that group of Ritualists whose deep love for the poor was shown, not only by financial gifts given in behalf of the lowly classes, but by direct and personal ministrations to the unfortunates under their care, we find men of great zeal among the clergy of such parishes as St. George's-in-the-East (London), St. Peter's (London Docks), St. Alban's (Holborn) and other similar parishes in England where extensive social work was continually carried on. In the

[2] Liddon: *Life of Edward Bouverie Pusey*, Vol. II., p. 472.

Church of England, clergymen have considerable freedom in choosing the fields of their labor and the Ritualist clergyman who accepted such a charge as St. George's-in-the-East, St. Peter's or St. Alban's was fully aware of the class of people among whom he would have to exercise a goodly share of his ministry; so we may be perfectly sure that these men were inspired with a real love of God's poor.

Two worthy examples of such devoted Ritualist clergymen are the Rev. A. H. Mackonochie and the Rev. A. H. Stanton. Ordained in 1849, Father Mackonochie spent the first years of his ministry at Westbury and then at Wantage. But he was a man of apostolic spirit with a desire to do more for God and souls. His zeal for the Missions might at that time have led him off to other lands, had not another opportunity for apostolic labor presented itself. Hearing of the work which the Ritualists were beginning in some of the miserable sections of London, he offered himself for it whole-heartedly and soon, as a priest of St. George's-in-the-East, became an active and zealous apostle to the poor of that district. So earnest was he in this work, and so successful, that in 1863, when St. Alban's Church was completed in another shabby section of the city, Father Mackonochie was selected as its vicar.

His years at St. Alban's were harassed by all kinds of criticism and opposition arising from the revival of ceremonial which he introduced into the parish for the spiritual benefit of the people. These long and sometimes violent attacks, though they came from outside the parish, made his benevolent work more difficult; but let it be said to his credit that they did not succeed in lessening his apostolic zeal. "He was never happier than when a brief spell of leisure gave him opportunity for entire devotion to parochial duties, in the pursuit of which he counted neither fatigue nor trouble. . . . Besides officiating at the services of his church, he spent his time in private exercises of piety, long hours passed in the confessional, incessant parochial visits, especially to the poor and the sick, the care of innumerable charitable institutions for the teaching and recreation of young people, artisans, and labourers, besides the spiritual direction of his communities. . . . The results obtained were considerable; the neighbourhood, formerly both morally and materially wretched, was in part transformed."[3]

The Rev. A. H. Stanton was for some forty years an assistant vicar in this same parish of St. Alban's. A remarkable and compelling preacher, a great lover of souls, a man of the deepest piety and the most ardent zeal, he did untold good for the people with whom he came into contact. Interested in the poor and devoted to them, Father Stanton sought constantly to be of some real assistance to them. His primary object, of course, was to aid them spiritually. It was their souls, more than anything else, which he sought to win. But he knew human nature well enough to realize that souls are more easily won when they are in an environment favorable to good living. The shameful hovels and public houses of London's poorer districts, where men spent the greater part of their day, furnished an environment by no means favorable to their spiritual well-being. It

[3] Thureau-Dangin: *English Catholic Revival in the 19th Century*, Vol. II., p. 544.

was to counteract the effects of this unhealthy and irreligious atmosphere that Father Stanton founded the St. Martin's League for postmen.

The London postmen of that period worked hard but received little pay. The desire for some kind of recreation when off duty, though legitimate enough in itself, was for these men a great temptation to sin. Lacking the means to enjoy more respectable means of amusement, they easily contented themselves in places where excessive drinking and other vices were not unknown. Father Stanton, judging that these men would welcome more respectable quarters in which to pass their leisure periods, determined upon the League as the solution to the problem. St. Martin's League or, as it was sometimes called, the London Postmen's League, was really a federation of social clubs whose membership consisted of some 600 postmen of the city of London. There were five Houses in all, four of them in the city and one, called St. Leonard's Holiday House, located at the seaside.

So effective was the League in producing good results that Father Stanton, some time afterwards, could honestly feel that he had "thrown a bridge of friendship across that gaping chasm that separates the clergy from the working classes." Some precise notion of the goodwill which the League developed among the postmen of London can be gained from the following portions of a letter which recalls a visit made at one of the League Houses: "A fair nucleus of the League members were already connected with St. Alban's, and had imbibed Father Stanton's spirit of liberty, fraternity and equality. . . . Needless to say, we all fed together, and sang together, and, from the nature of the case, it was postmen morning, noon, and night, though the evening gatherings were more uproarious and hilarious. Surely to minister to the mere convenience of these hard-worked and little-thanked servants of the public were an end worthy the devotion of a Christian priest or layman, quite apart from all prospect of spiritual interference."[4]

The individual in Ritualist clerical ranks who, above all others, exemplified in his ministry the real spirit of denial of self and devotion to the poor was the Rev. Robert Dolling. Father Dolling was, without a doubt, the greatest social worker in the Anglican Church of his day; and his name still lives as a symbol of man's love for his less fortunate brethren. Other Ritualist priests, such as those already mentioned, worked zealously to better the social and spiritual conditions of England's poorer classes; but perhaps none of them ever enjoyed the full success which attended Father Dolling's labors. In him seem to have been combined most of the qualities which enable a social worker to deal effectively and successfully with the various classes of social derelicts—all of them in need of charity but many of them hating it, most of them good at heart and welcoming an opportunity to do better but not a few confirmed in sin and loathe to relinquish it. Others were often successful in some one form of social work; but Father Dolling produced abundant results in every branch to which he turned his attention, whether it was organizing a gymnasium club from among the ragged urchins of his

[4] Osborne: *Life of Father Dolling*, p. 22.

district or ridding a city of the disreputable houses which offered men too ready occasion of sin.

Before he was yet ordained, in the days when he was known to thousands as "Brother Bob," Robert Dolling began his work in behalf of England's poor. The history of this period of his life is filled with a succession of "cases"—moral and physical wrecks with whom he came into personal contact and who were the better for their meeting with him. Hardened old pickpockets, starving youths, drunken sailors—all found in him something which made them change the whole course of their lives. Many a man, once broken in body and soul and ready for nothing better than a plunge into the river, thanked his God in after years for having brought him within the reach of "Brother Bob."

For some time previous to his ordination in 1885, Robert Dolling, as a deacon of the Anglican Church, was in charge of St. Martin's Mission, Maidman Street. Here, under the most adverse conditions, he attained his first success as an official religious social worker. To all appearances the Mission was doomed to failure. The district was poor, the people were of a very low class and the Mission itself, a hideous building of the warehouse type, had to serve as a chapel, a meeting-place, a men's club and a dining room, besides being the missioner's only home. And yet, despite all these physical disadvantages, Robert Dolling's work at St. Martin's was so effective that the whole system of mission work carried on subsequently in other London parishes was modeled after it. Nor can it be said that his activities at St. Martin's were prompted by any selfish motives. To the unfortunates under his charge he was wont to give himself and all he had without reserve; yet, it was seldom that he ever received any financial recompense for his labors. So true was this that we read in his biography of an evening, shortly after he left St. Martin's, when he had to pawn his watch in order to get a bed for the night.

The conditions which Father Dolling discovered in Landport, upon his arrival there in 1885 as the new vicar of St. Agatha's, might have discouraged one whose devotion to the poor was less deeply rooted than his. A shabby district of miserably small and overcrowded dwellings, its population was made up from among the lowest classes of society. Slaughter houses scented the air, places of ill fame lined both sides of certain streets and fifty-one "pubs" ministered to the thirst of only 5,000 citizens. Anything like discipline or restraint was unknown in Landport; and noise, excitement, hilarity, fist-fights, freak exhibitions and drunkards' carefree singing could be expected in its streets at almost any hour of the day or night. The lack of morality in this poverty-infested district was impressed upon Father Dolling very definitely shortly after his arrival in the town. "My first Sunday afternoon, as I was walking in Chance Street," he relates, "I saw, for the first time, a Landport dance. Two girls, their only clothing a pair of sailors' trousers each, and two sailor lads, their only clothing the girls' petticoats, were dancing a kind of breakdown up and down the street, all the neighbours looking on amused but unastonished, until one couple, the worse for drink, toppled over."[5]

Instances similar to this could be

[5] Dolling: *Ten Years in a Portsmouth Slum*, p. 18.

multiplied showing the discouraging conditions which faced Father Dolling in his work at Landport. The attitude toward religion there was one of almost complete indifference. These people, to all appearance at least, were entirely uninterested in the welfare of their souls; in fact, it is a question whether they ever thought of themselves as having souls. The district was a hotbed of iniquity where standards of morality were low and the percentage of sinners was high. But unpromising as the district was, and despite the fact that it seemed almost foolish to hope for its improvement, Father Dolling never once gave way to discouragement.

Gathering about himself a band of social workers, both clerical and lay, made up of the assistant clergy, visiting priests and candidates for Orders who came to stay with him from time to time, resident laymen, resident Lady Workers (including his own two sisters) and nonresident district visitors, Father Dolling directed the activities of all these helpers in such a way that their work became an influence for good felt throughout the whole community. Clubs of various kinds were organized, Societies and Circles were formed, private homes were visited, civic improvement plans were devised and made effective, and financial aid was given to those who needed it most. People of the town, both young and old, became interested in one or other of the activities and it was not long before young men were relinquishing the public houses to take recreation in St. Agatha's gymnasium and young ladies left the streets to have a cup of tea and a friendly chat with Father Dolling's sister or one of the other Lady Workers.

Father Dolling spent ten years in Landport. There are two incidents related in his writings which seem, by their contrast, to indicate summarily the amazing improvement he effected there in that time.

The first of these incidents pictures for the reader the character of the people of Landport at the time Father Dolling first went to work among them; the second incident pictures them at a somewhat later period. Here is the first picture: "In 1886 Mrs. Richardson . . . invited me to bring a party of mission men to Winchester to spend the day in College. About sixty went, I having to pay all their railway fares, in some cases even paying them their day's work—false pride on my part, because I did not like (the) College to think we had no men to go. They broke into the Warden's garden, and stole his fruit; they climbed over the wall of the bathing-place and laughed at the men who were learning to swim; they tried to kiss the ladies who waited on them; they most of them got drunk before we went home."

Here is the second picture: "Year by year more men have wanted to go. This year we limited it to one hundred and sixty; we had to refuse an equal number. All of them paid their own journeys, except a few old men out of work, and some of the better-off men clubbed together, so that no expense should fall on the Mission. I don't suppose men ever had a more delightful day. I am quite sure no lady ever entertained a more delightful company. We visited the cathedral, St. Cross, and all the places of interest. We had two splendid meals. One whole day's perfect enjoyment, everyone sober, not a rude or rough word, and yet some of us were the identical

people who had gone ten years before, and all of the same class, all the Mission's children."[6]

The social activities which Ritualist clergy carried on in behalf of England's lowly classes were not the only results produced by the Oxford Movement in the slum districts of London and the surrounding country. Another great effect, which helped to improve further the social and moral conditions of the poor unfortunates in the shabbier sections, likewise came as a direct result of the Oxford Movement. This was the establishment of religious orders of women in the Anglican Church.

For some years previous to the Tractarian period, the need of Sisterhoods had been keenly felt in England. The failure of the Anglican Church to carry on any considerable amount of charitable work had deprived the poorer classes of that force for good which could have come to them through intimate contact with social workers who represented religion. It was evident that some form of charitable organization was needed; and by the year 1845 this opinion had become rather common among those who sought to lessen the misery and ignorance then so prevalent in the slums. The following quotation, taken from a remarkable Paper issued by a group of fourteen laymen shortly after the first Sisterhood was established, expresses the popular mind of those days: "It has long been a matter of regret to many, that the Church of England possesses no institution similar to that of the Sisters of Mercy. For many years the internal condition of our great towns, and the intensity of accumulated misery, side by side with our luxury, or comfort, or wealth, have weighed very heavily upon the minds of those who are in any degree acquainted with the state of the poor. . . . Yet the evil manifestly could not be met by any ordinary remedies. Amid such fearful extent of distress any unsystematic efforts would necessarily avail little. . . . These convictions have, for some time, impressed upon thoughtful minds the necessity of some organized system."[7]

Dr. Pusey, who had gone to Ireland in 1841 to acquaint himself with the work of the Catholic Sisterhoods there, was wont to think of the Anglican Sister as "the pioneer of the priest." She could doubtless secure comparatively easy access to homes, she could become intimate with the people to whom she would minister and, little by little, she would often be able to dispose them favorably toward God, then toward religion, finally toward the priest. In this manner communities of Anglican Sisters, carrying on charitable work in the slum sections, could have prepared the way for the Anglican priest who, though perhaps ardently desiring to aid the poor souls under his care, often found it difficult to win his way among them because of the very dignity of his position.

The need of Sisters in the larger cities, then, was gradually becoming better and better realized. All that was lacking now was some occasion which would actually give rise to the religious orders. This occasion was found, indirectly, in the Tractarians' endeavor to revive Catholic ceremonial and Catholic customs in England. Directly, it

[6] *Op. cit.*, pp. 36, 37.

[7] Liddon: *Life of Edward Bouverie Pusey*, Vol. III., p. 19.

was found in the Ritualists' attempt to reduce the Oxford theories to practice in the slum sections of the country. The new ministry to the poor sponsored and carried on by Ritualist clergy demanded the aid of religious orders of women. So it was that about 1845 Dr. Pusey and others, who, if they were not at that time actually members of the Ritualist party, were at least very definitely Ritualist-minded, succeeded in founding the first Anglican religious community of women. In the years that followed the number of young ladies willing to give themselves up to community life was surprisingly large. The result of such a generous spirit was that the number of religious orders rapidly increased, so that during the period extending from 1845 to 1880 at least twenty-six new communities of women were established in England. These orders had either as their foundresses or as their first superiors such capable and devoted women as Marian Rebecca Hughes, Priscilla Sellon and Harriet Monsell, to whom the Anglican Church is indebted for its present system of religious orders of women.

The past cannot often be properly judged by the standards of the present; and to appreciate fully the motives which led nineteenth century English girls into Anglican convents, we must realize that "leaving the world" in those days was not considered the prudent and admirable act that we think it today. It must be remembered that the people of England at that time were entirely unfamiliar with community life; and that a girl should permanently take leave of her home to join an unheard-of band of Sisters who spent their days in the slums of some large city was, if not a questionable choice, at least a foolish one. It must be remembered, too, that in those days a young lady was not so free to choose her mode of life as she is now. A girl's future, during that period, was settled to a great extent by her parents, and if they wished her to marry some young man of their own selection, she was expected to comply with their wishes. Finally, "that young ladies who were considered 'serious' should object to theatres and dancing was looked upon as a pardonable eccentricity. But that those who were not 'evangelical' should take a stricter view of life, should shrink from 'society,' and entertain thoughts of a vow of celibacy in face of an eligible marriage, was almost inconceivable."[8]

Like the Ritualist priests, the Sisters, too, devoted their lives to the social and moral uplift of England's lowly classes simply because their hearts were filled with the love of God's poor. Only the highest motives prompted them to spend their days in the uninviting slums; and only the highest motives could have kept them there under the repellent and frequently nauseating conditions to which they were not uncommonly subjected.

The social work carried on by the Sisters varied, of course, according to the special needs of the district to which they were assigned. Generally speaking, there were no limits to their work. They adapted themselves to the conditions which they found in a particular locality, did their best to supply the corporal or intellectual or spiritual assistance that was needed there and sought, in addition to all else and above all else, to win the souls of those to whom they ministered. But though

[8] *Op. cit.*, Vol. III., p. 188.

the social activities of the Sisters were broad and varied, their work in the slums may be divided, for the most part at least, into three general classes. These are: the visiting of private homes, the education of youth and the care of the sick. Individual Sisters and individual orders frequently engaged in forms of social work other than those comprised under these three heads. But such forms of social activity were rather the exception than the rule. It is the Sister as a visitor, the Sister as a teacher and the Sister as a nurse, in the slums of England, who deserves our attention here.

The work of visiting private homes carried on by the Sisters was anything but a pleasant task. The conditions which they found in the hovels of the poor were very often discouraging, if not worse. The slum sections of England, however, were in general so thickly populated that it was impossible for the Sisters to continue the home-to-home visits which at first seemed necessary to establish goodwill. Moreover, such visits were no longer essential after it once became known in the slums that the Sisters were willing to go wherever their services were needed or desired. As a general rule the calls were confined to those homes in which there was sickness in addition to poverty. In these dingy hovels, often filthy and rank with the most repellent odors, the Sister came as an angel of mercy to people perhaps on the verge of starvation, yet too sick to beg even enough food to keep themselves alive.

Besides seeking to elevate the social and moral standards of a home, the Sister took a deep personal interest in the religious condition of all the members of the family. As far as it was within her power, she sought to render to each whatever spiritual assistance he might chance to need. This very personal contact with the slum people was in great measure responsible for the success which the Sisters enjoyed in visiting the homes; and it explains, too, the influence for good which they soon came to exert among the lowly classes.

The lack of funds made the Sisters' ministrations to the poor and the sick extremely difficult. The strictest economy had to be continually practiced if any considerable amount of good were to be done. Resources were limited, so that where the Sisters would have liked to give linen for a sick bed, they could only lend it, and what they lent usually had to be much less than what was needed. The visits, however, were highly successful and the poor were deeply appreciative of the Sisters' work.

The instruction of poor children was another form of social work carried on by the Sisters in the slum districts. National Schools existed in England at that time for the education of children and it was those schools which the great majority of boys and girls attended. But the National Schools were somewhat exclusive. They received the more attractive type of children willingly enough, but the children of the slum sections were not always welcome. It is regrettable that a child should have been denied the advantages of early education because he was considered too poor and perhaps too dirty to attend one of the National Schools. But so it was, even though no one class of people in England needed education more than the in-

habitants of the slums. The Sisters, realizing the injustice that was being done to these youngsters, sought to remedy the situation by establishing private schools of their own. These schools were located in the midst of the slum sections and were open to all children who lacked other opportunity for education.

Finding that their work in schools of this kind was successful, the Sisters were encouraged to attempt a more difficult problem. This was the opening of special schools for particular groups of poor boys and girls who found it impossible to attend the ordinary schools maintained by the Sisterhoods. In this development of the teaching Sisters' work there came into existence, first of all, what were known as industrial schools for girls. In these the young ladies of the neighborhood could not only earn their livelihood while they were in attendance at the schools, but they could likewise familiarize themselves with some practical occupation which would offer them a means of support later on. Night schools, too, were established for boys, so that those who had to work during the day might still have an opportunity to secure some education. Many poor boys between the ages of twelve and sixteen were at that time employed in the Government works. This occupation, of course, had the good effect of enabling them to assist their families financially; but it would have robbed them of all opportunity for education, had it not been for the night schools opened by the Sisters.

Schools and Homes of still other types were likewise established by the Sisterhoods for the benefit of the lowly classes. Among these were schools for starving children, part-time schools particularly devoted to religious instruction and Orphan Homes very similar to those which exist in England to-day. Obviously, the task which the Sisters faced in maintaining these schools and in teaching and caring for the ragged youngsters who attended them was not an easy one. But devotion to a cause gives added strength, and it was that evidently which enabled the Sisters to be such successful teachers.

Some reference has already been made to the nursing work done by the Sisters during their regular visits to private homes. But there were times in England when the Sisters were called upon to nurse the sick and care for the dying under much more dangerous conditions. Such an occasion, for instance, was the cholera epidemic of 1849 which began in Plymouth, spread rapidly in the surrounding sections and settled in the overcrowded slums of Devonport.

The Rev. G. R. Prynne, many of whose flock were stricken with the disease, has left the following account of the Sisters' entire willingness to aid the sufferers: "The Sisters were not living in my parish at the time, and when the cholera broke out with deadly violence, I had a visit from Miss Sellon one evening. 'I am come,' she said, 'to ask if you will accept the services of myself and Sisters to visit the sick and dying in your parish.' A distrustful thought crossed me. Shall I bring these devoted ladies from another parish, I thought, to such scenes and such danger? I must have hesitated, and said some words to this effect. 'You must not look upon us as mere ladies,' said Miss Sellon, 'but as Sisters of Mercy; and the proper place for Sisters of

Mercy is amongst the sick and dying; if you refuse our aid, we must offer it elsewhere.' 'I will not refuse,' I replied: 'come with me.' And together we went . . . into the very worst of it. From that night their work began and abated not, until, through God's mercy, the sickness itself did."[9]

The deep spirit of forgetfulness of self and tender devotion to the poor which characterized all the nursing work done by the Sisterhoods deserved a fitting tribute of praise. That tribute was written at the close of the cholera epidemic to which we referred above. It is found in a paragraph which the Rev. G. H. Hetling wrote to the Bishop of Exeter: "It has been my lot in life for one quarter of a century to have seen, and borne an active part in, very much of suffering, pain, and death. Formerly, in medical practice, I have seen the whole course of cholera in London, Paris, and Bristol, and lastly here in my office of deacon. I have beheld many acts of self-devotion to its sufferers and victims, yet never have I witnessed anything that surpassed, or even equalled, the self-abandonment and self-sacrifice of these humble Sisters. . . . Miss Sellon (who, though ill, has been on the spot every day) and her fellow-workers may justly be added to the list of female heroines. In this opinion persons of all views coincide, and they who formerly opposed them cannot now withhold the meed of praise."

This brief review of the social activities carried on by the Ritualist priests and Sisters of nineteenth century England, while necessarily incomplete, should help to confirm the opinion that the majority of Ritualists, even in those early days, were not mere æsthetes interested only in the fragrance of sweet-smelling incense and the sight of beautiful vestments. There was little of the beautiful which the priest and the Sister might enjoy in their work among the ragged, dirty poor of a slum district. It was no æsthetic sense which urged such men as Dr. Pusey to stint themselves for the benefit of the lowly classes; it was no love of beauty which led clergymen like Father Mackonochie, Father Stanton and Father Dolling to spend day after day and year after year with those who knew poverty and misery much too well; it was no search for the beautiful which brought the Sister into a repellant district as a visitor to its hovels, a teacher of its children and a nurse for its sick. It was earnest, sincere devotion to the lowly classes which alone prompted these activities, for only the love of God and the love of His poor could have made Ritualist priests and Ritualist Sisters live and die in the slums of nineteenth century England.

[9] *Op. cit.*, Vol. III., pp. 199, 200.

# RADICAL POETS: OLD STYLE—NEW STYLE

By Eleanor Grace Clark

TIME was when the typical college radical was as touchy about Shelley as about Lenin or Stalin. If ever I let slip from my pedagogical platform a suspicion as to the authenticity of Shelley's burning love of the world, or a doubt concerning the spiritual regeneration of Prometheus, Shelley's self-confessed ideal-portrait, I was greeted with a chorus of reproaches from the left-wing. (Note: The radicals always reproach in chorus, or, as they would say, "with a united front.") Of course, being a teacher and possessing a certain advantage in having studied both the life of Shelley and the text of his great poem, I have justified my misgivings by quoting chapter and verse. I have reminded my critics, for example, of Prometheus's delight and pride in his appalling curse upon Jove—a curse so appalling, indeed, that when it was heard by

"A pilot asleep on the howling sea"

he

"Leaped up from the deck in agony,
. . . and cried 'Ah, woe is me!'
And died as mad as the wild waves be."

Even after "misery" had supposedly "made him wise" and after he had forgiven Jove, the inveterate rebel could not resist the pleasure of hearing again his dreadful words; and so he called upon the Spirits of the air, the "swift whirlwinds," to repeat the terror for his delectation:

"If then my words had power,
Though I am changed so that aught evil wish
Is dead within; although no memory be
Of what is hate, let them not lose it now!
What was that curse? for ye all heard me speak."

But neither this nor other obvious lapses from grace had power to convince the radicals that Prometheus was not really an angel of charity, the very incarnation of invincible love. To them Jove has ever been the archetype of the *bourgeois* and so ought to be hated and cursed. Was he not the patron of the profiteers, the god of established religion? Was it not thrilling to see his supposed omnipotence quake before the blasts of such fierce hatred, such courageous disdain? Was it not heartening to witness the triumph of the man of instinct, the "perfectible man," the profit-scorning wonder, who, in his super-humanity, was able to suffer all and endure all for the sake of his "comrade" Man?

In vain I have pointed out that Jove does not represent Wealth, which Shelley never renounced for a moment, but Convention. He was, in fact, the personification of that Power of Convention which condemned Shelley for deserting Harriet, which roared against his idealization of incest in *Laon and Cythna*, which hounded him for his unpaid debts, which deprived him of the guardianship of his children be-

cause of his insistence on sharing his bed and board with his wives and other "loves" on equal terms; it was the same Convention which frowned upon the adult Shelley for shooting bread-balls at persons in public restaurants, for walking naked into a drawing-room where stranger guests were seated, for beguiling the tedium of his undergraduate studies at Oxford by sailing paper boats on the Cherwell; nor did it appease the offended Power to know that the paper sail was a five-pound note and the passenger a terrified cat!

The radicals always laugh at this story, thinking it illustrates Shelley's supreme disregard for money; but Convention shakes its head, meditating upon the many excellent uses to which a five-pound note could be put by a real lover of the people and an intelligent sympathizer with their distress. The emancipated left-wing "intellectuals," however, either enjoyed as pranks, or dismissed as irrelevant such "private affairs" of their darling rebel, whose hatred of those who disagreed with him on social or political questions was fierce enough to arouse attention, whose zeal for reform was never cooled by a weakening tolerance, who was too godlike to be troubled by the picayune demands of logic or courtesy; who believed not merely in atheism, but in the *necessity* of atheism, whose untamable energy of protest was directed against the galling tyranny of the marriage tie and business obligation. How could such wonderful assets be discredited by a prudish predilection for old-fashioned virtues like piety and chastity and temperance, and for such "class" graces as dignity and good manners?

Such a preference for conventional amenities was the more exasperating in the face of Shelley's incontrovertible gifts. Was he not able,—my left-wingers would ask,—to body forth his rebellion in a glamorous and irresistible maze of music and imagery? And I would reply: Yes, excellent music and oh! much imagery, billowing, amethystine, opaline, scented imagery: oceans, floods, cataracts of imagery: imagery without restraint, enough in quantity and quality to make the romantic wonders of Pushkin look pale. And so when my classroom radicals found themselves somewhat confounded by the facts of Shelley's hysterical hatred of nearly everybody and by his muddled solutions of the world-pain in which we all writhe, they were wont to console themselves with faith in the more tenuous, but less assailable propaganda of his pure Art. Particularly acceptable to them was the image of the West Wind, that "fierce spirit" which, as Shelley himself said, was too like himself, tameless and swift and proud; for they too have a kind of west-wind instinct for rooting things up as the only way of improving them.

In the last year, however, there has been a distinct lapse in the collegiate enthusiasm for Queen Mab, and Prometheus, and even for the West Wind. Now when I compare Shelley's iridescent marvel with Shakespeare's beguiling wight, they do not feel the old necessity of preferring the former. They no longer glow so rapturously over that somewhat directionless and ephemeral West Wind, which made the blunder of attacking the most elementary and hence the most impregnable fortress of Respectability; though I confess, they do still

enjoy the fulminations of Shelley more than the arguments of Æschylus concerning the propriety of Prometheus's punishment. On the whole, however, Prometheus and his prototype are decidedly on the wane, and I think it is interesting to inquire the cause.

As a matter of fact, I believe there are two causes. In the first place, the party of the Left is undergoing a definite split, on the question of violence, into revolutionaries and reformers. The vagueness of Shelley does not suit the former, the violence of his hate is repugnant to the latter. In the second place, there has arisen, on the literary horizons of the Left, a whole new cluster of stars, who, if they do not actually outshine Shelley in brilliance, do nevertheless swing right out of that luminous void of drawing-room socialism in which Ariel has glowed so effulgently for the past fifty years of decadent Romanticism. These new spirits are flapping their wings—some beautiful and seraphic, others ugly and batlike—about the palace of no mythical tyrant, nor are they wailing for a paradise deservedly lost. The fortresses against which they are swinging such cracking blows are not on Mount Olympus nor on any other fanciful hill; they have familiar local addresses in Harlem, on Wall Street, among the fashionable eighties, and in the garment-section east of Union Square. These are the habitats of race-prejudice and persecution, of imperialism and war, of industrial slavery, of monopolistic control of the means of production, and the indifference of the Haves who refuse to take any responsibility for the Have-nots.

C. Day Lewis bespeaks the new mood and manner when he bids

"farewell again to this adolescent moon"

which, he declares,

"is a bottle
For papless poets to feed their fancy on."

He thankfully admits that he is "well out of Eden."

Well, out of Eden, out of Paradise, and far from magic casements opening on the realms of Faërie, the new poets surely are! Gone and despised are the "huge cloudy symbols" of the Romantic tradition. The new radicals prefer to rub their noses,—and alas, ours,—in the stinking squalor of cursing, drabbing, murdering slums, and to torture our nerves with the writhing agonies and idiocies of battlefields and lynching grounds. Some, like Kenneth Fearing and Muriel Rukeyser, taking their cue from typical Soviet propaganda, hot with class hatred, drive into the battle with a brutality that breeds only reaction. Instead of moving pity for the "manipulated and misused youth," and for "pregnant Mary" who starvingly dines on "roasted puppy," and for the mothers with "empty breasts like rinds," their violence tempts us to defend the obviously maligned *bourgeois*, who,—whatever they may say,—are not always, or even usually syphilitic. Others, of the better sort like Stephen Spender or Sterling Brown or Maxwell Anderson, fairly melt us down by the energy of their faith in the downtrodden and by the ardor of their pity. Neither the bad nor the good poets will allow us for one moment to dismiss from our minds the horrors of the real world,—no, not even while our

bodies are fain of a little rest on the fragrant hillside, under the "sweet and starless sky" where the lark is wont to pour out his harmonious strains of "unpremeditated art." No more may we yield to such joy, whose influence, they claim, is all too likely to cause us to "fall asleep in body," perhaps even in soul! No, the "fells and profound dales" of the Lake Country must not lure us with their "primrose argument" to forget the "sick sheep coughing among the stones." When once we have been awakened to the challenge of remediable pain all around us, the charms of Easedale Tarn will have no power to

> "insulate
> The mind against its own forked speculation
> When once that storm sets in."

Perhaps they are right.

Far be it from me to venture to draw the line between poetry that is propaganda and propaganda that could never be poetry, or to write in condemnation of the work produced on either side of that imaginary line; but I do feel drawn to say that as between the propaganda poets that are mythological and those that are realistic there lies the same kind of advantage balanced with disadvantage that Bishop Hurd found between the Romanticists and Classicists of his day: what we have lost in the waning poetry of the romantic radicals may be a "world of fine fabling," but what we have gained in the advent of the new realists is a knowledge of a world of bitter and challenging facts, in which only courage and hard sense and hard work can prevail to avert the chaos that seems about to engulf us,—a chaos in which war and poverty and race-hatred will weave for us patterns of horror not yet conceived by man. We may not like the realistic poets, we may fear their violence and shudder at their godlessness; but unless we heed the warning that they are sounding, the sufferings of the past will hardly be a prologue to those of the future. These *Dead Ends*, these *Tobacco Roads*, these *Wintersets* may be as offensive in our nostrils as a putrid albatross rotting on our bosoms; but if they cause us to repent in time our lack of charity, our indifference to poverty, our proneness to war, they *may* save us. If we do not heed and repent, we shall with tragic certainty be consumed by the "Manwolf of the Unemployed" of whom Gerard Manley Hopkins warned us in "Tom's Garland"; for "their packs infest the age."

I am minded to close these remarks about the new radical poets by quoting some lines addressed to Stephen Spender by one of the most conservative members of my class:

> "I heard a voice like the sun who comes in thunder;
> It shook Shelley from me, and me from Shelley.
> I saw a flame like steel that kills to cure;
> Me it illumined, but beware, beware,
> Ye dead, should *ye* see and hear."

# FANNY PARNELL—POET AND PATRIOT

By Hugh F. Blunt, LL.D.

NOT quite a year before she died, July 20, 1882, Fanny Parnell wrote her poem "After Death." Read it; aloud, as all great poetry should be read, and, as "you feel as if the top of your head were taken off"—Emily Dickinson's rule for judging true poetry—you will agree that it is one of the great poems of the world, and enough to make the name of its singer immortal. But first bear in mind that it is the outpouring of an Irish soul, remembering all the tragedies of its country, and out of the darkness beginning to catch the gleam of hope.

"Shall mine eyes behold thy glory,
O my country?
Shall mine eyes behold thy glory?
Or shall the darkness close around them, ere the sun-blaze
Break at last upon thy story?

"When the nations ope for thee their queenly circle,
As a sweet new sister hail thee,
Shall these lips be sealed in callous death and silence
That have known but to bewail thee?

"Shall the ear be deaf that only loved thy praises
When all men their tribute bring thee?
Shall the mouth be clay that sang thee in thy squalor
When all poets' mouths shall sing thee?

"Ah! the harpings and the salvos and the shoutings
Of thy exiled sons returning,
I should hear, though dead and mouldered, and the grave damps
Should not chill my bosom's burning.

"Ah! the tramp of feet victorious!
I should hear them
'Mid the shamrocks and the mosses,
And my heart should toss within the shroud, and quiver
As a captive dreamer tosses.

"I should turn and rend the cere-clothes round me,
Giant-sinews I should borrow,
Crying, 'O my brothers, I have also loved her,
In her loneliness and sorrow.'

"Let me join with you the jubilant procession,
Let me chant with you her story;
Then contented I shall go back to the shamrocks,
Now mine eyes have seen her glory."

It is Fanny Parnell's epitaph, just as it is a poetical paraphrase of Emmet's—"When my country takes her place among the nations of the world." Robert Emmet would have thrilled to this poem. He and Fanny Parnell were true kin in the bloodshed of patriotism. With them both love for Ireland was an all-consum-

ing passion. Yet William Butler Yeats could only say half-heartedly —"The agrarian movement that followed [the Fenians] produced but little poetry, and of that little all is forgotten but a vehement poem by Fanny Parnell." Yeats, perhaps, had little knowledge of her work, or he would not so have damned with faint praise. He had no way of knowing her poetry, for most of it was written for American papers, and, sad to say, is still buried in the crumbling files more than half a century old. Her fame as poet is eclipsed, but, sadder still, her fame as patriot—and, indeed, she was one of the greatest patriots that ever lived—survives only here or there in some volume of reminiscences, or in the dusty accounts of the Land League movement, which in the eighties was such a vital force among those of Irish blood in this country.

Of this movement Fanny Parnell was the poet laureate, and the inspiration quite as much as, if not more so, than her more militant younger sister, Anna. At any rate Charles Stewart Parnell cannot be fully explained without his favorite sister Fanny, the chum of his childhood. And none of the patriotic Parnells can be explained without considering their American antecedents. There was red blood, anti-British blood, in the American line, more so than in the ex-English Parnells. That American patriotism went back to Revolutionary days when Judge Tudor of Boston gave himself heart and soul to the struggle for the independence of the Colonies. The Judge's daughter Delia was the Belle of Boston. And she had more than beauty. She knew Latin and Greek, spoke fluently French, German, Italian, Spanish, won fame as a painter, was a noted pianist in France, England, and America; a very remarkable woman in every respect. Her mother was a fine poet, and Delia's brother William Tudor was a projector and first editor of *The North American Review*, the originator of Bunker Hill Monument, one of the founders of the Boston *Athenæum*, and the author of many books. So that it was a fine literary and patriotic inheritance she brought to the great man she married, Commodore Charles Stewart, forever famous in history as commander of the *Constitution*—"Old Ironsides." Their daughter Delia, known as the American beauty, met in Mexico, John H. Parnell, visiting from Ireland, in 1834. It was love at first sight. They were married in New York, and Parnell brought back to Ireland this "brilliant and fiery daughter of Charles Stewart." Brilliant and fiery she was, indeed. She never lost her hatred of British misrule.

When Fanny—Frances Isabel—was born in 1849, the eighth of the Parnell children, Charles was three or four. We get a picture of them playing soldiers before the roaring fire in the huge hall of the family mansion, "Avondale," in Wicklow, the Garden of Ireland, which Moore made famous with "The Meeting of the Waters." Then came the school days for Charles. When he came back to live definitely at Avondale as head of the family, his favorite Fanny was grown up, but still a slip of a girl. Her education had been received at home. John, who calls her "our blue-stocking sister," says that she knew every book in the library, "filled with works from all parts of the world." He describes her—"She had dark hair and hazel eyes and was very

witty." A photograph of her may be seen in Katharine Tynan's *Twenty-five Years: Reminiscences*. In addition to her home education, she had been sent to a convent school in Paris, and studied German and Italian in Dublin. A fine, cultured, beautiful girl, full of surprising energy, and the first of the Parnell children to become an ardent patriot.

It came about in this way. In 1859 John O'Mahony and James Stephens had formed a political organization for the purpose of separating Ireland from England and establishing an Irish Republic. It was called the Fenian Society, and soon spread throughout the world wherever there was an Irishman. In 1863 the Society established a newspaper called *The Irish People*. Mrs. Parnell was of course an ardent sympathizer, and equally so Fanny. Fanny's sympathy expressed itself in verse, which she contributed to the paper under the pen name of "Aleria." We have her first poem, "Masada," as given by John O'Leary in his *Recollections of Fenians and Fenianism*. O'Leary was then the editor. It was a violent poem, ending thus:

"Rest in peace, ye dauntless heroes,
rest ye in your gory grave,
God hath seen and God hath heard
you, God will soon arrive to
save."

About which O'Leary remarks, "These verses like all I have seen from the lady's hand are, I think, rather rhetoric than poetry, though very vigorous and sonorous rhetoric, indeed, giving great promise for a girl, as the writer then was." But her "rhetoric" helped the cause. Says Boyle O'Reilly, she "gave vent to patriotic feeling and by the force of her verses and the truth and feeling which characterized her poetry gained many admirers."

John tells us that he used to accompany Fanny to the office of the paper, but that Charles made fun of her poetry and steadfastly refused to accompany her to the Fenian stronghold. Charles had no sympathy with the Fenians and was even quite provoked with his mother because she spent money on them, paid to smuggle some of them out of the country to America, and even hid some of them in her town house in Dublin. Nevertheless when Charles found out that his sweet and lovable Fanny was as ardent a Fenian as his mother, he began to be interested in Irish affairs.

Things soon came to a climax. Mrs. Parnell and Fanny then living in Dublin, where Mrs. Parnell kept open house, giving dinners, dances, to her many Dublin friends, were suspect Fenians. The office of *The Irish People* was raided and the editor arrested. Then the Parnell home was raided and searched for evidence against Fanny. Poor Fanny, who was alone with her mother at the time, was forced to flee in the middle of the night and go to a hotel while her mother kept watch over her home in the presence of the intruders. The police took as evidence a sword owned by Charles. The whole miserable business outraged Charles, stirred him up. "Perhaps one day," he said, "I shall give the police something better to do than turn my sister into the street." Then, on November 23, 1867, came the unforgettable Manchester Martyrs, Allan, Larkin and O'Brien. The patriotism awoke in Parnell's soul. He was no longer a mere country gentleman.

Soon after this Mrs. Parnell gave up her Dublin home and went to live with her brother, Charles Stewart, in Paris, her mother having recently died. Fanny soon joined her there. John tells us, "Fanny at this time was engaged to Mr. Catterson Smith, the celebrated artist, who at that time, however, had not made his name, so that Charles raised strong objections to the match. I think he afterwards regretted taking this course, as Fanny never married." She had many proposals in Dublin, her sister Emily says, but none came up to her ideal. F. Hugh O'Donnell, in his *History of the Irish Parliamentary Party* says that he heard her called the most beautiful woman in Paris.

When Parnell entered politics and started on his great obstruction fight in Parliament, he had no more enthusiastic admirer than Fanny. There was the famous sitting of twenty-six hours, and through that long session there was but one occupant of the Ladies' Gallery who never deserted her post. It was Fanny Parnell.

A year after Mrs. Parnell had gone to Paris, her brother Charles died, leaving all his money to her. It made her very wealthy, though much of the fortune was lost later in the Black Friday panic. She decided to go to live in America, at Bordentown, New Jersey, Commodore Stewart's estate, and she took with her Fanny, Anna and Theodosia. After a year Anna returned to Ireland and Theodosia married a navy officer, so Fanny was her mother's sole companion.

Meanwhile the Land League had been started in Ireland. Parnell employed it as he employed Fenianism, everything, as a step to Home Rule. His was the slogan—"Keep a firm grip upon your homesteads." Fanny took up the work of the Land League in America and became President of the American Branch, of which her mother was an enthusiastic supporter. She resided at "Ironsides" where she was very popular and was loved by all, especially the poor. She had a fine grasp of political matters and was of course deeply interested in the work of her favorite Charles.

In 1879 Parnell and Dillon came to America. It was a triumphal procession through the United States and Canada. Sixty-two cities were visited in two months. Mrs. Parnell, Fanny and John attended all the principal meetings in and around New York, Philadelphia, Brooklyn and Jersey City. Fanny was popular and kept a cool head. The issue was not Home Rule but the land. The harvest in 1879 was the worst since the great famine. Evictions were in full swing, and no less than fifty thousand tenants had been turned out on the side of the road. It was a cause to thrill the heart of Fanny Parnell. Her brother had said—"Keep a firm grip upon your homesteads." Fanny now embodied that slogan in her famous Land League song—"Hold the Harvest," which, we are told, every Irish child in the eighties knew by heart. This was the real beginning of her poetical career.

O'Reilly tells us that from the decline of the Fenian movement to the birth of the Land agitation she was silent. "Her lyre would only respond to one breeze—nationality. When a few years ago she began to write for the *Pilot* her name was unknown. . . . Before she had published half a dozen of those extraordinary poems, extraordinary for

their magnetic and almost startling force, as well as rhythmical beauty, it was recognized that the Land League had got that which crystallizes the efforts and aspirations of a popular movement—a Poet. Every note she struck was true and strong and timely." Most of Fanny's poems appeared in the *Pilot*, side by side with the best work of Oscar Wilde and Louise Imogen Guiney. Here is a stanza of "Hold the Harvest." I do not give it all, since it may be found in the collection of Irish Literature (P. F. Collier):

"Oh, by the God Who made us all—
the seignior and the serf—
Rise up! and swear this day to hold
your own green Irish turf!
Rise up! and plant your feet as
men where now you crawl as
slaves,
And make your harvest fields your
camps, or make of them your
graves."

This is the poem that Yeats dismisses as merely "vehement." It is not polished poetry, but war cries are not dulcet sounds. That poem was an inspiration to patriotism. It did more good for the Irish cause than all the lamentations for the dead gods and goddesses of pagan Ireland. It was a new *"Marseillaise."* It was a working song, a song that lifted souls above the mere pining over Elizabethan wrongs, a useless pining, as Fanny Parnell regarded it, as she tells us in her pamphlet, *Hovels in Ireland*, and gave them a new hope, new determination to redeem the time. A poem that does that for a nation is a great poem. In 1882 she published that pamphlet, the preface to it being written by her brother Charles. The proceeds from the sale went to the cause of the Land League. It is written in strong, beautiful prose. She appeals to America to say a word in behalf of Ireland. "Words are but little to ask, but words from a power like America resound all over the world, and can plead, trumpet-tongued, for a down-trodden cause." Somehow one thinks of Mexico to-day.

Meanwhile she sent forth her burning verses. Here is the last stanza of one I found in the old files of the *Pilot*, December 17, 1881. It is called "Justice."

"Then a sword flashed over the skies
with a glory too bright
For a mortal to see, and we knew
'twas the Lord in His might
And we knew when the day had
come His arm was not shortened
yet,
And the robber should pay at last
the utmost farthing of debt."

But Fanny Parnell was not always anguishing over the wrongs done to her native land. She had a fine sense of humor. When Oscar Wilde came to America with his æsthetic message she could not help seeing the funny side of it. So she wrote a satirical poem about him, but chiefly about the silly women of Murray Hill and Boston's Chickering Hall who made a lion of him. She called the verses—"Maudle Caudle." The following is a sample stanza:

"Then they saw he was great, and
they all took him up;
They asked him to dine, and they
asked him to sup;
The maidens they tried both to sigh
and to blush,
For they found 'twas no use to giggle or gush;

He took their soft hands, with an
air stern and chilly,
Saying—'Ne'er a one carries a
daffy-down-dilly!' "

Fanny Parnell was not only a poet of patriotism. That of course is her strongest claim to distinction. But there is a greater artistry in her religious poems. She knew her trade, even though it is not always evident in her Land League songs. Her poem, "At Daybreak," appeared originally in *The Independent*. It marks her as a spiritual poet. Here is the last stanza:

"I sought Him—ah, how long I
never knew,
O'er rugged steeps,
Through dim and dreadful
deeps;
'Mid frozen winter gales that
mocked and howled;
'Mid noisome things that crawled
and prowled.
But when the night,
Down-dropped in h e a d l o n g
flight,
Died in the white-hot, blazing arms
of day,
Around me blushed the face of
May,
And there 'mid bloom and dew
I found Him where the valley lilies
grew."

That spiritual outburst of longing for God was written but a few months before she died. Did she have the premonition that He was soon coming? Fanny Parnell loved not only her country; more, she loved her God. Her spirituality is evident in three sonnets she contributed to the *Pilot* for Easter, April 15, 1882, "Gethsemane"—"Calvary" —"Easter." She was to die in July of that year. I quote the first.

"GETHSEMANE

"Dark falls the night—the crouching mists have spread
Their shapeless winding-sheet o'er Olivet,
And toward the steep descent my steps are set,
With backward eyes and loathing feet of lead;
For I tonight Gethsemane must tread,
And on me lies the weird of nameless fears
Of long, long hours of unavailing tears
Poured in the bitter stream of Kedron's bed.
Long hopeless pangs beneath the cold gray shade
Of those unpitying olive-trees that saw
Without a change the Agony of God,
Chill death-dews creeping from the blood-stained sod,
While o'er me, stern and white, th' Incarnate Law
Holds forth the cup my own foul hands have made."

There is a lovely poem of hers called "Thorns and Roses." There is not space to quote it in its entirety. It tells the story of a maiden who walked in a garden of roses. She plucked some buds and "wreathed them in her spangled hair," but every rose became a thorn to pierce her brow and draw her blood.

And then—

"A silver glory smote the shade,
And pierced the curtains of her
eyes,
And Lo! before her shone the face
Of one more fair than halcyon
skies.

"'Wouldst thou,' a voice fell soft and sad,
'Wear only roses on thy head,
When I, thy King, for thee have worn
The sharpest thorns of earth instead?'

"She looked and saw the gouts of blood,
She saw the cruel crown of scorn;
'Dear Christ!' she sobbed, 'grant I may wear
Till death what Thou for me hast worn.'"

But, lovely as these poems are, the fame of Fanny Parnell must rest on her thrilling songs in behalf of her "Mother Ireland." She has a long poem, "A Mother's Mourning." In the closing stanzas she has Mother Ireland say:

"So tell my sons there is one way to save me,
One way they yet have left untried;
Let slander perish from their lips, and hatred
No more their ranks divide:

"Bid them put on pure lives, and shame their scoffers,
The bigots of a hostile race.
Clean hands alone shall break my dungeon fetters
And wipe out my disgrace."

It is to be hoped that some one will gather all her poems and publish them in permanent form. For indeed, they are well worth it. But while poetry was very dear to her, and while she was writing a great deal of it, contributing to the *Pilot*, the *Irish World*, the *Flag*, the *Nation*, the *Catholic Citizen*, the *Independent*, and other papers, it was but a side issue, even though her verses did wonders for the cause. Hers was a practical nature. Something more than words was needed. The cause was everything. So she gave herself unstintingly to the work of perfecting the Ladies' Land League in America, collecting money, writing appeals to the press, running bazaars, raffles, working all day and sometimes all night, lecturing in many cities of the United States and Canada. Everywhere she went she was received magnificently. As a writer in the Boston *Globe* said—"Had she been a man she would have been co-leader." But no constitution could stand it, let alone that of a frail young woman. Appeals to her to spare herself were vain. She was a white-hot flame, consuming itself, but while it lasted warming and illumining.

But the end came quickly. On the morning of July 20, 1882, she had taken a carriage ride and had returned home, to "Ironsides," apparently in her usual good health and spirits. Mrs. Stewart, a relative, went to her room and found her lying unconscious upon her bed, her heart beating faintly. Mrs. Parnell was summoned immediately and a doctor called. But all efforts were in vain. She sank rapidly and died at two o'clock. The funeral was held from the family mansion at eleven on the morning of July 24th. The long list of pallbearers is an imposing one, including the heads of the various Land Leagues, no less than three great-grandsons of signers of the Declaration of Independence, also Charles A. Dana, and the noted Wendell Phillips, William Redmond and O'Donovan Rossa. She was placed in a tomb in River View Cemetery, Trenton.

So, as James Jeffrey Roche wrote —"The cause of Irish patriotism lost as devoted a lover as had ever lived, and sung, and literally consumed her heart away in its service." It was a great blow to the Parnells. John tells us that when Anna, in Ireland, heard the news, she fell into a fit which nearly proved fatal. Poor Anna was later drowned. Well was it said that the Parnell family was the most tragic one that ever lived.

Charles Parnell was terribly shocked at the death of his beloved Fanny and wept bitterly. It was a blessing that Fanny did not live to endure the agony of the horrible mess of the divorce case which besmirched her idolized Charles.

Meanwhile the Irish societies in the United States could think of nothing but the loss of their beloved leader, their queen. Special meetings were held in every city of the land and resolutions adopted. It had been the desire of all to have Fanny's body taken back to Ireland for final interment. But Charles cabled, absolutely forbidding the embalming of the body, and ordering that she be buried in America. So the Trenton interment was only temporary. Fanny was eventually to be brought to rest in the tomb of her mother's family, at Mount Auburn Cemetery, Cambridge. Immediately a committee was formed in Boston to arrange for the final obsequies.

Boyle O'Reilly, in the *Pilot*, July 29, 1882, wrote a long editorial, full of beauty and feeling. He felt the loss of Fanny Parnell as a personal loss. "Fanny Parnell was the poet of a Revolution. Intense to the degree of spiritual agony, her expressed ideas were electric flame. . . . She had marvelous qualities to win in a few years a recognized and powerful individuality throughout Great Britain and Ireland and, indeed, throughout the world."

The following week there appeared in the *Pilot* O'Reilly's beautiful poem, "The Dead Singer," in memory of Fanny Parnell.

A few months later the body of Fanny Parnell was removed to Mount Auburn. It was October 18, 1882. From the moment the funeral *cortège* left Trenton till the arrival at Mount Auburn it was a wonderful demonstration of love. Fanny Parnell was buried as a queen. There was an imposing reception in Philadelphia. Eight hundred men stood in line as a guard of honor, as the hearse, drawn by six white horses, passed. There were several thousand people in the procession. When the *cortège* arrived in New York City there was a vast crowd. Three companies of the Sixty-ninth Regiment, with the regiment's band, were waiting at the corner of Broadway and Cortland Street. In addition there were a thousand members of the Ancient Order of Hibernians in line as the procession moved up Broadway, Twenty-third Street, Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street to Grand Central Station, through a mass of people that had gathered all along the route to pay honor to Fanny Parnell.

On the arrival in Boston, the next day, there was a similar demonstration as the body was borne to the Tudor mansion, on Beacon Street, the home of Mrs. Parnell's Boston relatives. So great was the crowd that sought to enter that admission had to be limited by ticket for the funeral services. There were thousands of people gathered on Beacon and Joy Streets as the *cortège* of

thirty-five carriages proceeded to Mount Auburn. And all had come, not out of curiosity, but filled with love for the dead poet and patriot. There was a light rain falling as the crowds in the cemetery gazed upon the face of Fanny Parnell. She was then placed in the tomb.

From time to time there has been an agitation to remove the body of Fanny Parnell to her beloved Ireland, to bury her beside the brother and the mother whom she loved so devotedly. When that day does come Mother Ireland will be welcoming home one of her greatest children. Meanwhile she is at home also as she sleeps in America where most of her patriotic and literary work was done. The other day I placed at her tomb a little pot of shamrocks, as a loving gesture to her belief that one day she would rest "'mid the shamrocks and the mosses." But, wherever the body of Fanny Parnell may lie, her great soul was ever drawn to, and still belongs to Ireland. As she once addressed her native land in these lines:

"They said that thou wast dead,
They wiled me far from thee,
But ah, my heart was sadly pining,
Its tendrils, still around thee twining
Drew back my soul in bonds
As moonbeams draw the sea."

## FATHER DAMIEN

By M. V. Reidy

NOT for the world's applause did you set forth,
Not for the glory at the close of day,
Not for the conqueror's garland on your brow,
For waiting crowds along the rose-strewn way.

No selfish phantoms beckoned you to take
The road from Flanders to the lepers' pit,
As with a heart undaunted you pressed on,
Bearing your Cross to the last end of it.

And sometimes, moving in the charnel-house,
Where death polluted every wind that blew,
You saw the red-tiled house amidst the trees,
And all the golden corn in Tremeloo.

# POTPOURRI

## The Opinions of Our Contemporaries

THE current beliefs are always out of date. It is difficult to realise how much of current thinking belongs to the past, because it is natural for men's minds to be soaked in the mental atmosphere of the last generation, and it needs a considerable effort to see things as they are and not as other people have seen them. The artist and the philosopher and the scientist, each in his own way, sees life direct, but the majority of men see it at second-hand through the accepted ideas of their society and culture. And consequently, the tendencies that we regard as characteristic of the age are often those that are characteristic of the age that is just passing away rather than of that which is beginning.

—Christopher Dawson, *The Modern Dilemma* (Sheed & Ward).

There is a revulsion of feeling among the people which needs only leadership from the bar, the bench and the press, to turn upon the next criminal circus of this sort [the Hauptman Case] and make things hot for the clowns, the daredevils and the barkers. It will not be enough, however, for the reputable lawyers and the reputable newspapers to refrain from participating in the show. It will be necessary for them to make it dangerous for any one to put on such a show. It will be necessary for some judge to set new precedents by having a lot of persons up for contempt of court. It will be necessary for the reputable press to treat judges and lawyers and others who make the show or permit it as incompetent. In short, it will be necessary to give practical expression to the popular feeling that the time has come to make effective the decent dignity of wholesome justice.

—Walter Lippmann, in the N. Y. *Herald Tribune*, April 7th.

The Bolshevist ideology is of its nature meant for universal consumption: raw materialism, atheism, the doctrines of hatred and class-war are as universal as their opposites and are no more restricted to the Russian frontiers than is the Devil. Bolshevism is not an institution, a political device: it is a philosophy, a religion—or rather a perversion of both. It propagates itself by merely existing.

—*The Christian Herald* (London), March 13th.

Many scholars speak severely of the vulgarization of the results of scientific progress by newspapers and magazines, and they are often unjust. . . . We may as well recognize the fact that the newspapers and the public will be served, if not by those who know, then by those who half-know. . . . It is of immense importance that the laity be as well-informed as possible. . . . It may be objected that there is much of the greatest importance in modern science that is too difficult to be explained to the general reader, . . . but I think it is not nearly so frequently true as the specialist is apt to think. The ideas most difficult to explain to the laymen are often

those that are obscure also in the mind of the professional. Even if the attempt be not wholly successful, it is a wholesome and bracing discipline to submit an idea to the test of exposition to the intelligent but ignorant.

—WILLIAM ALLAN NEILSON, President of Smith College, in *The American Scholar*, Spring.

In Nazi Germany, Fascist Italy and Soviet Russia, the new generation is taught to believe not only that they must not read *that*, but they must read, and believe only *this*. Editors must bow to the régime, or they are no longer Editors. In Germany overnight the best press in Europe was wiped out, hundreds of papers with generations of tradition disappeared, and in their stead the political propaganda of the Nazis floods the nation, poisoning a public already mentally warped as a result of the war.

—WYTHE WILLIAMS, in *The American Legion Monthly*.

If Lincoln could speak today to the leadership of the party under whose banner he served, I think he would say that the greatest moral responsibility now resting upon the Republican party, as the party of opposition, is to see that the last living adult American understands the double danger of extreme reaction and extreme radicalism. I think he would plead with the leadership of his party to face the critical campaign of 1936 with a stubborn determination to oppose every "ignorant change" which ignores the experience of the past, and to resist every temptation to slump into an "ignorant opposition to change" which ignores the needs of the future. I think he would . . . urge the formulation of a simple, clear, unevasive platform of realizable policies; a platform . . . so completely grounded in the principles of democratic self-government that no slightest shadow of compromise with the false gods of arbitrary power would fall across its policies; a platform that would give Americans everywhere a chance to close ranks behind a program in which the forces of tradition and the forces of change are soundly related.

—GLENN FRANK, as quoted in *Talks*, April.

Our modern schools seem to vision the world as a place in which all things are brought as gifts to those who can speak the magic phrases supplied by literacy. Hence they are not so much concerned to develop courage, resistance to hardship, self-denial, and the qualities that in all generations and everywhere become the man, as to supply his memory with a catalogue of facts. . . . We have spent billions on schools and colleges and universities, but we have yet to spend millions on education.

—*America*, April 4th.

To-day our illusions have disappeared and there is a danger that a pessimistic fatalism will take the place of the old optimistic faith in the inevitability of progress. There is a general feeling that our civilisation is drifting to destruction, but nobody knows what is to be done about it. The economists and the statesmen seem equally helpless, and the only people who are confident that they can find a solution are the fanatics and the extremists —the partisans of militant nationalism or social revolution. But they are not likely to help us, since war and revolution are just the dangers

that are most likely to destroy civilisation altogether. The fact that we have lost confidence in the ship's officers is no reason for entrusting its navigation to people who believe in wrecks as a matter of principle or who make a business of piracy.

—CHRISTOPHER DAWSON, *The Modern Dilemma* (Sheed & Ward).

Men are not any longer pantheists getting sermons from stones, or Christians getting sermons in churches, but aesthetes getting sermons in novels. Men want life, and when they will not take it from baptism they are born again in novels, they can thus see things synthetically; they can re-create themselves in fiction where baptism re-creates them in fact. We must take men as they are, and the Catholic literary critic has to remember that men now go to novels not for literature but for life; not for fun, but for theology. Character begins to matter, plot begins to go. Man is in love with himself.

—JOHN DURKAN, in *Blackfriars* (Oxford), March.

The English have understood better than any other nation that continuity is a virtue, and that each generation of men is much stronger against the various adversities of life when the young people preserve the results of the efforts expended by their elders. Throughout their history the English seem to have realized that the desire for the durability of one's own creation is a supremely human quality which has contributed very largely to man's superiority over the lower animals.

—MICHAEL DEMIASHKEVICH, *An Introduction to the Philosophy of Education* (American Book Co.).

"To pass on" is now a fashionable substitute for the verb "to die"; "mortal mind," coined by Christian Science, is another attempt to get over plain fact. The word "sin" has almost disappeared from the vocabulary of polite society. And even when one uses the word "God" (except as an expletive) it is as well to apologise lest the feelings of the sensitive should be hurt; it is, however, permissible to refer to "the Cosmic Force," or even to "Providence" (but not Divine Providence), while, if you happen to belong to the less literate part of society, you may use the ambiguous phrase, "Them that's Above." What nonsense it all is.

—*The Catholic Herald* (London), February 21st.

The more live cluster points of association there are in your brain—the more you see, and reading becomes a cumulative delight.

—JOHN LIVINGSTON LOWES, in *What Is a Book?* (Houghton Mifflin).

I suggest, if the institution of property, corporate or private, is to survive at all, that we keep only enough centralization—of production as well as control—to prevent gross economic losses and the sudden demoralization of large classes of workers. Our objective has been the big corporation. We must change it. Our objective should be the private business. Corporations are not yet big enough to satisfy the corporations. Nor doubtless will property ever be widely enough distributed to please the absolute distributist. Distributed property should nevertheless be the aim.

—ALLEN TATE, in *The American Review*, March.

# THE HUMORS OF ADVERTISING

By John Bunker

THE mortgage company was somewhat annoyed over a mistake discovered by a newspaper reader in one of its advertisements and had written in to its advertising agency to say so. The advertisement was one of a so-called institutional, or goodwill, series, and its opening ran as follows:

### Did You Ever Hear of Grace Darling?

"And yet less than a hundred years ago Grace Darling performed a deed of courage that seemed to place her permanently among the world's heroines. The young daughter of the lighthouse keeper of one of the Farne Islands, off the eastern coast of Scotland, she with her father amid great peril saved the lives of nine people from the wreck of the *Forfarshire* on September 7, 1838. Her fame quickly spread throughout the civilized world, and her deed became the subject of many paintings, poems and songs."

The complaint of the mortgage company was that it had received a letter of correction pointing out that "the Farne Islands are not off the eastern coast of Scotland, but off the coast of Northumberland, England"; and furthermore "at the time of the wreck Grace's father was on shore and she went alone in an open boat."

What was the agency to do? The mortgage company was an important client, and it was desirable to keep it in good humor. Should the agency write back that the mistakes were trivial and did not affect the main purpose of the advertisement? Or should it boldly give the true explanation—that its copy-writer had used a faulty reference source? The first course would have led to argument and dissatisfaction, since anyone incapable of seeing on his own account that the mistakes were trivial would probably resent that fact being explained to him. On the other hand, to confess that the mistakes were inadvertent would, it was thought, disturb that feeling of absolute confidence in the agency's infallibility which it had labored so hard to build up. In the event, the agency put in what lawyers call a plea of confession and avoidance, admitting the mistakes but asserting that the mortgage company, far from being annoyed, should be delighted that its advertisements were being read with such close scrutiny!

Several years later the offending copy-writer wrote another advertisement on Grace Darling which was thought sufficiently ingenious to attract readers and yet had all its facts straight. This was how Grace made her second appearance:

### Virginia Dare and Grace Darling

"Virginia Dare was the first white child born in America (at Roanoke, Va., in 1587). Grace Darling was the young heroine who in an open boat on a raging sea rescued nine people from the wreck of the *Forfarshire* off the coast of Northum-

berland, England, on September 7, 1838. Considering their respective claims to fame, it would seem that these names should have been reversed, since it was Virginia Dare who was probably the graceful darling and Grace Darling who was actually the daring virgin."

Not all copy-writing disputes are of such slight account as those on Grace Darling, and not long after that episode the same agency had a much more serious matter to explain—to the same client! Some years after the death of Alexander Graham Bell, the inventor of the telephone, the agency had prepared and run in a newspaper institutional campaign an advertisement with the startling head:

WHY DID THE LATE ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL HAVE NO TELEPHONE IN HIS HOME?

The copy then went on to say that Bell shortly before his death had given a newspaper interview in which he said he would not permit a telephone near his study and that in fact there was none in his residence, and the explanation was offered that probably the inventor in his old age had become "fed up" on his own invention.

This seemed harmless enough; but the uneasiness of the agency may be imagined when the client over whose name the advertisement had appeared wrote to say that it had received an austere letter from the President of its local telephone company stating that he had been a guest in Bell's home in Washington and that he knew of his own personal knowledge that Bell had not only *a* telephone in the house but one in every room in the house—and what was the mortgage company's authority for its contrary assertion?

Here was a pretty kettle of fish, with the kettle upset and the fish flopping all over the place. The guilty copy-writer was called in and asked what was *his* authority. The copy-writer was a nervous youth, but he requested a little time to recall his reference—whereupon he did a really clever piece of analysis and deduction, especially so as the opening paragraph of the copy had been written four or five years before and the reference had been destroyed. By a long process of elimination he decided: 1st, that he had based his statement on a newspaper item; 2nd, that the newspaper was *The New York Times;* and 3rd, that the item had probably appeared shortly before Bell's death, which occurred on August 2, 1922.

Now, the *Times* has what is a rare distinction among American newspapers of publishing every six months an index book, with elaborate cross-references. With this in hand it did not take the copy-writer long to track down this entry: "Bell, Alexander Graham, 75th Birthday Anniversary, March 4, 1922, p. 14, col. 8." Reference to this issue of the paper disclosed the following item:

"Miami, Fla., March 3.—Alexander Graham Bell, inventor of the telephone, celebrated his seventy-fifth birthday anniversary quietly today at the home of his daughter, Mrs. David Fairchild, in Coconut Grove, a suburb. Mr. Bell told the local realty board several days ago that he never would have a telephone near his study. There is no telephone in the Fairchild residence."

And in order that the significance of the item might not be lost the following head had been placed over it:

NO PHONE IN BELL'S STUDY
IDIOSYNCRASY OF THE INVENTOR
REVEALED ON HIS 75TH ANNIVERSARY

Moreover, it so happened that the agency numbered among its clients a member of the Miami Real Estate Board and on writing to him received the reply that the member had been present at the meeting in question and had heard Bell make the statement attributed to him.

And did this elaborate explanation satisfy the mortgage company —and its critic? Well, human nature, particularly in high places, is liable to be crotchety. The President of the telephone company grudgingly allowed the authenticity of the *Times* item, but—he objected that Miami was not Bell's home.

Sometimes in the course of its labors the copy department will find a first-class reference source in error. For instance, here is the record of no less than four mistakes in recent issues of a nationally famous dictionary—mistakes in spelling, in pronunciation, in omission, and even in grammar, besides one questionable historical entry!

A copy-writer desired to use that *bon mot* of Beau Brummell when to the inquiry of his hostess whether he ever ate vegetables he replied, "Yes, Madam, I once ate a pea." He was not sure, however, of the correct spelling of the Beau's name —should it end with one "l" or two? Turning to the biographical section of his favorite dictionary he found this curious entry: "Brummell, George Bryan. *Beau Brummel.*" Why the difference in the two spellings? To find out he wrote to the publishers, and received the following explanation:

"In regard to the name *Brummell*, this spelling, with two l's, seems to have been established as the correct form of the surname, though formerly *Brummel* was common, especially in the nick-name, such old-time reference books as Brewer's *Phrase and Fable* giving this form only."

To the copy-writer this sounded unconvincing and his incredulity was confirmed when in the next issue of the dictionary the entry was changed and both spellings of the name were given two l's. He took joy to his soul, however, in the thought that if the leisurely makers of a great dictionary could slip, there was some excuse for the lapses of a harassed and time-driven copy-writer.

Some years later the copy-writer discovered in the supplementary biographical section of the same dictionary that the pronunciation of Hilaire Belloc's surname was given as accented on the second syllable, whereas the writer had personal knowledge that Belloc accents his surname on the first syllable—a fact which the dictionary publishers discovered when they wrote to Belloc and received from him this explanation: that the original of the name is Basque and is pronounced in England with the stress on the first syllable, the "o" in the second syllable being short but clear and open like the "o" in "cot" or "rock."

The copy-writer's next *contretemps* with the dictionary makers was when he discovered a grammatical blunder, to wit, the use of "his" following "one" as an indefi-

nite personal pronoun in the sentence: "One should wash *his* dirty linen at home," and this despite the dictionary's own injunction under "one" in the same edition that this pronoun should, when required, always be followed by "one's," "one's self," and the like.

It was another copy-writer who found a surprising omission not only in that dictionary but in all the other dictionaries and standard phrase-books, encyclopedias, and reference sources he could lay hands on. What he was after was the origin of the common phrase, "Getting down to brass tacks." Having exhausted all the regular authorities without avail, he became so wrought up that he induced his agency to run an advertisement of inquiry, which brought from an erudite young woman this response:

"In England when cloth first came into the shopkeeper's hands to be sold as a commodity, it could be sold only to a consumer, and some method had to be devised for measuring the cloth in front of the customer. Brass tacks were nailed on the counter, and the shopkeeper would hold one end of a bolt of cloth on the first brass tack and measure to the next, which space was an 'ell,' or 45 inches. This custom is still in use today in country stores, except that the brass tacks are spaced one yard apart. 'Getting down to brass tacks,' therefore, has come to mean getting down to essentials quickly and accurately."

Though many other common phrases, such as "Nailing one's colors to the mast," "By and large," and the like were given, "brass tacks" was strangely omitted, as likewise "Smart Aleck," "smart Alecky," and other variants.

And finally there was the odd historical controversy of the copy-department and the dictionary over the Stone of Scone. Certainly, here is one of the most curious legends on record, going all the way back to Jacob and his Biblical dream! Briefly, the Stone of Scone, originally known by its Irish title of *Lia Fail*, or the Stone of Destiny, is a flat untrimmed stone inserted beneath the seat of the ceremonial throne used in the coronation of English kings. The throne itself, together with that for the queen, is kept in the Confessor's Chapel of Westminster Abbey and its use dates back to the Coronation of Edward I. in 1272, since which time the throne has been used in the coronation of every subsequent English monarch.

The Stone, however, is much more ancient. Originally used as the "inauguration stone" of the Irish kings, it was believed to have been brought to Tara, the site of Irish coronations, in the fifth century B. C. and was identified in Irish legend with the stone on which the patriarch Jacob dreamed of the heavenly ladder. Subsequently removed to Scone, in Scotland, it became the coronation stone of the Scottish kings until it was taken to England and placed under the coronation chair in Westminster Abbey, where it has since remained.

The question here at issue was the date of removal from Scotland to England;—and here we run into a first-class battle between two first-class authorities. On the one hand, is the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, which states that the Stone was in use as the coronation seat of the Scottish kings until 1603, when it was taken to England by James VI. of Scotland for his coronation as James I. of England in succes-

sion to Queen Elizabeth. On the other hand, the *Dictionary of National Biography* as well as the *New International Encyclopædia*, which were the authorities used by the dictionary, state that the Stone was brought to England by Edward I. after his conquest of Scotland in 1296—a discrepancy of a mere 307 years! It seems fair to assume that both authorities cannot be right. Suppose an historian or a businessman, a banker or a copy-writer were thus inaccurate with his figures!

Certainly with such disagreements and errors in his path numerous pitfalls stand in the way even of the most careful copy-writer. And sometimes it is not a question of so brutal and forthright a thing as fact, but rather a subtle matter of tone or emphasis. For instance, there was the lawyer of Irish blood who complained of a phrase in an advertisement that read, "Beware of the Irishman who tells you he is witty"—on the ground that it tended to arouse racial prejudice. But he failed to give the rest of the sentence, which was "and suspect the gentleman who boasts of his own gentility." Here the intention was complimentary rather than the reverse, implying that so many Irishmen had the gift of wit it was unnecessary to erect finger posts pointing to its possession. But then after a lifetime amid the ponderous phrases of the law perhaps one is liable to become insensitive to nuances.

And this in turn brings up one of the perennially vexing questions in copy-departments: What is the degree of reader intelligence on which they can count? Every now and then some psychologist or efficiency expert conducts an investigation with a selected group of truck-drivers, soldiers, movie actors, pastry cooks, or savings account depositors, and pops forth with an average intelligence rating that is, to say the least, startlingly low. (In fact, it is often the startling nature of the findings that "sells" the investigation to its sponsors.) Thus movie audiences by some mysterious process have been found to possess an intelligence quotient (reconditely symbolized as I. Q.) of a twelve-year-old—or is it an eight-year-old? And the average newspaper reader would probably be represented as so illiterate that he has trouble in spelling out words of one syllable.

On the other hand, there is the unquestioned fact that America crams knowledge down the throats or into the heads of its citizens, willy-nilly, by means of the most widespread apparatus of education the world has ever seen—schools, academies, seminaries, colleges, universities, many of them operative by night as well as by day, not less busy in summer than in winter, fall and spring, and using every possible mode of communication from the U. S. mails to the phonograph and radio. And though it may be ungraciously contended that the grand result is like the education—and the food—found by Dr. Johnson in Scotland, where "every man has a mouthful and no man a bellyful," still it would seem there must be a general irreducible minimum of knowledge on which the poor copy-writer can depend. What is that minimum?

Certain agencies take a bold line. Starting out with the clear distinction in view that a vast difference exists between education and the possession of knowledge and alive to the fact that the number is com-

paratively small of people who are really educated, that is, whose mental powers have been effectively educed and developed, they yet assume that the number of people who possess a pretty wide spread of knowledge is fairly extensive.

This assumption is based on the belief that the fact machines and knowledge factories here in America are too multitudinous and too active for the situation to be otherwise, what with the abundance not only of professed scholastic institutions, but newspapers, periodicals, books, lecture bureaus, correspondence courses, public and rental libraries, billboards, movies and the radio.

Of course it is true that this body of knowledge is usually a hazy smattering of uncoördinated facts, lazily acquired in the first instance and weakly retained thereafter; but it is knowledge—of a sort, and it is on the rather general possession of such knowledge that certain agencies bank. Indeed, the probability that the knowledge is misty and confused is accounted an advertising advantage—as will be seen.

Another agency assumption, which is held as a certainty, is that the human mind has a natural bent and an incorrigible appetite for facts, and that if the facts are expertly enough presented, the average reader's mind is almost automatically responsive. Corroborative evidence for this belief is afforded by those tiny, eye-destroying items in agate type which newspapers use to fill out odd spaces of three or four lines at the ends of columns—such as this:

"In good years 270,000 lbs. of gypsum [or hair-oil or foam for meerschaum pipes] are exported annually from Borneo [or Brazil or the Virgin Islands or wherever these commodities are native]. In poor years the amount falls as low as 95,000 lbs."

Or:

"The women of Sarawak [or Madagascar or Nova Zembla] have the curious custom of remaining up all night every fifteenth of August and dancing on the sea-shore for the ghosts of departed lovers [or for a good harvest or the destruction of their enemies]."

With these assumptions it is not surprising that some agencies consider it a safe psychological bet that such items to any reader with more than an eighth-grade schooling are not merely interesting but irresistible! The mind is made for fact, they reason, and whether the mind be that of a college professor or a policeman, normally it can no more hold back from fact than can a chicken from scattered kernels.

For example, how could the average reader, even the average newspaper reader, refuse an invitation to learn *"How an Ear Caused a Modern War"*? Accepting the invitation he would learn that in 1739 war was declared by Great Britain on Spain, the precipitating occasion being the cutting off of the ear of Robert Jenkins, an English sailor, by a Spanish sea captain. Hence the war was called "The War of Jenkins' Ear."

Or take that ever popular subject of male surmise, from boyhood to old age: "Which is the stronger—the lion or the tiger?" Would it not be interesting to discover that "contrary to popular belief, the tiger because of the herculean structure of

its frontal muscles is considered the stronger, just as he is larger and heavier; and yet in a combat between lion and tiger the lion invariably wins chiefly because of his mane, which serves both as visor and coat of mail, protecting both face and throat"?

Those of a scientific bent might be lured with such a bait as this bit of "Curious Fact about the Radio: Those at the far end of a long concert hall listening to the notes of a singer whose song is being broadcast, actually hear those notes a fraction of a second later than persons who are listening in on the concert twenty miles away. A paradox? Not at all. Sound travels only 1,200 feet per second through the air, whereas radio vibrations go through the ether 186,000 *miles* per second."

While those of an historical turn could be told of "A Battle that Occurred After the Declaration of Peace: On December 24, 1814, American and British peace commissioners meeting at Ghent concluded a treaty, which was ratified by their respective governments on January 1, 1815, bringing to an end the war which for two years had been contested by the two nations, known as the War of 1812. Meanwhile, however, a force of 12,000 British under General Packenham were moving against New Orleans, and it was here on January 8, 1815, or a full week after peace had been ratified, that General Andrew Jackson with a force of 6,000 men, unaware that peace had been declared, inflicted a decisive defeat on the enemy."

Finally there are hundreds and hundreds of high school graduates, to say nothing of college and university graduates, who remember just enough classical lore to be led on by an account of Achilles' heel or Procrustes' bed or the identity of the Nine Muses or the precise difference between Scylla and Charybdis. So much lore becomes lost or confused in the practical business of living and making a living, and it gives one such a superior feeling to brush up on old knowledge—if only the old knowledge is made sufficiently easy of acquirement. Here is one situation where the ignorance of the reader is the copy-writer's bliss and where a little knowledge is positively advantageous.

And what, it may be inquired, has all this to do with advertising, that "hard-boiled" activity where sales are demanded and only results count? The theory is very simple, namely, that the first duty of an advertisement is to be read, and that the best means of getting an advertisement read is to make it readable —with provocative headlines and interesting contents, and with the sales message tucked away, like the supposed sting of a viper's tail, at the end.

Of course, all this presupposes not only an intelligent body of readers but (a rather large order) an intelligent body of clients. Experience seems to show that clients are people of firm will and minds not always notable for elasticity. Distressingly insistent on "sales" and brutally demandful of "results," they have also their own ideas about advertising. One of their most prevalent ideas is to move all the furniture into the parlor, that is, to include in an advertisement a complete description of every gadget on their machines or a full account of every step in their technical processes or, waiving these, a detailed chronicle of the history of their

firm, often with inset photographs of the founding father or fathers.

Such an attitude, forgetful of the fact that space is limited and type is not made of rubber, often gives the copy-writer a task comparable to that of pirouetting on a dime or turning a ten-ton truck in an alley. Perhaps it was this aspect of advertising that caused Aldous Huxley to liken the copy-writer to a sonneteer.

In his paper "On the Margin," Huxley, after describing himself as one who has "always been interested in the subtleties of literary form" and listing his various literary experimentations, goes on to say: "And now I have discovered the most exciting, the most arduous literary form of all, the most difficult to master, the most pregnant in curious possibilities. I mean the advertisement. . . . Nobody who has not tried to write an advertisement has any idea of the delights and difficulties presented by this form of literature—or shall I say of 'applied literature,' for the sake of those who still believe in the romantic superiority of the pure, the disinterested, over the immediately useful? . . . The problem presented by the Sonnet is child's play compared with the problem of the advertisement. . . . He (the advertisement writer) must persuade them (the audience) to part with their money in a speech that is no longer than many a lyric by Herrick."

This, however, sounds like the language of the newly converted—extravagant and even perhaps a bit hysterical. A sonnet is no child's play compared with any form of writing; and as for a lyric by Herrick—well, even the most flamboyant copy-writer would be inclined to hesitate at such an implication.

## BEAUTY'S PAIN

By Gertrude Jane Codd

WHEN Spring comes trembling through the trees again
And the pear is snow in bloom,
My breath beats fiercely holding beauty's pain
In my heart's tomb.

Rabboni, when I see You face to face
Beyond my last white Spring,
I shall find peace in beauty, and the grace
Of blossoming.

# THE MANTLE OF ELIAS

By May Calhoun

THE assistant parish priest of La Merced raised his head cautiously and looked over the rocky barrier that separated the low opening of his dugout hiding place from the rest of the world. It was late afternoon. Down the precipitous slope of the mountainside his blurred vision traveled until he could make out dimly the outlines of houses snuggling in the valley. Somewhere down in their midst there was a blackened ruin with the old belfry still standing—all that was left of the parish church since just one short week ago.

The assistant parish priest was hungry. This was the third day now since Manuel, the hunchback, had brought him something to eat from his faithful ones in the village, food to eat and an old ragged shirt and trousers to use in case of an emergency. His frayed soutane would hardly be the costume to wear if an opportunity presented itself of a quick getaway from his dangerous perch on the mountainside. Misfortune certainly must have overtaken Manuel. Perhaps the soldiers suspected him and were watching him too closely to allow of a visit.

He was a young man, Padre Fernandez, and he was still shaken by the terrible experiences he had been through. Good old Padre Madero was dead, shot down by the revolutionary soldiers when they had burst with all the fury of an inferno upon the quiet village. How he had escaped himself he could never quite figure out. There had been the awful glare of the burning church, the terrifying shrieks of the onlookers, the quick escape at the heels of Manuel. He had been assured that Padre Madero was safe; he would never have left otherwise, and then when a precarious safety was gained he had been horrified to find out that he was alone—that back somewhere in that bedlam of horrid shouts an old white-haired priest lay dead, a bullet in his heart. The Padre pressed his hands convulsively to his face, while the tears welled between his fingers. It would be far easier to have gone with Padre Madero by the quick way of death, but there was still work to do and he was young and strong.

A rock came hurtling down from above and he crouched in the cave in apprehension. A terrific scrambling of feet ensued; more rocks came bounding down and glanced off the ledge which fronted the dugout. Then a dishevelled figure hurtled over the camouflage of rocks at the entrance and lay panting and moaning just inside the cave. It was several seconds before Padre Fernandez recognized Manuel and then he caught his breath in sudden anguish. The hunchback was wounded. The breast of his ragged shirt was stained with blood. The Padre threw himself down at the side of the prostrate man.

"Manuel," he pleaded, "tell me, you are not wounded?"

"Ah, Padre, I am afraid I'm done for," the hunchback faltered in labored breaths.

The priest raised the head of the

wounded man. He breathed easier. "I tried to come yesterday—the day before—they have suspected me—"

"Don't try to talk; it hurts you, my child."

"I must—it is the end for me—I know it—I heard to-day they have found out your hiding place—they get more soldiers—to-morrow they come. I had to tell you. One of them saw me creeping through the mesquite and shot at me. I'm hit, Padre, veery bad, but you go—you must go—" He struggled to rise. The priest held him down. The man's breath was coming in sharp quick gasps.

"No, Manuel, I cannot leave you here this way." The priest's voice broke.

The other put his hand on his heart. "Padre, it is over with me—go—there is a way—I found it out—I came to tell you—over the top—to-night—dark—you will escape—the Blancos—there is a letter—in pocket—food—I go—Padre—mio!"

His head sank back. Quickly the black eyes were glazing over. Padre Fernandez bent low. *"Ego te absolvo"* he whispered as he made the Sign of the Cross over the dying man.

It was soon over. Daylight still remained. Padre Fernandez worked rapidly; he could not risk a light even if he had one. He knew the soldiers would not rush the cave at night,—they prized their own lives too much,—for a false step would send them headlong down the almost perpendicular slope. They would wait until dawn; but he had to make his escape quickly and be well on his way before his hiding place was surrounded. He dragged the dead body to the farther end of the cave and covered it with loose earth and stones. It was not well to leave it to the revenge of the soldiers. Sometime when the wave of persecution had subsided, he would return and see that Manuel had proper burial. In the dead man's pockets he found the letter. He would read it next morning, or if he were ambushed, he would destroy it before the soldiers closed in on him so as not to implicate his friends. There was also a small goatskin flask of wine and a corn cake, a godsend to a famished man. He changed into the ragged clothes, then ate the cake ravenously and drank the wine. It put new life into him. At last when darkness had descended, he crawled out over the barricade and looked down on the lights of the village.

His dugout lay on a kind of shelf, which was approached from the valley below by a steep zigzag path hidden by scrubby plants and vines. The soldiers had evidently come across it by accident, or perhaps some one may have informed them of it; one never knew just where one stood in the midst of all this persecution. According to Manuel's words, there must be a way to the top of the mountain. The slope was precipitous and rocky but he would risk it. On close examination he could discern in the darkness a tiny line of white, edged here and there with outcropping plant growths. He breathed a silent prayer, then started the perilous ascent. From shrub to shrub he crawled, clinging with all his might to every projection, and pausing now and then to recruit his strength. His hands were soon raw and bleeding. He had nearly reached the top when his foot slipped, dislodging a good sized stone, which rattled down the mountain side. A shot rang out. He held his breath in terror. From below him other shots echoed the

warning. He smiled grimly. They would not dare risk the ascent to the cave in the dark. If he were killed at all, it would be by a fall.

Then as if to belie his thought a fusillade of shots began to rain around him. Evidently the soldiers were not taking any chances on his escape, and they were nearer the cave than he had first imagined. He flattened out behind a good sized bowlder and waited. Then strange to say, of a sudden, a feeling of remoteness, of security settled upon him. There was the benediction of an unseen presence. What mattered it if the bullets spattered; he would not be hit—he knew it now—Padre Madero was beside him protecting him,—he felt it. He rested in a deep strange peace. After a while the firing ceased and he resumed his upward way. But a few more rods and the summit was gained. He lay panting for breath. Below him the side of the mountain sloped gradually to the valley below and down at the foot lay the road which would take him to safety. A large full moon bathed the landscape in mellow silver,—a radiance such as only a southern moon can give. He knelt in its benediction and sobbed in sheer relief at his escape. *"Mater Dei, pulchra est Luna,"* he whispered; then he started on his way.

It was early morning. The Padre hobbled along the road and looked back upon the rugged outlines of El Brazo. The ragged suit had been torn almost to shreds—he had hurt himself by a fall and was limping painfully along, supported by a crooked stick, but in spite of it all he was happy. The letter had been read and destroyed. The Blancos were anxiously awaiting him and could procure him protection or a safe convoy to the Texas border. The main thing was to get to the hacienda. To stay on the road as he was doing was dangerous he knew; off the beaten way the country was studded with cactus which made traveling exceedingly difficult, but he would have to risk the delay it entailed. He was just about to turn off when the pounding of approaching horses' feet made him catch his breath. Alas, he was too late! From around a bend in front galloped a small detachment of soldiers. Padre Fernandez pulled his battered hat down over his eyes and hobbled to one side of the road, hoping that the cavalcade would dash on. Instead they stopped dead and the leader spoke.

*"Dios!"* he exclaimed to the others, "it seems as if this country is full of old beggars crawling around. Bah! such a miserable looking creature!" He changed his tone from one of disgust to command.

"See here, idiot, does this road run back of the mountain?"

Padre Fernandez could not speak. His mouth was so dry from thirst and fear that he could only nod his head. A soldier charged toward him, his pistol upraised threateningly.

"Here, you fool, don't you know enough to remove your hat when the captain speaks to you!"

It had come. There was no escape now. Padre Fernandez pulled off his hat and gazed calmly into the eyes of the captain, a man who had been haunting the town of La Merced for weeks before the pillage. He was caught for sure, but at least he, a priest of God, would meet death courageously. "Si, Señor," he managed to croak in a half whisper. Then, strange to say, the same peace stole over him, fear departed, secu-

rity was his. The captain was looking at him without any sign of recognition.

"All right," he barked, "but the next time you're spoken to by a representative of the government take off your hat!" He returned to the others, laughed, and then the whole company wheeled on their way.

Padre Fernandez sat down in the middle of the road; he couldn't help it. His legs refused to support him,—the reaction was too great. Evidently the soldiers were on their way to guard the other side of the mountain, to cut off the escape of the prisoner while their companions rushed the cave. Furthermore, they as yet had not discovered the escape, else he would not have been let off so easily, but would have been held for further investigation. He must be on his way now—the danger was imminent once the empty cave was discovered. Painfully he struggled to his feet and plodded on.

The sun was nearing its noon when he literally crawled to the door of the Blanco hacienda. A quiet brooding air hung like a pall over the usually active ranch house. All the work seemed to be suspended. Only Maria, the maid of all work, hovered near the door. The Padre knew her for a trusted servant of Señora Blanco's. He approached timidly. She looked up anxiously; it seemed to him suspiciously. Her voice was sharp.

"What do you want, *amigo?*"

He stood and looked at her. She continued, talking rapidly and earnestly. "If you want food, I'll give it to you, or money, but you must move on. The Señora is very busy to-day; she must not be disturbed, and we want the house to be quiet."

The Padre smiled and removed his hat. "Maria, don't you know me?"

She glanced at him. "No, I don't know you—be on I tell you—"

"But you do, Maria—look very closely!"

The earnestness in his tone caught her attention. She paused, looked, came closer, then screamed, *"Dios,* who are you?"

"Padre Fernandez; don't you remember me?"

She laughed nervously, hysterically. "You want me to believe that, *amigo*—you are an *innocente*—go along now. I'll give you food if you wish. The Padre Fernandez, indeed! Why he is in hiding—he is not here—you know that as well as I—the whole country knows it!"

"Maria!" A voice called from the interior. It was the Señora's. "Maria, what is he talking about—what is the matter?"

"Ah, Señora, it is a brainless idiot who says he is the Padre Fernandez! Imagine!"

There was the sound of quick footsteps, and the Señora appeared on the scene.

"Consuelo!" the Padre exclaimed.

She came over to him swiftly, surprise, puzzlement, fear, struggling for mastery in her face. "Who are you?" she whispered tensely.

"Consuelo!" He said again as he put out a trembling hand.

She shrank back. "Padre Madero!" she exclaimed, both hands against her breast.

"No, child, Padre Madero is dead —shot—I'm Rafael Fernandez."

"You!" She staggered back in bewilderment. "It's impossible!" she gasped.

"You don't believe me, Consuelo?"

Her voice broke into a sob—then found itself in a cry of recognition and exultation—joy!

*"Dios!* It is he! Maria, Estella; it is he, Padre Fernandez! He is escaped; he is here! Mother of God, I thank you!"

Her sister Estella rushed into the room, and the three women surrounded the exhausted priest, tears streaming down their faces.

Padre Fernandez sank into a chair. When at last he could make himself heard, he spoke reproachfully to the Señora. "Did you not recognize me, Consuelo?"

"Ah, Padre," her voice trembled with emotion. "How could I—you are not Padre Fernandez any more, you are Padre Madero!"

And then the strange feeling of security—of peace descended again upon the spirit of the priest. As if forced by an irresistible impulse, unexplainable, he raised his eyes. On the opposite side of the room hung a mirror. He looked. What he saw made him gasp in astonishment, in awe,—a young face made haggard and old by hunger and fatigue, and miracle of disguises—a head of hair grown white as the driven snow.

## SPRING WIND

By Cristel Hastings

SPRING Wind, why do you follow me
With breath of rose and musk,
With fragrance of a rain-sweet lane
That lingers in the dusk?

Why sing to me of cobalt seas
And miles of shimmering sands—
Of low horizons and a ship
And skies of other lands?

Spring Wind, why do you harass me
With restless dreams to-day?
Spring Wind, why do you caress me
Then blithely go your way?

## THE DRAMA

By Euphemia Van Rensselaer Wyatt

### ST. THOMAS À BECKET

"GILBERT," she repeated.

She stepped down from the ship and London stared at her in wonder. The crowd recognized her as a lady of degree; they saw her mysteriously as a part of the East which had so lately engulfed the First Crusade.

"Gilbert!" she repeated.

"Gilbert—" they suddenly re-echoed and bore her forthwith to Gilbert in Cheapside, their Gilbert à Becket who had represented the merchants of London on a pilgrimage to the Holy Sepulcher.

Gilbert was in his office when his squire Richard rushed in: "Master, who think you is below?" Becket went down to find the woman who had followed him half round the world. He took her to the Bishop of London, relating how he had been a slave in her father's house when captured near Joppa. There, the Emir's daughter had more than once questioned Gilbert about his faith and had said she would gladly become a Christian herself if he would make her his wife. But Gilbert was cautious; it might be a trap prepared by the Emir. Becket and his squire escaped at the first opportunity. The girl, however, proved the constancy of her desire; she stole away from her father's house and sold her jewels for a passage. Only two English words came to her lips: Gilbert—London—but they had sufficed. The Bishop was astounded by the story.

"Do you still wish to be baptized?" he asked the Emir's daughter.

"It is for that and to marry Gilbert that I have come so far."

They christened her in St. Paul's Church and she was married that week to Becket. Great happiness prevailed with them but soon she noticed that her husband was troubled. The unfortunate Gilbert had made another vow to return to the Holy Land in gratitude for his escape!

"Your vow to God comes first," said she, "leave me Richard for a servant, as he can speak my language, and Our Lady will care for the rest."

It was over three years before Becket saw London again and then he found a sturdy little son born on the Feast of St. Thomas the Apostle, 1117. Young Thomas had been reared with pious devotion. Whenever his mother weighed him she gave the corresponding amount in gold to the poor. He was educated with the Canons of Merton and then was sent to Paris, the center of Western learning. But he was not only a clerk but a young gentleman of fashion who could hunt and tilt with the best and so he did, until reverses came and his mother and father died. Thomas mourned them for three years, then accepted the invitation of his father's old friend, Theobald, former Abbot of Bec, now Archbishop of Canterbury, to join his household. Thomas was twenty-five. He came of Viking

stock, as Gilbert à Becket was a pure blooded Norman who had followed in the Conqueror's wake from Rouen to London. Thomas had the Norman's sense for organization and the inflexible will; from his mother came the love for lavish display and softer charm together with the tradition of almost fanatic loyalty of the Saracen race. Both parents imbued him with a pure devotion to Christ and the Church.

The Archbishop's court was second only to the King's but Thomas deserted to take a course in civil law at Bologna and canon law at Auxerre. On his return he stood by the Archbishop in his efforts to end the civil war that had decimated England for twenty years, and in recognition of his work for the Treaty of Wallingford where Stephen acknowledged the son of the Empress Maude as his heir, Thomas was appointed Archdeacon of Canterbury with the rank of Baron and rich revenues as Prebendary of seven different dioceses. The next year—1154—King Stephen died and the young prince was no sooner crowned as Henry II. than he called on the handsome Archdeacon to be Chancellor of England. Thomas was thirty-six.

Scholars are apt to discount the story of Becket's birth which, however, would explain many traits in his character. They also deny that the Chancellor was responsible for the birth of the English judicial system which took place during Henry's reign when Common Law began with the King's Court and also the first trials by Jury, although all agree that Thomas was the King's closest friend and adviser and that Thomas was a specialist in jurisprudence. We know that he did build up the tumbledown royal palaces as well as the royal prestige and successfully arranged a French marriage for Henry's son. It was on this embassy to Paris that the Chancellor rode through France with a train that would have caused Mr. Barnum some envy. First appeared two hundred and fifty students singing chorals as they marched through each village; hunting dogs in leash were the forerunners of eight wagons, each drawn by five horses and twelve sumpter mules each with a monkey and valet. Then came the squires with their knights' accouterments and war horses; the falconers, cooks, varlets and lastly the Chancellor riding with his knights and secretaries and chaplains.

The Chancellor kept open house in London for rich friends and poor and the King's son was lodged with him. Henry often dropped in, spear in hand, for dinner with the most popular bachelor of Plantagenet society.

Then Theobald died and Henry decided that Thomas must be Archbishop of Canterbury. Since the days of Augustine, none but a Benedictine had sat in his chair; Thomas was not even a priest but on the eve of his consecration in 1162, he received Holy Orders and from that moment the current of his life was changed. The sportsman turned saint. The King had thought that with his favorite mitered, the State would soon be supreme but Thomas was neither a Wolsey nor a Cranmer. Thomas had been the King's man and the King had insisted on a change of allegiance. Thomas as Archbishop owed fealty to God. To Henry's wrath, Thomas resigned as Chancellor. The first clash came over a priest who had been declared innocent in the Church Court but

was rearrested by the Civil Courts and their sheriff. The Archbishop demanded his release citing the ancient principle that no man can be twice tried for the same offense; he demanded the "Benefit of Clergy" or the complete jurisdiction of Church Courts over all clerics as granted by the Conqueror. The King in the name of the Conqueror claimed feudal lealty from the Bishops. To determine just what were the country's customs, Henry had drawn up at Clarendon, the Constitutions which are the first codification of English law. But Becket refused to sign any pact without the clause *"Salvo suo ordine"* (saving the rights of his order). Completely furious, the King ordered him to appear at Northampton before a Parliament of the Barons to be judged for some vast sum of monies which Henry claimed the Chancellor had owed him although the Prince at the royal order had given Becket a receipt in full. At Northampton the personality of Thomas triumphed.

He strode into the hall between the lines of armed men, holding his crozier. When the Barons of Leicester and Cornwall arose to condemn him, he stayed them: "Son and Earl," he cried, "listen to me. Is it for the son to judge his father? I refuse your judgment and that of the King. After God, the Pope is my sole judge. I place myself and the Church under his protection." He walked slowly out of the hall and no man dared stay him.

But riding through the darkness that night, he journeyed to France where he stayed for seven years in exile mostly in the Abbey of Pontigny near Sens, while Henry raged in England. Vengeance fell upon the Archbishop's friends; their lands were confiscated, their persons exiled, even the Pontigny monks were threatened. At length under fear of a general interdict of excommunication and popular indignation, the King invited Becket to return. It was a hazardous summons. Henry was the son of that Fulk of Anjou whose bad temper, judged even by eleventh century standards, was monstrous. Henry, who had the strength and figure of a bull, had the Angevin choler. He and his Queen and their four sons spread their quarrels all over England and France. The King was in Normandy when Thomas returned and the delight of the countryside was reported to Henry in the way best calculated to provoke him. "Will no one rid me of this turbulent priest?" he muttered but did not notice four knights who silently left the table.

It is here that the poetic tragedy of T. S. Eliot, *Murder in the Cathedral* begins. It was played for the first time last summer in Canterbury Cathedral near the very spot of the martyrdom where once rose the shrine which was the pride and goal of the great English pilgrimage which inspired the first great English poem and is still commemorated by every rider who "canters" his horse to the pace of the pilgrims. It was at the tomb of St. Thomas, which the eighth Henry desecrated, that the second Henry did public penance, scourged and barefoot. There, when his kingdom seemed on verge of dissolution, he knelt one night alone beside his dead friend, and rose to hear news of all his enemies' defeat—Scots on the border; rebellious Barons; his own sons in France. That, with the royal penitence, was hailed among the first of the miracles.

Eliot's drama with its thought-bitten verse is the struggle of a man with his soul's allegiance. May there be compromise? Is there space for the joys of living? There speaks the First Tempter:

"Now that the King and you are in amity,
Clergy and laity may return to gaiety.
. . . . . .
Spring has come in winter. Snow in the branches
Shall float as sweet as blossoms. Ice along the ditches
Mirror the sunlight. Love in the orchard
Send the root shooting."

Says Thomas: "You come twenty years too late."

The Second Tempter reminds him of the Chancellorship that he resigned:

"King commands. Chancellor richly rules.
This is a sentence not taught in the schools.
. . . . . .
To set down the great, protect the poor
Rule for the good of the better cause
Dispensing justice, make all even
Is thrive on earth and perhaps in heaven."

Says Thomas:

"Those who put their faith in worldly order
Not controlled by the order of God
In confident ignorance, breed fatal disease."

The Third Tempter brings a message from the Barons to join them and the people against the throne.

Says Thomas:

"If the Archbishop cannot trust the Throne,
He has good cause to trust God alone.
. . . . . .
No one shall say that I betrayed a King."

Lastly comes the insidious thought of spiritual ambition.

"Think, Thomas, of glory after death—
Seek the way of martyrdom, make yourself the lowest
On earth, to be high in heaven."

The answer comes to Thomas after prayer:

"Now is my way clear, now is the meaning plain
Temptation cannot come in this guise again.
The last temptation is the greatest treason
To do the right deed for the wrong reason
. . . . . .
Ambition comes when early force is spent.
. . . . . .
Servant of God has chance of greater sin
And sorrow than the man who serves a King
For those who serve the greater cause may make the cause serve them
Still doing right: and striving with political men
May make the cause political, not by what they do
But by what they are."

In the sermon which he preaches in the Cathedral on Christmas morning, 1170, on the text "Glory to God in the Highest and on earth peace, good will to men"—which is the text the saint actually used—the answer to his soul's query is found.

"A Christian martyrdom is no accident. Saints are not made by accident. . . . A martyr, a saint is always made by the design of God for His love of men, to warn them and to lead them, to bring them back to His ways. A martyrdom is never the design of man; for the true martyr is he who has become the instrument of God who has lost his will in the will of God, not lost but found it, for he has found freedom in submission to God."

This sermon takes up all of Act II. It is the most beautiful example of simple prose in recent English; one of the longest speeches any actor has ever made without a gesture and one of the most impressive. As spoken by Mr. Harry Irvine, it is a noble moment in a part in which his commanding but gentle dignity is memorable.

The production of *Murder in the Cathedral* is exciting from many angles. It has been achieved by the Federal Theater Project at the least possible cost yet with a result of so much beauty that it has won not only the gratitude of the public but the interest of the producers. The set—a platform with irregular steps and suggestion of Gothic windows—was designed by Tom Adrian Cracraft as were the costumes which are more symbolic than historic and patterned from the simplest materials, yet no one can fail to be satisfied with the dull greens of the women; the plums and browns of the monks; the Archbishop's gray and the brutal red and dark blue of the knights and their soldiers whose spears are ranged along the sky. Modernistic incidental music has been composed by Engels and sincerest credit must be given to Halsted Welles of Yale University who is responsible for the beautiful effects in staging and lighting. Mr. Welles has been very successful in breaking up the lines of the chorus among the women of Canterbury; whose shifting groups add to the intensity of the drama. The murder is accomplished with as much dignity as significance when the spearmen surround both the knights and the kneeling Archbishop. It is then that Mr. Eliot has the daring to break the whole tempo as the knights come forward to explain their action from a practical point of view and in modern parlance.

" . . . reasonable people," says de Traci, "must come to see that the Archbishop *had* to be put out of the way—and personally I had a tremendous admiration for him—"

Yet such is the compelling force of the play that as the laughs die down the tragic mood is regained and the curtain falls with the women and the monks kneeling beside their dead.

"We acknowledge our trespass, our weakness, our fault, we acknowledge
That the sin of the world is upon our heads.
Blessed Thomas pray for us."

This is the play that has been forced to extend its run three times—by popular demand.—*At the Manhattan.*

IDIOT'S DELIGHT.—"Yes, I was born an Austrian," says the little waiter, "but they gave these mountains to Italy after the War, and I went with the mountains." Cold and aloof, the Alps surround the Sports Hotel near the frontier, where a group of travelers collect who are trying to cross the border into Switzerland. It is the same effective structure that Mr. Robert Sherwood used in his *Petrified Forest* as a background for his satire on the mechanistic age in America. Now against the immobility of the snow mountains instead of the desert, he gathers together another collection of incongruous types, but this time they are internationally selected. There is the German scientist bound for neutral territory with his rats and a probable cure for cancer; a French socialist; a cosmopolitan munitions dealer with a Russian counterfeit countess; a British bride and groom; some transplanted peasants and Italian Facists but, whereas last year it was the itinerant Englishman who had the center of the stage, this year the philosopher is Harry Van, American, salesman and showman, touring the Continent with an "Act" and six little blonde showgirls. He is an idealist and so is most of mankind according to Harry. "I've spent my life," says he, "selling phony goods to people of meager intelligence and they're all of them—optimists." But Harry is such a supersalesman that he once sold himself one of his own encyclopedias! Unfortunately, contact with Shirley, Beulah, Edna, Francine, Elaine and Bebe has not cured his idealism about blondes and the supercilious Russian resurrects a sentimental memory of a hotel room in Omaha and a girl in vaudeville.

The Russian countess is not so eager to refute the reference when her munitions king queers the visa to her passport as war is declared between France and Italy. The news comes as Harry Van and his girls are going through their show. The Frenchman insults the Fascists and is shot; but the German deserts humanity for Vaterland and leaves the rats. The British bridegroom ends his holiday, ready to "do his bit"; the expatriated waiter dons the Italian uniform and the munitions millionaire rushes out of the danger zone. The scene is left to an air bombardment — the stranded Russian and American chivalry—for Harry Van returns to her. They sing "Onward Christian Soldiers" together as the bombs fall. Mr. Sherwood has found that Venus and Mars make a grand duet for final curtains.

As a play, *Idiot's Delight* suffers by contrast to *The Petrified Forest*, in line, characterization and story; as an acting vehicle it provides Alfred Lunt with an opportunity to prove his versatility and his brilliance as comedian. The appeal of his humor rivets a loose-jointed play together with enduring cement. For the first time in her career Miss Fontanne comes near to being a bore; it seems heretical to say so, but her Russian adventuress is a dull part and her accent is cruelly guttural and slow. The evening revolves about Harry Van —singing, dancing, wise-cracking, playing. The capacity of the house is taxed every night by the number of idiots he delights.—*At the Shubert.*

BITTER STREAM.—The Civic Repertory would not be itself without a chip on its shoulder. It has

taken on a great big one with Fascism—not here but remotely in Italy. In Marsica, *Il Duce* not only dispossessed the peasants of their lands but turned the course of the stream from their village of Fontamara. As they are ragged and starving in Act I. when the stream is flowing, it is not pleasant to look forward to Act III. when it is obvious that they will have nothing. Dramatized from the story by Silone, Ben Ami's direction has made the play a babel of shouts and raucous growling. Were the peasants less snarly, however, the tragedy would be even more gruelling. Isn't it time for the Civic Repertory to give their unhappy subscribers some sunshine? Does no good labor leader ever smile? Propaganda has become gloomy indeed on Fourteenth Street.

—*At the Civic Repertory.*

## PLAYS PREVIOUSLY REVIEWED

*February, 1934*

TOBACCO ROAD.—*At the Forrest.*

*January, 1935*

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.—The screen version now current seems to prove that the interest of the story lies not in its unpleasant inferences, as *These Three* is said to be even more dramatic. It is rare that play and film can be seen at the same time.—*At the Maxine Elliott.*

*March*

THREE MEN ON A HORSE.—Not only has it crossed the continent but London is laughing with New York over the harmless but not very elegant humor of the little jingle writer who had a "hunch" on races. —*At the Playhouse.*

*December*

PRIDE AND PREJUDICE.—The brilliant cast and the brilliant dialogue with its apt insight into human nature make the dramatic version of the nineteenth century novel of English country as human as any current story. It's for all ages and conditions.—*At the Plymouth.*

DEAD END.—Here at the East River, slum and palace meet and our city boys are shown as they drift for lack of better sport towards gangsterdom. It is a play to provoke thought and if you can leave it without saying, *"Mea culpa"* then you are a better citizen than most of us.—*At the Belasco.*

*January, 1936*

BOY MEETS GIRL.—A fast farce of Hollywood studios—not too choice in its speech—but entirely moral in its plot. The two wild scenario writers who promote an infant star keep the action moving in wildly revolving circles.—*At the Cort.*

FIRST LADY.—As the conventions draw nearer, this comedy of political ambition and intrigue in Washington becomes more and more timely. It is witty, sly and sophisticated and is beautifully handled by Miss Jane Cowl and Miss Lily Cahill, both of whom plan to put their husbands in the White House.—*At the Music Box.*

*February*

VICTORIA REGINA.—Whatever else you may not see, you mustn't fail to go to V. R. Seldom it is that pages of history are shown again to us, but here is the essence of two famous lives — Victoria and Albert. The sets by Rex Whistler are a delight—so is the humor of Laurence Housman; so, of course, is the inimitable performance of the entire cast and Miss Hayes and Mr. Price. —*At the Broadhurst.*

LIBEL.—A court room play but such a good one. Set in King's Bench in London, where Sir Mark Loddon must prove his own identity, an absorbing problem is presented as Sir Mark suffered a total lapse of memory from shell shock in the War. A superb quartette of actors keeps the audience tense.—*At the Henry Miller.*

*March*

ETHAN FROME.—Raymond Massey, Ruth Gordon and Pauline Lord make Mrs. Wharton's somber New England tragedy a living picture. Even the famous toboggan slide is faithfully represented on the stage with great effect. It is an unusual and very fine production.—*At the National.*

CALL IT A DAY.—From the moment that the tea tray is brought to the mother and father of the English family in St. John's Wood, London, we are with them in their actions through the day — upstairs and downstairs and even in the kitchen. With Philip Merivale and Gladys Cooper as the parents, the children must also be attractive and they are. In fact little Jeanne Dante has stolen the heart of New York.—*At the Morosco.*

RUSSET MANTLE.—Mr. Lynn Riggs trying to write of the dissatisfaction of the youth of to-day, drew such excellent middle-aged characters that the latter have taken the play into their hands and turned what was meant to be serious drama into clever comedy. But all youth can accomplish at the end is a baby on the way—without any marriage service.—*At the Masque.*

LADY PRECIOUS STREAM.—A Chinese fantasy written by Dr. Hsiung and most charmingly explained by Miss Sze, the Chinese Ambassador's daughter. Miss Helen Chandler and Mr. Bramwell Fletcher are the young couple who defy parental dictates for romance, but the Princess of the Western Kingdom who wears a Cossack costume brings in an element of rather heavy farce. The setting of blue sky and cherry blossoms is restful and has the gentle charm of the story.—*At the Forty-ninth Street.*

MURDER IN THE OLD RED BARN.—With plenty of beer and extraneous amusement in the form of clever acrobats and skaters, the last century melodrama is greeted with boisterous advice and applause.—*At the American Music Hall.*

FRESH FIELDS.—No one but Miss Margaret Anglin could breathe vitality into this stereotyped English comedy of London snobs and rich Australians. But she has accomplished the impossible.—*At the Empire.*

CO-RESPONDENT UNKNOWN.—Here sin is made not only amusing but

highly profitable. A happy ending through *flagrante delicto* brings about matrimonial reconciliation. A rather slow first act leads up to the sinning when Peggy Conklin is completely endearing and seemingly quite innocent. Not vulgar, just immoral.—*At the Ritz.*

*April*

ST. JOAN.—The finest production ever contributed to Mr. Shaw's finest play. Miss Cornell's saint is simple and wise, strong and gay, steadfast and young. Her company is the best she could collect. Arthur Byron as the Inquisitor; Brian Aherne as Warwick; Kent Smith as Dunois; Charles Waldron as the Archbishop of Reims; Maurice Evans (Romeo) as the Dauphin; George Coulouris as Stogumber; Ciannelli (out of *Winterset*) as Cauchon. She will take no curtain alone which proves her once again to be an artist of artists. The direction of McClintic and the sets by Mielziner are incomparable. Something to be remembered.—*At the Martin Beck.*

END OF SUMMER.—A comedy of the rich and their distressful lot in which Mr. Behrman's clever wit plays only with kindness about the rich and the poor young men without jobs and the successful psychiatrist and the lonely husband and the heiress who faces ruin from her money. Miss Ina Claire was never more delightful than as Leonie who only wants to make everyone very happy with her money and does just the reverse. It has some of the best dialogue of the winter.—*At the Guild.*

LOVE ON THE DOLE.—Though we have been trying for two years to produce sociological plays in Fourteenth Street, this tragedy from Manchester has the breadth and appeal and lack of propaganda that has won for it a place not on Fourteenth Street alone but on Broadway. The author knows of what he writes for he was so very poor that he had to beg the scraps of wall paper on which the script was penciled. Miss Wendy Hiller who created her rôle in England is some one who will leave New York under protest. She has youth and beauty and sincere simplicity.—*At the Longacre.*

THE POSTMAN ALWAYS RINGS TWICE.—Not so sordid as the book but all the same the story of the hobo who helps the young wife of the old Greek restaurant keeper to murder her husband is not a pretty one. The poetic justice of the end when the hobo pays for the crime which was not his and his repentance, gives value to the beginning. It is as well directed as acted by Richard Barthelmess and Mary Philips. We leave the hobo with the priest. It is a play that at least recognizes eternity.—*At the Golden.*

# The Ball and the Cross

***The Ball and the Cross is one of the symbols of Christianity. It signifies, as is obvious, The World and the Faith. It is our intention to publish in this department usually two or three short articles, which may appropriately be grouped under the caption chosen.***

## A VALIANT COMPANY

THE fifth anniversary of The Catholic Poetry Society of America was observed on April 26th by High Mass sung by the Rev. John La Farge, S.J., with the Schola Choir of the Liturgical Arts Society, at St. Leo's Church, New York City.

New York is the headquarters of this Society which has members in all the States of the Union except four, in seven provinces of Canada, and in England, Ireland, France, Italy, Switzerland, Cyprus, Brazil, China, the Philippines and Hawaii.

The origins of the Society may be traced to various sources. As so frequently happens, the idea germinated simultaneously in several minds. It was discussed among a few in New York interested in poetry and the impetus toward its foundation finally came from the editors of The Catholic World, *America* and *The Commonweal*. The formation of the Society, with Academy Members and Executive Board, was announced in April, 1931. The first Bulletin, then a quarterly, appeared that summer. And within a few months The Catholic Poetry Society of America was well established as an organization "to promote a Catholic poetic movement and tradition, to create a common ground of discussion for poets, critics and those interested in poetry, and to coöperate in the advancement of American art and culture."

It is to the things of the spirit, to the beautiful and noble in life that the Society is dedicated. This is expressed in its seal: an eagle bearing in his beak a scroll inscribed with the words, *"Cantate Domino: Laus eius in ecclesia sanctorum,"* and in the corner, a *fleur-de-lis*. The eagle is the symbol of St. John, patron of writers, the evangelist whose words soar heavenward as the eagle in his flight, and of St. Gregory, patron of choristers and singers. The inscription is from Psalm CXLIX. of the great poet David: "Sing ye to the Lord . . . let his praise be in the church of the saints." The *fleur-de-lis* is the emblem of light, grace and splendor, of Mary, Co-Redemptrix, Mediatrix of Grace.

"All, no matter of what faith, who are interested in poetry, are welcomed to membership." This is an interesting feature of the association. It includes poetry lovers as well as poets, non-Catholics as well as Catholics. There is a large non-Catholic membership, many of them clergymen. This is a normal reaction against the pagan spirit that pervades modern verse, which is often immoral as well as irreligious. Not only eroticism but despair is expressed in much of the poetry of the times. To counteract this current, there is needed forthright expression of noble ideals, pure, limpid verse—not essentially religious in theme but written in the Catholic spirit.

High ideals characterize the work of the Academy Members, who are chosen from among Catholic poets prominent in the field of letters. Their number is limited to thirty-three and the group is self-perpetuating, vacancies being filled through election by the Academicians themselves. From their ranks they elect the president and vice-presidents of the Society. The first president was the Rev. Charles L. O'Donnell, C.S.C., noted as an educator and writer and president of the University of Notre Dame since 1928. His *Rime of the Rood and Other Poems*, as well as other collections of poems, have been an inspiration to many. His death in June, 1934, was a great loss to the Society.

Daniel Sargent, a distinguished poet, scholar, author and lecturer, who for several years has taught literature at Harvard, was elected to succeed him in October, 1934. The vice-presidents of the Society are four: Katherine Brégy, Aline Kilmer, Theodore Maynard and Agnes Repplier. The mention of these names arouses quick response in the minds of the lovers of literature. The Rev. Francis X. Talbot, S.J., is chaplain; Marie Thérèse Marique, secretary; Frederic Thompson, treasurer; J. G. E. Hopkins, assistant treasurer; and John Gilland Brunini, executive secretary. Many know the little volume of very beautiful verse entitled *The Mysteries of the Rosary*, by Mr. Brunini, and others not yet collected in book form. In addition to the officers of the Society there are eleven other members of the Executive Board, of which Clifford J. Laube is chairman, Muriel Nolan Delaney, vice-chairman, and Francis X. Connolly, secretary. The Society is not subsidized and all its work is done by volunteers.

The national organization meets monthly, except during the summer, usually at Campion House, New York City. At these meetings all are invited to participate in informal discussion of subjects pertaining to poetry, its writing and its criticism. Nonresident members are welcomed. Frequently there are guest speakers of note. One such occasion was the meeting in April, 1935, when the Rev. Martin C. D'Arcy, S.J., Master of Campion Hall, Oxford, spoke on Gerard Manley Hopkins. It was a memorable evening, for the rare quality of Hopkins's verse was sustained in the readings Father D'Arcy gave, and the intention and personality of the poet were vividly conveyed.

Occasional meetings of the Society are open to the public. The first of these was held in March, 1932, at the Catholic Club, and was attended by an interested throng. There were musical selections, and poetry readings, and speeches by Dr. James J. Walsh, Mr. George N.

Shuster, the Rev. Leonard Feeney, S.J., and the Right Rev. Msgr. Michael J. Lavelle, who as Cardinal Hayes's representative spoke cordial words of greeting and congratulations to the young association and gave His Eminence's blessing to it. At a public meeting in October, 1932, Mr. Maynard under the title, "Forty Thousand Poets," made a plea for originality of viewpoint in verse, and Miss Brégy spoke on "Women and Poetry." Another notable gathering was that at the Centre Club, in February, 1935, when Mr. Daniel Sargent was formally inducted as president. The Honorary Committee included many non-Catholic as well as Catholic representatives of all the arts, particularly literature. In all, six hundred attended the reception. In addition to brief addresses by the Rev. Francis X. Talbot, S.J., and the new president, there was an informal speech by the Most Rev. Francis C. Kelley, Bishop of Oklahoma City and Tulsa, on his amusing experiences as a poet.

As the organization has taken in an increasing number of members living at a distance from the national headquarters, the desire for personal contact among its members has impelled the formation of local branches called units. These bring to other members the benefits accruing to members in New York. There are now twenty-one local units and six others in process of formation. These are either groups of a certain locality, such as the Washington, D. C., unit, or of a college or university, such as the Notre Dame University unit. Members of a local unit must be members of the national organization. When a unit is founded and has adopted its constitution, it is chartered by the Society and thereafter functions autonomously, its purpose being to cooperate with the Society by "stimulating creative endeavor among its members, encouraging a greater appreciation of poetry written in the Catholic spirit, providing a forum for the discussion of poetic theories and tendencies, offering mutual advice and encouragement." Meetings are held monthly and are open to any member of the Poetry Society who may be at that time in that locality. This creates a feeling of unity among members everywhere. Special activities not immediately connected with the Society but sponsored by units, such as the establishment of reading libraries, have also enlisted the interest of some groups.

The college units are particularly enthusiastic. Great interest has been aroused in Catholic students and their literary ability is being encouraged and stimulated. This is of immeasurable value for the future of Catholic letters. Moreover these groups have an advantage over the usual Catholic club or society in being affiliated with a national organization, in which the student may continue membership when he or she leaves college. Frequently all contact with Catholic cultural activities ceases upon graduation, but the Catholic Poetry Society provides a permanent bond.

This is easily maintained. Membership dues are only one dollar annually. There is no enrollment fee. Upon payment of dues each year membership cards are issued. These serve as an *entrée* to any local meeting. All members receive *The Bulletin*, which is the news organ of the Society now issued bimonthly, keeping all in touch with what is going on in the Society. Re-

cently enlarged to twelve pages, *The Bulletin* comprises an editorial on poetry both from the creative and appreciative standpoints, reports from local units, notices and letters. Additions to the library of the Society are noted here. This library, located at 386 Fourth Avenue, New York City, the Society's offices, was established and is gradually being enlarged by donations. It is designed to include all books published by members, who are asked to autograph their volumes upon presentation, and other books of poems or on poetry. Books of members and other new books of verse are reviewed in the pages of *Spirit*, which was launched in March, 1934.

The Society can justly be proud of this magazine which already has an important place in the field of American literature. Dignified and attractive in appearance, it is also pleasing in content. The name has many significances appropriate to the Society. Primarily, it implies allegiance to the Holy Ghost, the Guiding Spirit of Light and Truth. It signifies also interest in things of the spirit rather than the mundane, a belief in immortality with full appreciation for the beauties of God's creation. And it might be considered as emblematic of the fact that the Society embraces the soul as well as the body of the Church. Certainly all its members are sympathetic to Catholic ideals. The meetings are of course held in Catholic environment and when a meeting on special occasions may include some distinctive act of Catholic worship non-Catholics willingly participate. This contact brings knowledge of Catholic things which is always desirable.

Subscription to *Spirit* is independent of membership in the Society. It is, however, a magazine very especially for members since it provides them a market for their verse, for which it pays twenty cents a line, and a protected market, publication in its pages being open only to members. Such publication is based on impartial decisions, for all poems are judged solely on their individual merit. The name of the author, previous work, special recommendations or pleas carry no weight. Although selection is not limited to one type of poem, there is one requirement: Poems must not be in direct or indirect contravention of Catholic principles. Only poems that have not previously been published in any form whatsoever are considered.

In connection with the consideration of manuscripts there is maintained a Bureau of Criticism invaluable to the writer. Instead of the usual rejection slip with a returned manuscript, the author receives, if he requests it, editorial criticism of the poem. This is the combined comment of members of the editorial board as well as other critics who sometimes give supplementary readings. The criticism is of course based on personal opinions and reactions and is not free from possible errors in judgment. But it is impartial opinion and constructive criticism, and the author who avails himself of this privilege cannot but profit thereby.

*Spirit*, therefore, provides what the poet has ever sought eagerly: an outlet for his work and an explanation of any possible rejection. A high standard has been set in its pages for acceptance of verse and this standard has been maintained. Publication therein carries a definite prestige. Its poems

have been widely reprinted. In the columns of the New York *Herald Tribune*, the *Literary Digest*, *Fiction Parade* and the *Golden Book* and Thomas Moult's *Anthology* numerous poems from *Spirit* appear.

A timely editorial, an article of interest, letters on topics of general appeal to poets and reviews are also published in each issue of *Spirit*. In reviewing books of its members and others in the literary field the Society is building up a much-needed school of Catholic criticism, reasserting the philosophy of St. Thomas Aquinas and condemning pantheism and such errors rife in literature to-day. Secure in the knowledge that it is untainted by false philosophies, Catholic teachers of poetry use *Spirit* in the classroom as an example of current Catholic poetry.

The editor of *Spirit* is John Gilland Brunini, active in the Society since early in its foundation, as also have been the associate editors, Clifford J. Laube and Francis X. Connolly, and the consulting editor, the Rev. Francis X. Talbot, S.J. The treasurer and business manager is J. G. E. Hopkins.

Some of those who have achieved publication in *Spirit* belong to the Work Group initiated among New York members of the Society in October, 1933, with excellent results. This group, whose example is being followed in other cities by similar activities, meets every other week. Members present and discuss their own verse, the author reading the poem presented for discussion, thus permitting the emphasis of the original meaning. There is no specific standard and often arguments and healthy clashes of opinion ensue. This Work Group does not make poets but helps and encourages them. Publication, not dilettantism, is the aim. It is an activity along the very definite lines for which the Poetry Society was founded: to promote Catholic poetry.

In its advancement of Catholic art and culture in America, the Poetry Society is a branch of "unofficial" Catholic Action, as such activities independent of the hierarchy are termed by Michael Williams. As the Editor of *Spirit* writes, in "Pulling Down the Temple," in the issue of November, 1935: "That this is an age of spiritual chaos is an appraisal made by many sober minds. However true it may be, more importantly we are now witnessing a desperate conflict between the forces of spirituality and naturalism, between faith and negation, between that right order of man composed of soul and body and naturalism. No one who thinks deeply and reasons clearly can deny this conflict. . . . Were we asked from history to predict what class would most certainly be fighting for the triumph of the spiritual the answer would most certainly be: the poets. Theirs is a province so close to that of the priest and prophet that it oftentimes overlaps. None others are more necessarily and immediately, essentially and exclusively concerned with the things of the spirit. To conjure up a world in which materialism and animality were universally accepted would be to picture the extinction of the poet."

CATHERINE MERRICK NEALE.

## CARDINAL WISEMAN: HERALD OF A NEW AGE

IN 1835 there dawned a great light on the horizon of England in the coming from Rome of Nicholas Patrick Wiseman. Only six years had elapsed since the passing of the Emancipation Act, and there was still in the air the chill from the long winter of the wearying opposition of the Penal Laws. For 300 years England had been thoroughly Protestant in every department of thought and activity. Oxford and Cambridge were Protestant; the poets, essayists, and novelists were Protestant; Parliament was Protestant. The artists, the scientists, the discoverers, the diplomats, were nearly all Protestant; the leaders of the army and navy Protestant. There were, it is true, isolated instances of old families of nobility holding to the ancient Church; occasionally there appeared the interesting phenomenon of a member of the Catholic Church possessing intellectual depth and true learning. But the legend had grown, that the man of culture must necessarily be a Protestant. The broader became his vision and the more developed his education, by inevitable corollary rose his Protestantism. The Englishman, actually educated and professing Catholicism, presented the parodox of one striving to serve two masters.

Suddenly there came to England, for a year's sojourn, the rector of the English College at Rome, Monsignor Wiseman. Born in Seville, trained in Ireland, Italy and England, he was apparently unaware that sufferance should be the badge of his tribe; and without delay or preparation of approach, he entered the world of English endeavor. He began a course of doctrinal lectures, which were so instant and solid a success that all London listened. That vast multitude, who had believed so complacently that nothing of scholastic worth could be associated with Catholicism, were bewildered, even profoundly shocked to the depths. Here was one, calmly addressing British audiences in clear, crystal style, who must be accepted as a man of letters in every meaning of the term. A finished orator, bearing an international reputation as an Orientalist, having close literary relationships with Gladstone, Newman, Trench, Manning and Macaulay, able to converse with perfect fluency in half a dozen of the modern languages, the young Monsignor stood as a rock of true understanding for Catholicism to the English mind. They, who wondered not so much that a member of the olden Faith could be so scholarly but that he could be scholarly at all, were eloquently silent. The conviction had come into being: that the Church and culture were not contradictories, and that science and religion were not as two widely separate lines which could never meet even in infinity. Wiseman, who came as the lightbearer of a new learning to England and heralded the movement that burst into full flame ten years later, proved conclusively that one could arrive simultaneously at eminence in Catholicism and eminence in scholarship.

JOHN E. WICKHAM, LL.D.

# Nova et Vetera

### Martyrdom Will Always Persuade

A secularist world is a world driven hard by cupidity and fear. If there is nothing more worth while to pursue than the things of this world, to grab what you can and hold it as long as you can is a sensible procedure. The Catholic knows better than to live that way. If the world were Catholic, war might be averted; we might escape in time to avoid disaster from privilege that no longer pays; Society might acquire an economic system fitted to modern economic facts and needs. But the world is not Catholic, but pagan. Therefore we roll along toward economic chaos and inevitable violence. The exercise of force thus rendered necessary and inevitable will result in intolerable, dictatorial pressures on the individual. We see this already in half the countries of the once somewhat civilized globe, indeed to some extent in all of them. But even these pressures will not prevent war. Indeed, they will hasten it. Between them, greed and force will do the world in. Our only hope is in Catholic Christianity.

Whether people can be converted to Catholicism fast enough to ward off calamity too grievous to be borne, is a dubious question. At any rate, as long as there is *the slightest chance* that we can save Society by promoting Catholicism and Catholic social reform—by persuading our world of the necessity of realizing a sociology based on Jesus' morality—we may have hope. But for the Catholic to put his trust in *secularist* reform means only to play the fool. That much seems certain.

If then we have small reason—indeed none—to believe that the present world, secularist-run, can make the moral recovery that is prerequisite to economic readjustments rendered necessary by machine-production, is there an especial duty laid upon Catholic people? There is indeed. Those who profess the Catholic religion must themselves live once more according to a human and not merely an animal morality, resisting the *mores* of a day that is done; and for that living they needs must lift themselves up to God, begging of Him strength, by His grace, to pay the price thereof.

But, someone may object, that makes the whole contribution of Christianity to social regeneration a merely individual matter. Well, that depends on what one means by "an individual matter." If what Catholicism asks of the individual is that for his soul's salvation he stop living as though the world were, actually or potentially, his oyster, and live, instead, as the servant of God and of the people, bearing his own burden and also the burdens of his brethren, thus helping to release men from a mutual exploitation; if what Catholicism promises is strength, courage, peace, joy to persons who so live, and to no others; if that is what is meant by calling it an individualistic religion, then to give it that description comes to about the same thing

as saying that it is a social religion. But of course, if what is desired under the name of a social religion is one that thinks of social institutions and systems as independent of people, one which regards individuals as only puppets ennobled or degraded by institutions and systems, one which maintains that more attention should be paid to social institutions and social systems than to those that actually create the one and live under the other, then Catholicism is not at all a social religion. Happily not!

In further defense of Catholics trying to live as Christians in a determinedly non-Christian civilization, and depending largely on that for the eventual remedying of social evil, it may be pointed out that the thing suggested forces Christians, if they are honest about doing it, into a state of such evident rebellion against social compulsions as is sure to make them socially hated today, and as determinedly persecuted as were their heroic fathers in the days of a dying Roman Empire. We must not avoid issues, as liberals too often do, pointing out that it is very hard to be a Christian in our pagan world, and saying that the world ought to change its ways so as to make it easy for us to obey the Lord. Whether it is easy to be a Christian or not has nothing to do with the case. When it is not possible to persuade in any other way, there comes a time when the Christian brothers must suffer, and even die, for their God-taught moral (that is social) convictions. *Martyrdom will always persuade.* Let it be understood that no less than that, in possibility, is what is being advocated as the Christian duty; not a running away from a world alien to things spiritual, to hide ourselves, if possible, in a pious religiosity. Christ's way should be our way. He did not seek martyrdom; and neither should we. He labored night and day to persuade His world to repent. He taught, prophesied, loved, served. But when those methods did not work, because of the hardness of their hearts, He set His face to go up to Jerusalem, there to defy the world, to bear witness on a cross. And we who are His, what other road is there for us to go? Such a course can be considered individualistic, and without social repercussions, only by those who have never read history. . . .

In a time of social emergency like ours there will be little interest in Catholicism, especially among younger and more vital people, until the social obligations of the Catholic morality are stressed to the uttermost. But also it is necessary to remember that Catholic social living is a living *by human beings, each of whom* is both an end and an agent, and never a living that can be *essentially* described in terms of such generalizations as the nation, the community, or even the human race. To a Catholic, Society is a fellowship of incorporated individuals. Reality must lie in the individuals, before it can reside in the relationship. It is our *prime* business to motivate and empower Catholic *individuals* for self-sacrificial love of God and man, to make them capable of fellowship, insistent upon fellowship. *If* we can do that to a sufficient number, such people will work out for *themselves* the minutiæ of a righteous social order, and change the same, from time to time, to meet the fellowship's changing needs. *Unless* we can do that, *nobody* will

work out a righteous social order, one that has survival-value. Unless we can convert men and women, there will be no social development worth attaining. All that will happen will be that the theoretically liberal secularists will talk very prettily, while the practical secularists will, through greed and force, destroy themselves, and Society as a whole. If and when that occurs, we Catholics shall be needed, to do the rebuilding. Whatever the future may hold for man, it is our immediate and continuous social duty properly to train our children, to inspire men and women with the Vision of Christ, to empower them with His grace, to show them what it means to be Christ's comrades. The rebuilders must be ready, when the day for rebuilding is at hand.

—From *A Catholic Looks at His World*. By Bernard Iddings Bell. (Milwaukee: Morehouse Publishing Co.).

## The Eternal City

With the overthrow of the Gothic kingdom begins the ruin of the Italy and Rome of antiquity. The laws, the monuments, even the historic recollections of the past gradually fade from memory. The temples fall to ruin. The Capitol, standing on its solitary hill, still, it is true, displays the sumptuous monuments of the greatest Empire ever known to history. But the Imperial Palace, although enduring in its main outlines, a colossal labyrinth of halls and courts, of temples and a thousand artistic chambers resplendent with precious marbles, and still here and there covered with gold-embroidered hangings is but a haunted and deserted fortress from which all semblance of life has passed away. . . . Silent and deserted, the sumptuous Forums of the Cæsars and of the Roman people have already fallen into the obscurity of legend. The theatres and the huge Circus Maximus, where the chariot-races, the cherished and last remaining amusement of the Romans, are no longer celebrated, grass-grown and filled with rubbish, moulder to decay. The Amphitheatre of Titus stands undestroyed, though robbed of its ornament. The vast Thermæ of Imperial times, no longer supplied by an aqueduct, useless, forsaken, and already mantled with ivy, resemble ruined cities in their vastness and desertion. The costly marbles have already fallen, or been ruthlessly stripped from their walls, and the mosaic pavements grown loose and disjointed. . . .

The mind is incapable of projecting itself back into the past, and realizing what the Roman of the days of Narses must have felt as he wandered through the deserted city and beheld the world-famous monuments of antiquity, the innumerable temples, triumphal arches, theatres, columns and statues falling to decay, or already levelled with the ground. Imagination may strive to depict the desolate aspect of the city after its momentous conquest by Totila, or in the early days of Byzantine dominion, when the scanty remnant of the populace, scourged by famine and pestilence, and menaced by the sword of the Lombard, seemed lost in the vast capital of the Cæsars. Power, however, is denied us to realize a picture so dark and terrible. Rome suffered a metamorphosis and became transformed into a city of cloisters. The metropolis of the universe was con-

verted into a spiritual city, in which priests and monks bore entire sway, and built churches and convents with untiring zeal. The lay population, however, utterly degenerate, robbed of all political power, a mass of moral degradation, seemed to sleep the sleep of ages in the ruin of its great past until, in the eighth century, the voice of the Pope aroused it to a new energy.

The Pope had meanwhile raised the structure of the Roman hierarchy. The gradual growth and rise of the spiritual power upon the ruins of the ancient State, under conditions the most difficult, must ever excite the wonder of mankind as one of the greatest transformations in the record of history. . . .

The political life of Rome closes with the overthrow of the Goths, who for a time upheld the institutions of the State. While continuing the history of the city, we now enter the period of her papal Middle Ages. Every civic impulse having died away, the vitality which yet remained to the people was now exclusively directed toward the service of the Church. After the majesty of Rome had perished, the Church stood vigorous and alone. She alone preserved the moral union of Italy when the State had fallen asunder, and the fact invested her with Imperial authority. The spiritual power planted its sacred banner on the ruins of antiquity, and entrenched itself behind the Walls of Aurelian, the historic importance of which we have already noticed. Within these walls the Church preserved the Latin idea of the monarchy, Roman civil law and the traditions of ancient culture. From here she undertook the great struggle with the barbarians who had overthrown the Empire, and, civilising them through Christianity, made them subject to the Canon of Ecclesiastical Law. The task of civilisation would have been impossible had the Germans who ruled in Italy conquered the city. They attacked and besieged her repeatedly, but the preservation of Rome seemed a law of history. Even the Italian conquests of the Lombards, which threatened the overthrow of the Roman Church, in the end aided her triumphs. They weakened the power of the Byzantines, who resisted them for more than two hundred years in Ravenna. They forced the Roman bishops to put forth all their energies in the exercise of an independent policy, a policy to which the Papacy owed the powerful position to which it gradually attained. These conquests further revived the national feeling of the Roman people, summoning them out of their deepest apathy to armed self-defence. The Roman Church was soon able to Catholicise the Lombards, and to engage in a dogmatic struggle with Byzantium, a struggle which became a revolution, and from which she issued a rich temporal power and mistress of the Eternal City. The result of the long conflict of the Popes with the Lombards, as also of that with Greek absolutism, was, that absolutism was rejected by Europe, that the Church obtained freedom for herself, and that the Western Empire appeared in the form of a feudal Christian Empire, the creation of the united Latin and German nations.

—From *History of the City of Rome in the Middle Ages.* By FERDINAND GREGOROVIUS. Translated by ANNIE HAMILTON (London: George Bell & Sons). Vol. II.

# Foreign Periodicals

## The Solution of the Social Problem

To-day the world is full of attempts to solve the social problem. Some of these attempts are still only theories, some of them—Bolshevism, Fascism, Nazism—are being tested by practical application. But any solution of the social problem must be based upon principles, and upon a view of life, and in the last resort there are really only two possible views of life. One regards this life as an end in itself, and will acknowledge no authority higher than human laws. The other regards this life as organized for eternal life, and in consequence acknowledges a higher law—God's law—upon which all human law must be based. For a time, states, like individuals, can make compromises between the two alternatives. Our own social order in England is officially based upon God's law, but we are in process of making the compromise by introducing laws and policies which are contrary to God's law. . . . In the future the issue between these two views of life will become more and more clear, and a definite choice will have to be made between them.

Now look at the various elements in our contemporary life upon whom the necessity of making this choice will fall. We can classify them as they classify members of the French Chamber of Deputies. On the extreme right you have Catholics, a small homogeneous group with clearly defined theoretical principles, and with them a group of about the same size composed of orthodox Christians from other religious bodies; Christopher Dawson and T. S. Eliot might stand as the representatives of these. On the extreme left you have a small homogeneous group who reject the whole idea of God and the supernatural, and are bent upon building up a social system which is Godless in the sense that it is founded upon human law as its highest authority; Bertrand Russell is the type of this group. Between these two extremes come the great majority of English people. They are in a state of indecision, generally quite unconscious. They have not as yet been called upon to make any definite choice between pagan naturalism and Christianity. But they live in an atmosphere which is increasingly pagan, they have no defence to put up against the disintegrating effect of that atmosphere, and in consequence the Christian traditions which really form the basis of their social life, but which have for years been little more than fossilized conventions, are being gradually sapped away.

In the case of some it is less so than in that of others. The middle right consists of people who still retain some practical belief in God—they go to church occasionally, at least for weddings and funerals, and they have their children baptized. But very little thought of God's law enters into their daily lives. The middle left consists of a great number of people who would be angry if you accused them of being atheists or even not Christians,

but whose lives are an excellent example of practical atheism except for the fact that they are steeped in Christian tradition; and this unconscious tradition in the form of convention still guides their consciences and often makes their lives a cause of shame to those who are trying to lead explicitly Christian lives.

What is going to happen to this large central group of the middle right and the middle left as the choice between Christian supernaturalism and pagan naturalism becomes more clear, or if a sudden crisis arises, as it has done lately in Germany, which makes an immediate choice of one or other alternative imperative? They will naturally look to the extreme right and to the extreme left. On the extreme left they will find people with a definite plan for the reformation of social life, and the main plank in their platform is the abolition of the Christian God and the blotting out of all thought of a perfect life beyond this life. On the extreme right they will find Christianity, which means for them not a divinely instituted Church teaching them God's appointed way of shaping their lives in this world in such a way as to fit themselves for eternal life, but a chorus of jangling and discordant voices all shouting out different directions about what they ought to do. We Catholics, who have always thought of the Church as God's voice speaking to us here in this life, find it very difficult to put ourselves in the place of those who regard the Church as just one among many sects of Christianity, which merely puzzle you by telling you all sorts of different things about God and Heaven and Christ. And so Christianity has become for the multitude just a hobby—"religion is all very well for those who like it"—and they have long ago ceased to see it as the imperative demand which the Omnipotent God makes upon those whom He has created and set to live in this world.

There can be no doubt that everywhere the forces of pagan naturalism and Christianity are gathering like two great armies for a tremendous struggle for the soul of the world. I think that struggle will take place principally in the economic sphere, and in order to face that struggle successfully the Christian army will have to be united. That is why I believe that the right solution of the social problem is very closely connected indeed with the problem of the Reunion of Christendom. If the Christian solution is to make a decisive impact on the world it will only be because Christendom is united in its witness as to what Christianity is. And that will never be until all Christians will consent to be reunited to the centre of authority—the authority of the Catholic Church.

—Henry St. John, O.P., in *Blackfriars* (Oxford), April.

## Who Are Practising Catholics?

It needs very little pastoral experience to arouse and confirm the suspicion that a certain, or rather uncertain, number of practising Catholics are not sharing in any real sense in the Church's life. One cannot class them otherwise than as "practising Catholics," for they do the required minimum, often more than the minimum. The point is, how they do it. They themselves will sometimes humorously describe their religious prac-

tice as "knee-drill"; but the joke is spoilt by the suspicion that in many cases it comes cruelly near the truth. . . .

Such people may be irreproachably regular in their religious duties. But Mass and the Sacraments are regarded rather as obligations than as privileges; and there is no appreciation of the liturgy, no entering into the plot of it, no attempt to live through the Christian year in the spirit of its respective seasons. Advent is a mere name, Lent means little more than an extra fish-day in the week, Easter an extra collection, and Pentecost a jolly bank holiday. . . .

I would suggest that the two most conspicuous weak spots in Catholic life . . . are *liturgical devotion* and the theory of the evangelical counsels. . . . Now, a Christian life can only be built on Christian truth, and must be ever contemplating Christian truth in some way, and that not statically but dynamically. That is, the mind must be *working on* Christian truth, developing its knowledge and deepening its insight into the faith, drawing out its latent implications and forming fresh and ever more precise conclusions, to issue duly in practical resolutions. . . . Christians need to have something more than a superficial grasp of the mysteries of faith, especially the doctrine of the Incarnation with its far-reaching consequences.

Well, this is just what the liturgy gives them, and what (so far as I can see) nothing else gives them. The liturgy, built up gradually and with infinite care through the ages of faith, is the Church's own response to the laity's need for an easy and accessible school of divinity and manual of devotion combined, where there are no syllogisms and no examinations, no disputes or opinions, but just the massive and immovable truths that God has given us for our salvation, expressed mainly in God's own words, and so arranged and relieved as to give the maximum of light and warmth to all men. Unerring instinct and unconscious art has thrown them into a dramatic and cyclic form, found the appropriate earthly symbols for heavenly things, and clothed them in a sober, inimitable beauty of sight and sound. The liturgical year unfolds the mystery of the new life in God through Christ in such a way that we can find rest and refreshment, light and inspiration in the contemplation of it, and worship God in the acting of it. And it presents the whole thing with such marvellous economy, restraint and objectivity, that each soul can be at home in it and nourish its own private spiritual life from it at all times and to any degree.

Now this is just what the "popular," non-liturgical devotions do not do. They have their legitimate place as expressions of religious emotion but for that very reason they are subjective rather than objective and can only have a limited appeal. . . . These devotions suit all souls at some times, and some souls at all times; but they do not, like the liturgy, suit all souls at all times. Therefore they presuppose the liturgy, and can never be a substitute for it. To use them as such a substitute is to abuse them: though there has been a perpetual temptation to do so since the liturgical language ceased to be the language of the people. . . .

This brings us to our second weak point, the theory of the evangelical

counsels. . . . The easy-going Christian has a soothing method of dealing with any injunction of the Gospel which is likely to cause inconvenience: either it is meant exclusively for the religious orders, or it is to be interpreted with generous latitude as a piece of oriental imagery. That phrase about turning the other cheek, for instance. Obviously it cannot be taken literally: therefore . . .

We ought surely to resist this whittling-down and mitigating tendency as much in ethics as we do in dogma. Yet we seem to do so far less. Sometimes, I think, we even encourage our people, at least by tacit consent, in lowering the Gospel standard to meet their own ideas of what is possible instead of screwing themselves up to an immovably fixed standard. In any case they (and we) will be constantly falling short of the standard; but there will be less danger of falling seriously short the more clearly we see the standard and the more explicitly we admit it. The important thing is to get the *theory* clear to begin with—the theory that poverty, humility and self-abnegation are good things for everybody and better than their opposites for everybody, and actually indispensable to every Christian, though everybody cannot practise them in the same way and to the same extent. It is this theory alone, together with the two-fold precept of charity, which makes Gospel ethics specifically different from natural ethics; and as soon as this theory is lost sight of, moral behaviour inevitably sinks back to a purely natural level. Then you have the strange and unedifying spectacle of people believing and worshipping on Sunday as Christians, and then going home and behaving all the week as more or less respectable pagans. What has in fact happened is that by seeking a mitigated Christianity they have emptied Christianity of its contents, leaving only the outward shell. They have supposed that there was one sort of poverty, humility, and so forth, for one class of Christians, and quite another sort for another class (instead of the same sort for everybody, though exercised in different ways); and the result of this supposition is that the sort they regard as applicable to themselves turns out not to be Christian poverty or humility at all. The grace-given virtues of the Gospel, being rooted in God's immensity, are distinguished by an absoluteness and an absence of reserve or limit quite foreign to the natural virtues, which Aristotle represents throughout as means between extremes. . . . A stockbroker, if he is a Christian, must practise Christian poverty just as truly as a Poor Clare must: only it will be in a different way. There was once a Lord Chancellor of England who practised it much more perfectly than some of the monks of his day. And there is exactly the same *standard* of Christian humility and obedience for the archbishop and the crossing-sweeper, however different its manifestation. The only standard we have in all these things is that which was laid down once for all in our Lord's teaching and exemplified in His life and passion.

—Rev. Basil Wrighton, in *The Clergy Review* (London), March.

# Recent Events

## Calles Exiled from Mexico

Early in April General Plutarco Elias Calles, former President of Mexico, together with the former Ministers of Industry and Commerce, and of Agriculture, with several other former officials, were arrested and transported by airplane to Brownsville, Texas. The Government in power issues the statement that this drastic action was in "consequence of threats to the public welfare." One accusation was that this group had been guilty of dynamiting a train a few days before in which nine persons were killed.

Calles had been the real power in Mexico for over ten years. He was President from 1924 to 1928. Calles and his associates sent a signed statement to *The New York Times* in which they charged the Mexican Government with having the desire "to socialize the machinery of production, disregarding the private property rights that guarantee our institutions, and to establish a collective system in agriculture similar to the Russian system. We repudiate communism," continued the former President, "as we consider it not adaptable to our country and because the Mexican people refuse to accept it."

The following day Calles made another statement to the Associated Press, in which he said that the country was in a chaotic condition and that there were hundreds of strikes all through Mexico. Our Immigration Bureau has given permission to General Calles to remain in the United States as a visitor for one year.

Meanwhile, on the surface, religious conditions have improved. Since the end of March hundreds of churches have been reopened, although there have been no changes in Federal or State religious laws, and although the churches and all other religious property are constitutionally owned by the Government and administered by the Ministry of Finance.

From Catholic sources as well as from Calles it is reported that many sections of the country are in rebellion and the Government forces are having difficulty controlling the outbreaks in some places.

## Meeting of the Catholic Educational Association

The thirty-third annual meeting of the National Catholic Educational Association was held in New York during Easter week, opening with a Pontifical Mass in St. Patrick's Cathedral on April 14th, at which His Eminence, Patrick Cardinal Hayes presided. The Mass was celebrated by the Most Rev. Francis Howard, D.D., Bishop of Covington, Ky., who is President General of the Association. The sermon was preached by the Most Rev. John B. Peterson, Bishop of Manchester, N. H. That evening the annual dinner of the Association took place with the Cardinal again presiding and Msgr. Michael J. Lavelle, Rector of St. Patrick's Cathedral, acting as toastmaster. The

principal speakers were the Rev. Dr. George Johnson of the Catholic University and Secretary General of the N. C. E. A., and the Rev. Edmund A. Walsh, S.J., Regent of the Foreign Service School of Georgetown University.

Dr. Johnson spoke of the injustice done the millions of Catholics in this country by the fact that public funds are used only for schools from which all religious instruction is barred, and that therefore Catholics are bearing the double burden of paying taxes and supporting their own schools. There were two million Catholic children not in Catholic schools, he said, because funds were not available to equip schools to which they should go. Dr. Johnson dwelt at length on the proposal so often advanced to establish a Federal department of education, and showed conclusively the grievous harm that would result.

The program during the days of the sessions covered virtually all phases of education: seminaries, major and preparatory, colleges for men and women, secondary schools and parish elementary schools. A special section on two days was devoted to the educational problems of the blind. Musical education was discussed in several sectional meetings. A procession and Solemn Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament in the Cathedral closed the Convention on Thursday afternoon.

### President Zamora Forced Out of Office

By an overwhelming vote in the Cortes, Niceto Alcala Zamora, President of the Second Republic, was forced out of office during the first week of April. Only five votes were cast in his favor. The Right delegates did not vote. They professed to see in the ousting of the President an indication of the instability of the Republic. The Cabinet of Premier Azaña, in power since the elections of last February, remained in office.

Zamora was the first President elected after the abdication of King Alfonso XIII. in April, 1931. He resigned after six months as a protest against the action of the Constitutional Assembly which decreed the separation of Church and State, but was reëlected in December, 1931.

### New Rector of the Catholic University

Last November the Most Rev. James H. Ryan, S.T.D., left the Catholic University to assume his new duties as Bishop of Omaha, Nebr., and Msgr. Patrick J. McCormick, head of the Department of Education, became acting rector. It was announced early in April that the Holy See had named the Right Rev. Msgr. Joseph M. Corrigan, D.D., Rector and professor of Pastoral Theology of St. Charles' Seminary in the Archdiocese of Philadelphia, to be the new Rector of the Catholic University in Washington. Msgr. Corrigan comes to his distinguished position after years of brilliant achievement as a scholar and an educator. Since 1918 he has been on the staff of St. Charles' Seminary, first as a professor, and since the fall of 1925, as Rector.

Monsignor Corrigan was born in Philadelphia and entered the Seminary at Overbrook but was sent to the North American College in Rome where he completed his seminary course and received the Doctorate.

He was ordained in the Church of St. John Lateran in 1903. After several years in parochial work in Philadelphia, Dr. Corrigan was appointed Director of Catholic Charities. The Philadelphia Laymen's Week-end Retreat League, better known as the "Men of Malvern," is another worthy activity in which he has been vitally interested; he was its first retreat master.

Monsignor Corrigan holds honorary degrees from Villanova College and from Duquesne University. Pope Pius created him a Domestic Prelate in 1929, with the title of Right Reverend Monsignor. THE CATHOLIC WORLD extends felicitations to the new Rector of the Catholic University and wishes for him many years of successful administration of this important position.

### LÆTARE MEDAL AWARD

THE annual award called the Lætare Medal was made by the University of Notre Dame, Ind., to Richard Reid of Georgia on the fourth Sunday of Lent. This award was inaugurated over fifty years ago by the founder of the University, the Very Rev. Edward Sorin, C.S.C. It is given as a recognition of merit to men and women of the laity.

The work of Mr. Reid in the field of Catholic Action has been well known for years. A native of Massachusetts, he went South early in life and is now a practicing lawyer in Augusta, Ga. The Catholic Laymen's Association of Georgia was founded in 1916 to counteract religious prejudice and intolerance, and "to bring about a friendlier feeling among Georgians, irrespective of creed." Mr. Reid has been intensely interested in the splendid work of this organization for many years and has been editor of its periodical *The Bulletin*. They began by a quiet campaign of polite and courteous letters to any newspaper or other publication in the State printing anything misrepresenting the Church. Keeping at this persistently they brought about the desired result: all the reputable papers in Georgia are careful to print only the truth on Catholic subjects.

Mr. Reid had had experience on two Augusta papers before assuming the editorship of *The Bulletin*, and he has also contributed to several other Catholic magazines, including THE CATHOLIC WORLD. He is a member of the Executive Board of the National Council of Catholic Men. Our sincere congratulations go to him now on receiving this well-deserved honor.

### BISHOP WALSH OF MARYKNOLL

THE Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America lost its Founder and Superior General on April 14th. After an illness of several months, the Most Rev. James Anthony Walsh, M.M., D.D., Titular Bishop of Siene, Egypt, died at Maryknoll, N. Y. The work of Bishop Walsh and his Society surpasses anything in the annals of the Church in this country, in the rapidity and enthusiasm with which it has grown since its humble beginning merely twenty-five years ago.

Bishop Walsh was a priest of the Archdiocese of Boston where he was ordained in 1892. He learned to love the foreign mission work and was the zealous director of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith in Boston from 1903 to 1911.

It was during this period, in 1907, that he began, with the assistance of other priests, a magazine, *The Field Afar*, later to become so well known as the official publication of the Maryknoll Society.

During the International Eucharistic Congress at Montreal in 1910, Father Walsh met the Rev. Thomas Frederick Price of Wilmington, N. C., and together they laid plans for an American Society devoted to work in the foreign field. They established themselves at Hawthorne, N. Y., in 1911, but a little later secured the present property which they named Maryknoll. The following year a small group of Sisters was organized to help. By 1918 the Society was ready to send its first missionaries to the Orient. An area in South China had been assigned them and Father Price led the first group. He died there a year later.

On the twenty-second anniversary of his Society's foundation, June 29, 1933, Father Walsh was consecrated a Bishop in the College of the Propaganda in Rome. Seven months ago he, in turn, raised his first pupil to the episcopate when he consecrated the Most Rev. Francis X. Ford, M.M., at Maryknoll. Meanwhile the Society had been growing both in this country and in the Field Afar.

There are at the present time 165 Maryknoll priests and Brothers in the foreign missions, and over 200 Sisters. They are in South China, Manchukuo, Korea, Japan, Philippine Islands and Hawaii. In this country the Sisters have large schools for Japanese children in Seattle and Los Angeles. Some years ago a selected group of the Sisters at Maryknoll formed a cloistered community to pray for the work of the missions. Preparatory houses of study are maintained in several cities across the country from Boston to San Francisco. The present enrollment of the Society is 539 priests, Brothers and students, and 511 Sisters.

The funeral services for Bishop Walsh were conducted in St. Patrick's Cathedral, where the Office of the Dead was chanted on the evening of April 16th, and the following morning, the Solemn Mass of Requiem was celebrated by Archbishop Edward A. Mooney, D.D., former Apostolic Delegate to India and to Japan, and now Bishop of Rochester, N. Y. The sermon was preached by the Most Rev. John T. McNicholas, O.P., S.T.M., Archbishop of Cincinnati.

May the soul of this devoted and zealous Missionary Bishop rest in peace!

# Our Contributors

LAWRENCE LUCEY ("Housing and Crime"), a new contributor, describes himself as a "lawyer who writes for periodicals." He graduated from Fordham University with a B.S. degree and the Jouin-Moody ethics medal and after two years at Fordham Law School, was admitted to the New York Bar in 1935. That he is a young man with something to say for himself is proven by the fact that he has already had articles published in *Thought*, *The Sign*, *America* and *The Commonweal*. Mr. Lucey was born in Brooklyn where he still makes his home.

INVESTIGATION of Communist activities with a view to exposing and combatting them, has become the lifework of G. M. GODDEN ("New Communist Attack on Youth") to whom we are indebted for several illuminating articles on the subject. The present account of the London Youth Congress is written from personal observation. This writer is well known in English and Irish Catholic magazines and is the author of *The Communist Attack on Great Britain*, published last year by Burns, Oates & Washbourne.

An occasional contributor, MRS. GRACE IRENE CARROLL ("The Mistress o' Kerrydale"), tells us that the last story she wrote for us, in the September issue, has been the subject of much favorable comment in Middletown, Conn., where she lives.

RANDOM pages from his personal day book, make up ALAN DEVOE'S present article, "From a Naturalist's Notebook." Mr. Devoe makes "apology for a certain looseness in their linking," but to us that is an intrinsic part of the charm. He is a delightful essayist who has endeared himself to our readers during the last year or so.

AFTER preparatory studies at St. Joseph's Seminary, Grand Rapids, Basselin College, Washington, D. C., and St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, REV. FREDERICK J. MAYNARD ("Ritualists in the London Slums") was ordained three years ago. He is an ex-editor of the Sulpician magazine, *The Voice*, and at present is Professor of English at St. Charles' College, Catonsville, Md. This is his first appearance in THE CATHOLIC WORLD.

IN "Radical Poets: Old Style—New Style," ELEANOR GRACE CLARK, PH.D., writes on a challenging subject, and one on which Catholics ought to have an informed opinion. A convert to the Faith, she was formerly associate professor of English at Bryn Mawr College and is now assistant professor of the same subject at Hunter College. Dr. Clark was honored last year by an invitation to a year's lectureship at the University of Edinburgh, the first American woman who has ever lectured there. She is a contributor to many learned periodicals, devotes much of her time to research in the field of Elizabethan Drama and has just completed a two-volume study of the *Social and Political Backgrounds of the Drama*, soon to be published. Dr. Clark will be re-

membered as the author of "Mr. Strachey's Biographical Method" in our May, 1929, number.

OUR readers have known REV. HUGH F. BLUNT, LL.D., these many years. In the preparation of "Fanny Parnell: Poet and Patriot," Dr. Blunt had access to the only complete file of the Boston *Pilot* in existence, that in the archives of the Boston Archdiocese. He confesses himself "really thrilled to know Fanny Parnell," a feeling his readers will no doubt share with him.

IT is as a poet that we know JOHN BUNKER best, but he should have something to say on "The Humors of Advertising," having been engaged in that business in his native Cincinnati for many years and being also blessed with a sense of humor. Mr. Bunker published a volume of poetry in 1919, *Shining Fields and Dark Towers*, is represented in many poetry anthologies and has written for *Scribner's*, *The Bookman*, etc.

MAY CALHOUN is the pseudonym of an Ursuline nun who holds her B.A. from Loyola University, New Orleans, and who is at present a teacher in the Ursuline Academy in San Antonio, Tex. While she has been writing for only two years, her work has already been accepted by *The Sign*, *The Ave Maria*, *Pax* and other Catholic periodicals. "The Mantle of Elias" introduces her to our pages.

IN spite of the fact that we have so much about poets in this month of May, we have still a goodly number of original poems. C. F.'s "When You Come Back To-day" expresses beautifully the thoughts of an American student at the Gregorian University during his first Christmas in Rome, sentiments which must be uppermost in many minds. MOTHER ST. JEROME'S "Resurgence" has the spiritual insight together with the word-music that distinguishes all the poems she has given us through the years. GERTRUDE JANE (MRS. L. A.) CODD ("Beauty's Pain") is secretary and one of the founders of the Washington Catholic Poetry Society, a flourishing unit of the Catholic Poetry Society of America, whose fifth birthday we celebrate in another Department this month; her poems have been published in *Spirit*, *The Ave Maria*, *The Commonweal* and other periodicals. MAURICE V. REIDY, an Irishman living now in London but formerly in New York and the author of many books, has a subject worthy of his talent in "Father Damien." CRISTEL HASTINGS sings of the "Spring Wind" rather than the briny deep, her usual inspiration, but even so it is a wind on its way to the sea.

# New Books

**The Rise of the Spanish Empire in the Old World and in the New. Vol. IV. By Roger Bigelow Merriman.—Manuscripts and Memories. By Rev. Michael Earls, S.J.—The Pilgrim's Regress. By C. E. Lewis.—The Education of Chaucer. By George A. Plimpton.—The Cloister and the World. By Ida Friederike Coudenhove.—Abram S. Hewitt: With Some Account of Peter Cooper. By Allan Nevins.—The Hoover Administration. By William Starr Myers and Walter H. Newton.—The Oxford Dictionary of English Proverbs. Compiled by William George Smith.—Lent and the Mass. By Rev. John J. Burke, C.S.P., S.T.D.—The United States in World Affairs, 1934-1935. By Whitney H. Shepardson and William O. Scroggs.—Von Hügel and the Supernatural. By A. Hazard Dakin, Jr., Ph.D.—Revolution and Freemasonry, 1680-1800. By Bernard Fay.—Portrait of a Family. By Eleanor Farjeon.—The Hurricane. By Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall.—French Novelists of Today. By Milton H. Stansbury.—The Christ-Life Series in Religion. By Dom Virgil Michel, O.S.B., Dom Basil Stegmann, O.S.B., and the Sisters of the Order of St. Dominic.—Shorter Notices.—Pamphlet Publications.**

**The Rise of the Spanish Empire in the Old World and in the New. Vol. IV.: Philip the Prudent. By Roger Bigelow Merriman. New York: The Macmillan Co. $7.50.**

This is an important book. The distinguished character and scholarship of the author, whose labor on this volume alone extended over nine years, and the fact that it is the only solid account of Philip II. and his long reign to appear in our language since the shorter appraisal by Major Hume in 1897, make it a work that no serious student of the sixteenth century can afford to overlook; to say nothing of its eminently readable qualities. And yet, much as we are indebted to Professor Merriman's erudition and his evident good will (his frequent reference to von Pastor indicates his desire to be accurate on controversial matters having to do with the Faith), the book is a reminder of the vast research that Catholics have still to undertake before their record is set completely straight. For the present work, with all its merits, remains essentially a Protestant version.

Professor Merriman rightly places at the head of his list of contemporary sources the four monumental tomes of Cabrera de Córdoba, of whom he says (p. 73), "His book is indispensable, and any serious historian of the reign must have it constantly by his side." However, there is considerable evidence that Professor Merriman's glance was sometimes diverted, with no good effect, to the more remote conclusions of later "authorities," some of them far from impartial. He tells us, for example, on page 38, that Philip never saw his half-imbecile son Don Carlos after he imprisoned the Prince, even when the latter was dying; whereas Cabrera plainly states (I., 589) that the King, warned that his presence might seriously disturb the erratic boy in his last moments, went secretly to bestow his blessing on him hidden behind two friends. There is an even worse omission in the account of the cure of Don Carlos after the fall which completed the wreck of his poor brain. "*The measure of Philip's superstition and ignorance*," writes Professor Merri-

man, "is revealed by the fact that he insisted on attributing his son's survival to the miraculous healing powers of the corpse of the cook of a Franciscan convent, long since dead, which was placed in bed beside the fever-stricken body of the Infante [*sic*]." This does sound a little odd, even to us of the fold. But, passing over the slip in calling Carlos the Infante (a term never applied to the heir-apparent), we have here an example of a vulgar misconception from which not even the Catholic Mrs. Yeo (*Cf. Don John of Austria*, page 62) is free.

It is unfortunate that Mr. Merriman did not open the third volume in his indispensable source to find out who the Franciscan cook was whose "corpse" was placed in bed with the Prince. For the tireless Cabrera devotes no less than five pages (III., 360-365) to an enthusiastic account of the canonization by Pope Sixtus V. of "Fray Diego of Alcala." No mere cook was he. San Diego, California, was named after him, and he is venerated today by the universal Church on November 13th under the Latin name of St. Didacus. Professor Merriman attributes the recovery of Don Carlos to a skillful trepanning operation. But his indispensable Cabrera tells us (I., 348) that the Prince was believed to be dead, and was *en el último trance* when the relics of the blessed Fray Diego were brought from a nearby shrine, built in his honor a century before by Henry IV. in gratitude for a miraculous cure, and applied to the patient (*y puesto sobre el Príncipe casi defunto*). The King, the Prince, and the whole court were convinced that Carlos had been cured by the saint and not by the operation. Philip, who asked for the canonization of Fray Diego, lived to see his request magnificently granted. If he was "superstitious and ignorant" in this matter, so is the Church Catholic.

In this volume, as in his third, Professor Merriman relies for information about the Spanish Inquisition almost exclusively on the researches of the biased and unreliable Lea. The danger to Spain and to the Faith from the Moriscoes and the Marranos is considerably underestimated. There is hardly a hint in this whole volume of the enormous and highly successful political activities of Jews and crypto-Jews in all parts of Europe during the century following their expulsion from the Iberian peninsula. Their connection with early Protestantism is highly interesting, as Rabbi Newman, for example, has pointed out; and Cabrera himself noted the fact. They were invaluable links between the enemies of the Church in England, France and the Low Countries and those in Venice and the East; indeed, with the connivance of William of Orange they directly engineered that dire naval attack which might have ruined Christendom in 1571 but for the efforts of Philip II., Don Juan of Austria, and St. Pius V. Their connection with Lepanto has been noted by the Jewish historian Graetz and the Catholic von Pastor. Why such unrealistic treatment of an important phase in Cambridge, Mass.? Professor Merriman might have got a more complete view of his subject had he made use of the *Geschichte* of Graetz and of the invaluable source material published by the Jewish Historical Society of England and the *Revue des Études Juives*.

His brief version of the "Spanish

Fury" at Antwerp hardly frees the reader from the Protestant myth that emphasizes the brutality of Philip's soldiers, falling on defenseless civilians to butcher them. He might have cited Cabrera's explanation (II., 303) that the Spanish were greatly outnumbered by the troops in the city, and that the real provocation came not from Spaniards, but from Germans. He mentions the rejoicings at Rome over the massacre of St. Bartholomew's Eve and gives a reference to von Pastor, without, however, mentioning the Pope's misunderstanding, which von Pastor explains.

Nor is Professor Merriman more happy in some of his characterizations. Philip's ancestry, he says, was "predominantly Iberian," for "his father was half-Spanish, his mother half-Spanish and half-Portuguese." Is it unimportant that even the Spanish and Portuguese ancestors of this blond King of rather Germanic type were descended, on both sides, from the English House of Lancaster? And surely this is a sweeping generalization (page 650) anent Philip's cooling esteem for his great general, Alexander Farnese: "Judged by modern standards at least, it was the servant who was always right, and the master who was invariably wrong. The worst of all Philip's faults was his intolerance, political as well as religious." Well, Cabrera speaks of financial irregularities and waste by Parma's officers at a time when Philip was desperately short of money; also of the fact that the Duke was an Italian, with no estates in Spain, and therefore not easy to keep in hand. But even if we grant that Philip's conduct toward Farnese was indefensible, and there is much to be said for that view, there remains a long list of State servants whom he rewarded generously, even though some made blunders enough. For the Duke of Medina Sidonia, who lost the Armada, he had not a word of reproach. His distrust of his great bastard brother, which so scandalizes some modern historians, seems justified by the character and actions of Don John himself. The fact is that this gallant soldier and charming lover was a complete failure as a general. The strategy at Lepanto was the plan of the old sea-dog Doria, for whom the historians have so little praise; and John's great land victory at Gemblours was won for him by the superb tactics of Alexander Farnese. When Philip ordered his rash brother not to attempt to hold Tunis, he knew the danger better than John did; but the young admiral deliberately disobeyed orders, and his stupid vanity cost the lives of thousands of his master's best soldiers. No modern general guilty of so flagrant a breach could hope to escape a court-martial, and in time of war perhaps a firing squad; but the dashing John, neurotic, unstable, was forgiven and promoted. Other examples could be given.

In spite of all this, and more that could be cited, we have here a volume full of most interesting material, with detailed and voluminous references and bibliographies that will be of the greatest use to any student; and all bearing evidence of a magnanimous and sincere personality. The author has vindicated Philip from several of the most ridiculous charges against him: his alleged cruelty, for example, to his own son and to others; and if he has not given us the real Philip, the complete Philip as he is known and

still loved in the Spain for which he exhausted himself, he has surely come nearer to the truth than any other person heretofore writing in English. He has clung irritatingly, but no doubt unconsciously, to prejudices of the English Protestant tradition, some of them refuted by facts he cites elsewhere in this volume. But even if space permitted the catalogue of all his lapses, one could still write of him what he wrote of Cabrera: "His book is indispensable, and any serious historian of the reign must have it constantly at his side." W. T. W.

**Manuscripts and Memories.** Chapters in Our Literary Tradition. By Rev. Michael Earls, S.J. Milwaukee: The Bruce Publishing Co. $2.35.

What a galaxy of portraits the kindly Jesuit poet, Father Earls, paints for us in these fascinating memories! Charles Warren Stoddard, the genial poet of the South Seas, brimming over with tales of his friends Stevenson, Mark Twain, Bret Harte and Joaquin Miller; Maurice Francis Egan, University professor and minister to Denmark, the sincere book-lover and perfect sonneteer, who encouraged many a young literary aspirant on his journey to Parnassus; Father Hudson of Notre Dame, the beloved editor of the *Ave Maria*, who opened its pages to many an unknown Catholic writer since famous; Father Tabb of St. Charles, the eccentric master poet of the quatrain; Charles Fairbanks, author of *My Unknown Chum;* Paschal Robinson of the *North American Review*, the scholarly Archbishop, who has given the world many an able sketch of St. Francis, St. Clare and Brother Giles; Louise Imogen Guiney, gentle of character, erudite of mind, generous of heart, the writer of inimitable letters, and exquisite poetry; Katherine Conway, editor of the *Pilot*, with James Jeffrey Roche; Mary T. Waggaman, whose stories have appealed to countless boys and girls — these are but a few of the men and women Father Earls pictures for us in their lives and work.

We who knew well Stoddard, Egan, Father Tabb and Father Hudson can testify to the accuracy of these portraits. Every reader of this delightful book will, we are confident, be grateful to the author for the pleasurable hours spent in the company of his old-time friends. B. L. C.

**The Pilgrim's Regress.** An Allegorical Apology for Christianity, Reason and Romanticism. By C. E. Lewis. New York: Sheed & Ward. $2.25.

This brilliantly written volume is a caustic, devastating critique of modern philosophy, religion, politics and art; a clear-cut, logical and effective apologia of reason and the Christian faith. The allegorical setting—a difficult *genre* at best—is inimitably drawn, driving home its every point with consummate skill.

John, the hero of this pilgrimage from darkness to light, is brought up in Puritania, "where men fear God more than they love Him, and fear hell more than God." Such a "Landlord" cannot be obeyed and loved, but John feels instinctively a strong desire to find the real "Island" where the true Landlord lives and reigns supreme.

The quest for the Island brings him into strange lands and cities: Zeitgeistheim, the unbelieving land of the spirit of the age; Claptrap

town, the home of bunkum; Eschropolis, the city of Freudian orgiastic parties of sensuous simpletons; Cruelland, where Giant Savage breeds a race of Fascist, Swastican, and Marxian dwarfs who would bring the world to ruin by violence, etc. It brings him in contact with strange, illogical, and harmful theorists: humanists, classicists, neo-Anglicans, broad-churchmen, hedonists, hegelians, monists, etc.

Briefly, but to the point, John discusses the fundamentals of reason and faith with History, Virtue, Reason and Mother Kirk; points out the inability of mammon, lust, and false philosophies to satisfy the human soul; shows clearly man's longing for God's truth and love.

At times the author's language is crudely realistic, but that is pardonable when we realize the character of the men towards whom his burning satire is directed. We have rarely read a book we so thoroughly enjoyed. We are convinced that the author too enjoyed the writing of every line. B. L. C.

**The Education of Chaucer.** By George A. Plimpton. New York: The Oxford University Press. $2.00.

Mr. Plimpton, who is a director of one of our largest textbook publishing firms, makes his hobby the collection of books used in education. Upon this he drew in his *Education of Chaucer*. Upon it he draws again in the present volume.

In the case of Shakespeare, since printed material was available, he was able to exhibit copies of the primers that were actually used during the sixteenth century. This time he is able only to instance fifteenth-century MSS. of the works with which we know Chaucer to have been acquainted. He throws no new light upon the works themselves—a subject which has already been thoroughly investigated—but it is fascinating to see facsimiles of MSS. like the ones from which Chaucer studied, but which in no single case could have been the MS. the young student had before him. Chaucer alludes to St. Isidore of Seville's *Etymologies*, and Mr. Plimpton points with pride to a thirteenth-century copy of this work in his possession. So with Vergil, Ovid, Statius and the rest. Mr. Plimpton's most important document for the Chaucerian scholar is a MS. of the *Astrolabe* with which Skeat was unacquainted. It is now in his collection and was used by Professor Robinson in the Students' Cambridge Edition of Chaucer's Works.

The numerous plates are the most valuable part of this book—these and the lists of Biblical and mythological characters mentioned by the poet. The comments are somewhat naïve and now and then misinformed. Thus the "Prioress's Tale" is not even "possibly" about little St. Hugh of Lincoln, for the story is laid in Asia Minor. Much worse is the remark, "The Parson bears a very close resemblance to Wycliffe, and in one place is called a Lollard." The resemblance begins and ends with the fact that both Wycliffe and the Parson were country priests. The reference to Lollardry was only a joke. If Mr. Plimpton doubts this, let him read again the "Parson's Tale." This is as orthodox as Chaucer himself. Is it not rather late in the day to try to insinuate as fact what has been so often thoroughly disproved?

But despite such blemishes the book will be of interest to scholars. The generous display of Mr. Plimp-

ton's treasury of medieval schoolbooks puts us permanently in his debt. T. M.

**The Cloister and the World.** By Ida Friederike Coudenhove. New York: Sheed & Ward. $1.50.

Again Ida Coudenhove presents us with a serious, well thought out contribution to a spiritual issue of acute interest to numberless souls, at the present time,—"this question of the Cloister and the World." Without attempting to treat the subject completely, she undertakes merely to throw a certain amount of light on it from three separate points of view, and to help three different types of person, a young girl who wants to enter the convent, a nun on the eve of her profession, and a girl who after a testing in a religious novitiate, is about to begin a spiritual life in the world.

As a contribution towards the enlightenment of those three different types, the book contains a great deal of material not easily found elsewhere, and calculated to be of no little value to those for whom it is intended. As always, the author is actual, honest, tolerant, penetrating. She keeps in mind the fact that selfish impulses are active even in the souls of those who have abandoned the world to consecrate themselves to the pursuit of perfection in the cloister. Also, she realizes that the vocation to holiness in the world is not only real, but is common rather than exceptional. On this account, more than for any other reason, the book will be of practical help to many a soul.

With regard to the divine beauty of the lofty ideals which attract souls to the religious life and the fact that even these souls are still subject to the weakness and temptations of ordinary human nature, so much has been said already that there is no pressing need for new literature on the subject. But carefully thought out and well written discussion of the lay vocation to personal holiness is not so plentifully supplied. Thoughts like those which strew these pages may therefore, with great profit, be widely circulated. J. McS.

**Abram S. Hewitt: With Some Account of Peter Cooper.** By Allan Nevins. New York: Harper & Bros. $4.00.

In a time when so much of biography is nothing more or less than disguised yellow journalism, a jackdaw tricked out in peacock's feathers, it is with relief and pleasure that one greets a new book by that sure and sincere artist, Allan Nevins. This one is among his best. The lives of Cooper and Hewitt were so intertwined in fact that they cannot be disentangled in literature. Primarily the biography is of Hewitt, whose work stretched into so many fields beside the original one of industrial pioneer and magnate. The long life of Cooper, his father-in-law, can on the contrary be summed up in two words: industrial pioneer and true philanthropist. The word "philanthropist" is misused to mean a mere money-giver, but the dictionary defines it as something far greater, "a lover of mankind."

Hewitt's activities were so varied and so important that no such sentence can sum him up. It would be absurd to try to compress a summary of them into this brief space. Mr. Nevins treats them all with his usual adequacy, adequacy both in proportion and in judgment. Two or three of the side lights his book

throws on the historic events in which Hewitt played so large a part should, however, be mentioned. For one, Hewitt's rush to the rescue of the future Tammany boss, Croker, when he was arrested on a murder charge, is always merely noted without explanation, and seems queer. The reason was that Croker was one of Hewitt's chief lieutenants in the latter's campaign for Congress, and was engaged in working for his election when the victim, an anti-Hewitt leader, was shot.

For another, after the Tweed Ring was destroyed, the men who created what Mr. Nevins accurately calls "a new and temporarily honest Tammany Hall" were Hewitt, his brother-in-law Edward Cooper, Tilden, John Kelly (the new boss), and, oddly, the pugilist John Morrissey. It is usually said that Theodore Roosevelt was the first to enforce sabbatarian laws with the purpose of making them odious, but it was Hewitt, Mayor of New York eight years before Roosevelt became Police Commissioner, who actually did so. Similar illuminations are cast on Hewitt's appearances on the national stage, in this most valuable book.

C. W. T.

**The Hoover Administration. A Documented Narrative. By William Starr Myers and Walter H. Newton. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.50.**

One of the authors of this volume is a professional historian; the other is a politician. As they inform us in the Preface, they had at their disposal the whole of Mr. Hoover's "files, diaries and information." The book is constructed in the form of a chronological narrative of events, some things day by day and some things at long intervals. For example, page 89 presents entries for June 12th, 13th and 15th; page 39 records items under the head of June 19th, 30th and July 1st.

Part I. contains twenty chapters, dealing almost entirely with the depression. The six chapters in Part II. describe Mr. Hoover's activities in "The Normal Tasks of the Administration." They also comprise extracts from his campaign speeches in 1932 and a brief description of his Cabinet and the activities of its various members.

Just how this narrative and the comments of the authors will strike an impartial reader half a century hence is an interesting question, but also an idle one at the present time. The authors make no attempt to conceal their almost unlimited admiration for and their complete faith in their subject. Apparently he never made a mistake. They go so far as to accept Mr. Hoover's naïve view, or obsession, that the depression had come to an end in July, 1932, and that the upward movement of business which began in that month would have gone on indefinitely and at constantly accelerating pace if Roosevelt had not been elected President. They also subscribe to Mr. Hoover's opinion that the collapse of the banks in March, 1933, was due to the fears of the people concerning policies that might be adopted by the President-elect. In connection with the first of these extraordinary positions, they ignore the fact that the downward swing of business began fully two weeks before election day, November, 1932, and that the history of the months immediately preceding the election discloses no such popular fears as they and Mr. Hoover have tried to place in the

realm of facts. With regard to the banking situation, the authors and their hero likewise ignore the fact and its implications that thousands of banks had failed in the last two years of the Hoover Administration before anyone had begun to have any "fears" about the election of Mr. Roosevelt. Moreover, the general attitude of people between the election and the inauguration was one of hope and confidence. This, too, was a matter of history.

The truth about the Hoover Administration seems to be that it was directed by one who meant well, who had an enormous and obstinate faith in his own ideas, but who was handicapped by severe limitations both of knowledge and capacity.

J. A. R.

**The Oxford Dictionary of English Proverbs.** Compiled by William George Smith. With an Introduction and Index by Janet E. Heseltine. New York: Oxford University Press. $6.50.

Proverbs have occupied a notable place in English and American literature, from John Heywood's *Dialogues* in 1646, to *Apperson's English Proverbs and Proverbial Phases* in 1929, a book by the way, which is one of the most elaborate and useful of all and has been employed to some extent in the preparation of the present volume.

The material for this dictionary was compiled and edited by Mr. Smith after a life-long study of English proverbs. Because of his ill health, the work was finished by Mrs. J. E. Heseltine, who contributes a scholarly introduction and a complete index. The compiler has used the *Oxford English Dictionary* both as model and as source of information; and he appends illustrative quotations in chronological order to each proverb, making it his chief business to find the earliest form of familiar maxims rather than to trace their use through the centuries.

Naturally, Mr. Smith sometimes falls short of his high aim. For example, he does not name the famous *Nitimur in vetitum* as the early ancestor of "Forbid a thing, and that we will do." In a collection of this size, however, one must allow a reasonable margin for human limitations.

In the present volume the proverbs are arranged in alphabetical order according to the first word of the sentence, and to make things easier for the reader, there is an index of the main words in each with a certain number of subject headings under which different classes of sayings can be found. Inevitably there is occasional duplication, but this happens rather infrequently, and after all, one must remember that the present collection contains 10,000 proverbs.

Mrs. Heseltine's well-informed essay on the use of proverbs in English literature, with its vastly interesting illustrations from different periods, shows us proverbs climbing to an astonishing popularity in the Elizabethan age and then declining, until the present day, when the use of them seems to be regarded almost as a solecism.

J. McS.

**Lent and the Mass.** By Rev. John J. Burke, C.S.P., S.T.D. New York: Benziger Bros. $1.50.

The spirit of the liturgy cuts deep. These meditations sound relentlessly its soul-searching depths. "The Christian must undertake a man's—not a child's work." The

"venerable mystery" of fasting (or its inescapable external equivalent) has a sacramental character demanding an inner grace of practical self-denial in all the multitudinous relations of daily life.

Nevertheless, this book shows the Lenten purple as the kingly garment of "power through penance" —the power of Jesus Christ, "the Mercy of God, leading men back from the moment of the fall to this moment and through all future ages to what man should be."

"Living Mercy," extending "pardon to everyone who repents," is the "consoling and triumphant" dominant that threads together, in the synthesis of Redemption, all the variant themes of the daily Proper of the Mass for the Sundays and ferias of Lent. It dominates, evidently, the thought of the author of these meditations. Although the text of the liturgy for each day is woven freely into the fabric of its meditation, giving to each special color and texture, the larger dominant theme of the fullness of Redemption absorbs, unites and directs them all. One senses this best if, following the suggestion of the Foreword, one reads the commentaries both before and after participating in the sacred liturgy of the Mass.

As the February choice of the Spiritual Book Associates, Father Burke's book should have a wide reading and do much to deepen spiritual evaluation.

It depicts the strength of humility and the manliness of meekness. It finds comfort for "the tears of the little one . . . and the agony of the mother who has lost her first-born in the Heart of Christ." It places "God's wisdom and strength and mercy, through the Humanity of Christ at the service of man." But it denies that one may "share in the suffering and death and triumph of Jesus Christ by simply being a believer, an onlooker, a witness." It asks of the Christian what the liturgy demands—"the courage of true love." M. G. H.

**The United States in World Affairs. An Account of American Foreign Relations, 1934-1935. By Whitney H. Shepardson in collaboration with William O. Scroggs. New York: Harper & Bros. $3.00 and $2.40.**

This volume is intended to be authoritative but "neither final nor complete." It contains thirteen chapters, three of which deal with various aspects of the money question, one with "the residuum of foreign debts," one with "the Reciprocity Trade Treaties," one with "the independence of the Philippines" and six with relations between various countries and the United States which have a more or less direct bearing upon international peace.

The contents of the volume are presented in a clear and interesting manner and the narration of events exhibits, on the whole, a high degree of objectivity. Occasionally, however, comments are introduced which are of doubtful wisdom and of questionable fairness. For example, on page 75, we are told that the Johnson Act, outlawing the sale of bonds in the United States by governments that have failed to pay their war debts, "like much of the New Deal legislation relating to finance, was vindictive — directed against bankers, whether government officials or private, who had held out false promises to the investor . . ." It does not seem neces-

sary to impute vindictiveness to the Johnson Act; the dragging in of the New Deal legislation is not only unnecessary but superfluous and gratuitous; moreover, the judgment pronounced upon it is unsupported by objective evidence. J. A. R.

**Von Hügel and the Supernatural.** By A. Hazard Dakin, Jr., Ph.D. New York: The Macmillan Co. $5.50.

The present book undertakes to examine the religious and philosophical teaching of Baron von Hügel with a view to making clear his conception of the Supernatural. The author studied his subject not only in the Baron's own writings, but also in books and articles written by many men of different points of view, including Dom Butler, Father D'Arcy, Rudolf Eucken, Gardner, Holland, Lester-Garland, Loisy, Montefiore, Petre, Rivière, Taylor, Thorold and Underhill. He has gone about his work in painstaking fashion and the reader will gain from these pages a general, if somewhat confused, notion of von Hügel's contribution to the philosophy of religion. Further than that in the way of commendation it is difficult to go.

The writings of Baron von Hügel are not easy to read, so that comparatively few people form an original judgment concerning his proper place as a teacher of religion. It is also true, however, that few nowadays venture to dissent from the high rating given him by capable critics of widely divergent schools of thought—for example, by Dr. Inge who called him "the ablest apologist for Christianity in our time," and by Archbishop Goodier, S.J., who said he was "the most original mind of our time in the field of the philosophy of religion."

This is mentioned here because it suggests that von Hügel's vogue is perhaps the explanation of why Dr. Dakin chose him as a subject of study, although he agrees with neither his philosophy nor his theology. In any event it is obvious that Dr. Dakin has not the familiarity with Catholic doctrine necessary for the understanding and exposition of von Hügel's concept of the Supernatural.

For many reasons von Hügel's writings have special need of a sympathetic interpreter, and that is precisely what Dr. Dakin is not; sometimes indeed, he is actually unkind. Moreover, it seems particularly unfortunate that so obscure a writer as the Baron should be discussed by a writer who himself lacks clarity of style. Not only are many passages difficult to understand, but often one is at a loss to know whether Dakin or von Hügel is speaking. On the whole, this book is much less satisfactory though much more elaborate than Lester-Garland's *The Religious Philosophy of Baron Friedrich von Hügel*. J. McS.

**Revolution and Freemasonry, 1680-1800.** By Bernard Fay. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $3.00.

Professor Fay has opened a mine of information concerning the birth and growth of Masonry, and carries us upon the crest of his smooth prose through years during which the structure of civilization was changing, and "progress" was abroad. Men were restless, seeking new ideas, and John Theophilus Desaguliers grafting new purposes onto the old Masonic craft sent modern Masonry upon its way. Of-

fering novelty, it drew to itself men of the most diverse ideas and intentions, and outliving ridicule, came in time to be a powerful force in the world of change. It welcomed the new and the speculative; when Deism was at full tide in England it riddled Masonry, and when the society was grafted upon the continent it assumed forms which led to the Grand Orient which in time became notorious. In England and America its history has remained less spectacular. It was taken up by the Whig interest, and in time almost every man of importance embraced it.

It is the author's contention that the power and influence of the Masons was the moving force behind the revolutions which stud this period. The Revolution of 1776, which most concerns us, he traces to them. That Washington, Franklin and many more prominent patriots were Masons is undisputed, and there is a strong probability that the society was not disinterested in the Boston Tea Party. But from these facts, and a dozen other interesting strands which M. Fay picks up, to the proof of his thesis is a long step. There were other causes and influences which must be given their due weight. Upon the evidence which he produces we must hold his point "non proven."

His failure to carry his point does not destroy the value of his book. There remain a mass of revealing testimony upon the development of this society and a commentary upon its origins. In addition there are valuable sidelights shed upon troublesome times, and many strings if not all are traced to the Freemasons. That the society was powerful, and that it contributed largely to the secular concept of the State, is clear. Professor Fay adds to our knowledge of the period which he discusses and gives us some fresh aspects from which to view figures usually seen in a more conventional light. B. M. O'R.

**Portrait of a Family.** By Eleanor Farjeon. New York: Frederick A. Stokes & Co. $3.00.

This is a book to read, and read again. In the endless cataract of new books from the presses, few volumes in its class might stand such a test.

From her father—gifted, charming, explosive — Eleanor Farjeon probably gets her vivid imagination, while from her mother, the bewitching daughter of *Rip Van Winkle*, Joe Jefferson, she inherits her dramatic power of projecting herself into the lives of other people. The story begins with the Jewish father, Ben Farjeon, and transports the reader from the slums of Whitechapel to Australian gold fields, to successful authorship in London, to marriage with Margaret Jefferson. Adventure in the Fifties is followed by Paradise in the Sixties, bringing Joe Jefferson into the foreground, narrating his early struggles, until, with the launching of *Rip Van Winkle* in London, magic was infused into the Jefferson name. It is in this section that the author tries to realize her dearest dream—"the youth of my mother, lovely Margaret Jefferson." "A Nursery in the Nineties" admits the reader to the inner sanctum of the four Farjeon children, Harry, Nellie, Joe and Bertie, a talented, united, devoted group. It was a nursery singularly free, in that age, from narrow conventions and warping hypocrisies. The group codified rules and exacted obedience, it

invented exciting, imaginative, secret games and played them for more than twenty years. These children were intimate with the best poetry, the finest opera, the acting of such stars as Irving and Terry, and these last were not giant suns, light years away, but friends of the nursery.

Eleanor Farjeon has transmuted documents, letters, journals and memoirs into a narrative of surpassing charm. M. C. M.

**The Hurricane.** By Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $2.50.

This is a stirring tale of the South Seas by Nordhoff and Hall, who tell in dramatic fashion of the destruction by hurricane of Manukura, one of the small islands of the Low Archipelago, which covers the Pacific from Tahiti to Pitcairn. The authors lived in Polynesia for fifteen years, and are therefore well qualified to give us a perfect picture of this interesting people. They have won praise the world over by their famous trilogy of the *Bounty: Mutiny on the Bounty; Men against the Sea;* and *Pitcairn's Island.*

The hero of the book is a typical native, Terangi, who is given six months in jail for defending himself against a drunken English politician in a Tahiti tavern. Smarting under the injustice of his sentence, he makes his escape, but is betrayed by Tahitians eager for the promised government reward. Time and time again he escapes and is recaptured, until his sentence reaches a maximum of sixteen years. In his final get-away he kills a guard, and is sentenced to death. He travels hundreds of miles from Tahiti in a frail canoe, and, nigh to death from hunger and exposure, is rescued by Father Paul, the priest of his native island. The priest loyally keeps the secret of Terangi's hiding place from the French Governor, who from a sense of duty would have returned him to Tahiti for execution.

Realizing that Manukura is in the direct path of a severe hurricane Terangi leaves his secure berth at Motu Atea, warns the natives of their imminent peril, and helps heroically in their rescue. He manages to save the life of the Governor's wife, and through her intercession is finally pardoned by the French government.

The description of the hurricane is a masterpiece. We can hear the tremendous roaring of the wind; we can see the rising waters engulfing the island and carrying away houses, trees, canoes and people to destruction and death. You will enjoy reading this book. B. L. C.

**French Novelists of Today.** By Milton H. Stansbury. Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press. $2.00.

Dr. Stansbury somewhat disarms criticism of these essays by declaring at the outset that they merely represent his "reactions to those living French novelists who have most stimulated" his own interest. In that case it might have been wiser to choose a more restricted title. For almost any reader familiar with contemporary French prose will immediately be tempted to ask—"Are René Bazin and Henri Bordeaux no longer to be considered of to-day?"

Candidly, the group chosen by this instructor at the University of Pennsylvania are a dreary set, very few of whom could possibly be con-

sidered important, while nearly all are touched by morbidity or degeneracy of some kind. In André Gide he presents a significant figure: but "emancipated spirit" seems an odd description of this tortured artist, always at war with normal standards because of his own physical and psychical abnormality. Nor is "angelic perversity" quite *le mot juste* for Colette's mingling of ingenuousness, sophistication and sensuality. Dr. Stansbury's discussion of the Surrealists and their "orgy of nonsense" is one of the best things in the book. But even there, one wonders what the apostolic and torrential Claudel would think of finding himself grouped with Barrès and Anatole France as a master of "graceful irony and subtle estheticism"!

In fact, it is often difficult to plumb the author's standards of criticism. He has a curious and probably unconscious blind spot wherever Catholicity is concerned—suggesting that Jean Cocteau "sought solace, first in opium, then in God," and declaring in a most unsympathetic analysis of François Mauriac that "in conformity with Catholic teaching" the latter novelist "was expected to represent all earthly love as antagonistic to the love of God." On the other hand, he has devoted pages of painstaking study to the pessimism of Julian Green and the optimism of Jules Romains, to "that worthy bore," Drieu La Rochelle, to Paul Morand, whom he describes as "obviously mesmerized by the corruption of post-war Europe," and so on *ad nauseam*.

It really seems a pity to have spent all this patient reading, skillful writing and fine bookmaking on so dismal a cross-section of Gallic letters, when there is an army of constructive and inspiring writers in contemporary France, who need to be better known by English-speaking readers. K. B.

**The Christ-Life Series in Religion. By Dom Virgil Michel, O.S.B., Ph.D., Dom Basil Stegmann, O.S.B., S.T.D. and the Sisters of the Order of St. Dominic. New York: The Macmillan Co. 60-80 cents a Vol.**

The aim of this Series is "not instruction alone, but instruction plus a carry-over into daily life." There is constant emphasis throughout on religion not merely as something to be learned, but, rather, as something to be lived. Knowledge, even coupled with habits of devotion, is not always enough to enable us to face "life's stresses," and now a practical way to meet the problem is shown through the most modern and approved pedagogical method of learning and doing.

The basic principle of the work is the spiritual growth of the child through participation in the liturgy of the Church. This is quite in keeping with the modern movement back to the liturgy as the means whereby Christ teaches and sanctifies His children. There are eight books, one for each of the eight grades. In the first four the emphasis is positive, stressing obedience through love; the doctrine is given in the beginning indirectly with the narrative emphasized until gradually it is taught more directly and judgment problems are introduced. There is always the application of the material to God's will and to the child's life.

With the last four volumes, the little one has reached the age where compact and detailed instruction

can be assimilated. In them he is shown how to take his part in the liturgy, the life of Christ in His Church; he is taught in greater detail the story of God's providence for man and the commandments are treated more fully with excellent discussion material to show the child's responsibility.

The last volume takes up the Church as the living Christ. The Mass, the sacraments, and sacramentals are discussed fully as the child's growing insight and appreciation warrant. The illustrations in these later books, done by some of our best artists, are in black and white and make splendid use of the symbolic.

There are two Teachers' Manuals, practical, complete, and inspiring, which give invaluable help for the instructor. The earlier volumes of the Series are already in use in many of our schools and are proving a joy to teacher and pupil alike. The authors deserve gratitude as well as congratulations. R. M.

## SHORTER NOTICES

FICTION: **We in Captivity.** By Kathleen Pawle (New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $2.50). The writer of this book, although not without promising gifts, has created a story which on the whole looks like the work of an undisciplined amateur. Something more than an active imagination, vivacious style and historical background of intense interest must go into the making of a novel. The author apparently has still to learn that even though actual history may thrust upon us a series of startling improbabilities, no writer can hope with impunity to do the same. History seems to have a way of ultimately fitting the improbabilities into a pattern. Perhaps that is why we concede to it so great a license. The tale has to do with the Dublin Rebellion of Easter week, 1916, and is concerned chiefly with the part played in it by a group of school boys, students at Rochenoir,—a thin disguise for Black Rock,—near Dublin. They are on the whole an unpleasant as well as an improbable lot, surpassed however in both these characteristics by the various priests, Jesuits and secular, described in the story. What particular purpose the book was meant to serve, it would be difficult to say, unless perhaps the author hoped to persuade the world that the Catholic clergy, past and present, may be looked upon as the worst enemies of the Irish.

**In Search of Love.** By Francis Stuart (New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.00). One of the most amusing satires of the year, this book is a surprising departure from the usual vein of Mr. Stuart. It is up to the minute in theme, dialogue and characterization, and the author's humorous appreciation of modern foibles as typified by the immature sophistications of the Movies, is a delight. He transforms types into people. You will chuckle over Coral Century, the glamorous star of the Twentieth Century Limited Films, whose pictured quest of Love among the Whalers—in a German Prison—on a Locomotive Rushing Through the Night — and in other well selected surroundings, is pursued in the spirit of the good-hearted gold-digger. You will be tempted to giggle at the gallant, stuffy old Baron and his perfidious hero, Harry Hatfield, relic of the

Edwardian Sporting World. Even as you hiss them, you will be amazed by the fantastic financial schemes of Mr. Salmon of the tallow face and fat, diamond-ringed hands. But best of all Mr. Stuart's present creations, you will like the comfortable frumpy, elderly Margaret Hubbard, who, by one of those freak chances commonplace to the Movies, is suddenly transposed from shabby obscurity to spotlight opulence, and becomes a world-idol as "Everybody's Mummy." The book is, of course, intended for mature readers.

Innocent Summer. By Frances Frost (New York: Farrar & Rinehart. $2.50). In this powerful story of a Vermont village, Frances Frost has written a novel for adults, about children. It is sharply observant, deeply sympathetic, and the author handles her material with mature skill. In the effort to be acute, however, she inclines to ruthlessness, and her descriptions are sometimes irreverently intimate. The probing of a wound is admirable in a doctor who seeks to cure, but it is an extreme measure for the layman moved by curiosity or even the most friendly interest. There is no mistaking Miss Frost's interest in Childhood in Trouble, and because of her tender understanding, her child characters are living, vivid, remarkably personal creations. With parents she is less successful; the fathers are labeled "pleasant and weak" or "cruel and drunken," while the mothers, with one accord, merge into a composite crotchet. Several of the families are Catholic, and the author is unfortunate in her passages dealing with their religious reactions and with the quoted remarks of "Father Nolan."

Vanishing Spring. By John Desmond Sheridan (Dublin: The Talbot Press. 5 *s.*). This is a first novel; it is simple, unpretentious and gives promise of better things to come. The hero, Neil Caraher, goes to school in Donegal and to college in Dublin. The story is a chronicle of his wholly normal development, his falling in love and his entering upon a career. It is the sort of book one could give to young people without hesitation — unless they were the sort of young people inclined to say "So What?"

Selina. By Sheila Kaye-Smith (New York: Harper & Bros. $2.50). We were glad to renew our acquaintance with the two delightful children of *Summer Holiday*, Selina aged seven and her sister Moira aged five. Selina asks innumerable questions about God, angels, gambling, drunkenness, and the niceties of French slang; she learns many of the mysterious ways of grown-ups; she writes an impossible play and enjoys to the full the joys of authorship; she becomes dress conscious on her first day at school, and marvels at the rudeness of the older girls who make her stand upon her head and say three times, "I'm a cocky little beast"! The sorrows, joys, likes and dislikes of children are well pictured in these pages. The author perchance is recalling some of the incidents of her own childhood.

Victorious Troy or The Hurrying Angel. By John Masefield (New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.50). This saltiest of sea stories, by England's sailor poet, is a veritable *tour de force*. Two hundred and ten pages are devoted to the description of one storm, and the author succeeds so incredibly in sustaining interest at high pitch, that the

reader emerges feeling drenched, exhausted and bruised, but definitely grateful for the ensuing calm, sharing the feelings of the hero when he sees the stars once more ashine "that the real delights of life cost nothing . . . that that color of almost black blue, and that brightness spangling it, were joys without price, beyond price."

**World D.** By Hal P. Trevarthen. Edited by J. K. Heydon (New York: Sheed & Ward. $2.50). Realizing that the human race is doomed to destruction, Grandpa Blenkarn through his discovery of the laws of Psycho-Physics creates a new world D "in the red-hot granite, ten miles below the Indian Ocean." With the aid of the Chinese Jesuit Wang, his granddaughter Val, and the young lawyer Bob Hasson, Blenkarn is to bring forth a new race of chosen individuals. With many marvelous instruments, placed in innumerable cells in five hundred floors of three square miles each, this strange quartet communicate with the star worlds—Triangulum, Polaris and Cygnus—eat synthetic bacon, eggs, and toast, and don synthetic bathing suits in an imaginary lake under an imaginary sky. An original setting for the astonishing love story of Val and Bob! The author has his tongue in his cheek all the while, but his extravagant fantasy soon wears on one's nerves. Is he poking fun at Mr. Wells? There is some sane discussion of the Catholic concept of marriage, and the Church's ban upon birth control. The love-making is not always in good taste.

**Mr. Pelly's Little Home.** By Ralph E. Mooney (New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $2.00). The lesson of this drab history of a hard working suburbanite seems to be that this cruel, heartless world has no use whatever for the timid, conscientious plodder, but bestows its prizes upon self-assertive go-getters, no matter how unprincipled and dishonest. Alonzo Pelly is bullied by his schoolmates, and treated badly in his sordid home—so badly indeed that he is forced to run away at sixteen. An "inspirational" speaker at a church affair tells him that the only recipe for happiness is "to get married, own your own little home, and have children." The advice seems good, and Alonzo follows it to the letter. Disillusioned by the vicissitudes which ensue, he still carries bravely on, secure in the dual loves of a faithful wife and a loyal sister.

**What If This Friend?** By Richard Hanlon (New York: Claude Kendall & Willoughby Sharp. $2.50). The strange title of this novel is taken from one of Browning's poems:

"Hush, I pray you.
What if this friend should happen to be—God?"

The scenes are laid in Judea, Galilee, Syria and Rome, the happenings credited to Vitellius, Roman Governor of Syria in the time of Our Lord. A number of New Testament characters — Pilate, Claudia, Herod, Herodias, Simon of Cyrene—figure in these pages, and the marriage feast of Cana is imaginatively described. Throughout the story the influence of Christ's life and death upon Jew and pagan is set forth in rather vague fashion, Pilate himself being pictured as a believer in the Resurrection. There are a number of vivid passages—the murder of Dia, the wife of Vitellius, and the torture and crucifixion of the murderer and traitor, Festus.

A few scenes indicative of Jewish and pagan immorality might well have been omitted.

**The Son of Marietta.** By Johan Fabricius (Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $3.00). This tedious, long drawn out novel—811 pages—devotes two-thirds of its space to Marietta, a servant seduced by the unspeakable Bishop of Todi, who marries her to a carpenter of the town. The other third tells of the endless *amours* of Benedetto, the Bishop's illegitimate son, who is provided with every possible vice by the lavish generosity of his creator. The author tries to outdo Allen's *Anthony Adverse*, and succeeds. Not only does his book nauseate us by its scores of immoral scenes in palace, hovel, convent, bishop's house and houses of prostitution, but it pictures the people and clerics of seventeenth-century Todi and Venice as rotten to the core. The minor characters—they number hundreds—spend their time in lust, drunkenness, gambling, thievery and murder. The frequent allusions to episcopal and priestly abuse of the confessional is in very bad taste to say the least; they prove that the writer, with all his world wandering is a bigot at heart. The blurb is unduly optimistic when it declares that this 430,000-word trilogy will become a part of the literature of the world.

**Freedom Farewell!** By Phyllis Bentley (New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.50). In this convincing historical romance, Phyllis Bentley succeeds in bringing to life again, with remarkable ease and surety, Julius Cæsar and the people and atmosphere of his day. Almost as real and near at hand as the dictators and political dynamos of today, Cæsar, Pompey, Crassus, Cato, Brutus, Mark Antony, Cassius and Cicero, and all those other Romans who ruled and bled the Empire, become unforgettable personalities rather than the classroom effigies of our youth. The times, of course, were broad, and the author deals the cards impartially, so there are episodes and overtones to check one's first wish to give the book to every high school Latinist. As a mature novel, as a piece of commendable craftsmanship and as an interesting commentary on the trend of conditions in present day affairs as seen through history, the book merits the consideration of discerning readers.

**Rabble Rouser.** By Charles Morrow Wilson (New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $2.00). The hero of this poster-bright political tale of the Arkansas backwoods is Cabe Hargis, born leader of the rustic common folk. He reminds the reader of various salty personalities of the American political scene, and his rise to power—in the interests of the common man—is by the regulation route. The plot is reared upon a triangular foundation, consisting of Cabe, himself, the handicapped Elijah, to whose defense he is forever rushing, and Martha. Well, yes, of course—Martha is his Great Romance. Minor characters are drawn with verve and facility, especially The Wheelhorse of the People and Colonel Alf, but it is Cabe Hargis who stands out as this author's best achievement.

PAMPHLET PUBLICATIONS. — Important to those who would study the Church and speak with her voice are: **The History of the Apostolic Church, Syllabus II.—Part III.**, a continuation of the **New Testament**

Series published by the St. Anthony Guild Press, Paterson, N. J. (25 cents), and **The Hour of Prime**, the morning prayer of the Roman Breviary, arranged in parallel columns, Latin and English, for Sunday and week days (Collegeville, Minn.: The Liturgical Press, 15 cents). Two broadcast series of the Catholic Hour, **The Fullness of Christ**, by the Very Rev. Msgr. Fulton J. Sheen, Ph.D., LL.D. (60 cents), and **If Not Christianity What**, by Rev. James M. Gillis, C.S.P. (25 cents), have been assembled for those who wish to enjoy their continuity and possess them permanently (Washington, D. C.: National Council Catholic Men).

**The Catholic Priesthood**, the latest Encyclical of His Holiness, Pope Pius X.; a very useful summary of **Psycho-Analysis and Other Aspects of Psychology**, by C. L. C. Burns, M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P., D.P.M.; some **Reflections By Firelight** in which Vera Barclay treats in colloquial fashion p r o b l e m s of life; the origin, meaning and value of **The Devotion of the Nine First Fridays**, by "a secular priest"; two important topics, **Is One Religion as Good as Another?** and **Mixed Marriages**, in the nutshell of C. T. S. Leaflets; **Catholic Customs in the Church** and **Catholic Customs in the Home**, by Very Rev. Ethelbert Horne, and **Thanksgiving Prayers**, suitable for young and old, comprise the recent and, as always, valuable output of the Catholic Truth Society (London, 5 cents each).

Particularly useful for young people and the home are, **A Grown Up Altar Boy** (St. Thomas More) and **Maid of the Sacred Sword** (St. Joan of Arc), by the editors of *The Catholic Boy*, Rev. Francis E. Benz and John S. Gibbons; **Learn of Me**, simple lessons in catechism by Josephine Van Dyke Brownson, and **Home School & Co.**, by Rev. Felix M. Kirsch, O.M.Cap. Valuable as apologetics for adults and their non-Catholic friends are, **Explanations for a Stranger Attending Catholic Services**, **Mexico Destroys Religious Freedom**, by Rev. John A. O'Brien, Ph.D.; **The Bible**, by Rev. Joseph A. Vaughan, S.J., Ph.D.; **The Christian Faith Before the Bar of Reason**, by the Most Rev. John F. Noll, D.D., Bishop of Fort Wayne; **Modern Indifferentism and Theological Science** and **The Protestant Mind in 1935 A. D.**, by Rev. Maurice O'Connor, and **Are "Mercy-Killings" Justifiable?**, by Rev. F. A. Arnold, C.R. (Huntington, Ind.: Our Sunday Visitor Press, 10 cents each).

Rev. Ignatius W. Cox, S.J., summarizes ably a modern evil in **Birth Control, Birth Controllers and Perversion of Logic.** Of special interest while Catholic hearts are so constantly turned towards Mexico, is the story of **Our Lady of Guadalupe**, translated from the Spanish by Rev. Francis Borgia Steck, O.F.M., Ph.D. **Organized Social Justice**, printed for the N. C. W. C. Social Action Department, offers an important economic program for the United States based on the great Encyclical of Pope Pius XI. The Notes and Study Outline make it excellent material for individuals and groups seeking to be informed on and to apply Christian principles to present economic ills. Excellent additions to juvenile religious literature are, **The "Our Father,"** by Rev. Daniel M. Dougherty, and **"First Friday" Thoughts**, by Rev. William J. Smith, S.J. (New York: The Paulist Press, 5 cents).

Of apologetic value are "Part One" and "Part Two" of **The Cath-**

olic Church and Reason, by Rev. Henry Johnston, S.J., and Blind Guides, an analysis of the modern attack on the Bible, by Rev. Albert Power, S.J. In Why Be Moral?, James G. Murtagh presents in dialogue the pagan and Christian viewpoints on morality (Melbourne: The Australian Catholic Truth Society, 5 cents each).

With a first glance at The Way of the Cross for Children, by Rev. John Joseph Croke, the child reaches out to grasp it, and when he has looked at the striking illustrations of the Stations, and read over (or listened to) the simple little meditation, and said the childlike, loving little prayer, he will have acquired a definite understanding of and affection for this inspiring devotion, likely to stay with him all through life; it is certain to accomplish its author's commendable aim, and you will be glad you gave it to the child you love (New York: Hospital Publishing Co., 10 cents).

The Catholic Mind of February 22d contains "The Pope Amid Storms," by Anne O'Hare McCormick; "Separation of Church and State," by Rev. Wilfrid Parsons, S.J., and "The Papacy and the League of Nations," by Paul G. Steinbicker. The issue of March 8th presents two important questions, "Our Immoral Economic Order," treated in two addresses by Rev. Ignatius Cox, S.J., and "Church Unity—Corporate Reunion or Individual Conversion." This latter question is taken up again in the March 22d issue in "Why Not Meet Each Other Half Way?" by O'Brien Atkinson, which also deals with "The Pope and the War," statements by Pope Pius XI., and "The Vatican and the German Reich," by Rev. Joseph Francis Thorning, S.J. (New York: The America Press, 5 cents per issue).

The latest publication of The Catholic Association for International Peace, issued by the Latin America Committee, The United States and the Dominican Republic, by Elizabeth W. Loughran, offers a careful examination of the relations between the two countries well worthy of study and thought (Washington, D. C.: 1312 Massachusetts Avenue, 10 cents).

Barnes and Noble of New York have brought out a valuable booklet on The Constitution of the United States, prepared by Mr. Barnes. With notes on the origin of the Constitution and the text are many charts and tables showing the complete set-up of the branches of our Government.

The Annual Report for 1935 of the Division of Intercourse and Education of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace is now available.

For five years, *Pax*, the monthly organ of the Benedictines of Prinknash Priory (Gloucester, England) has had a quarterly issue devoted entirely to the Eastern Churches. The October issue of this year was the last of such special numbers. However, the Editors of the Eastern Churches Number of *Pax*, Dom Bede Winslow, O.S.B., and Donald Attwater, will carry on their work in an independent quarterly, the first number of which appeared in January under the title, The Eastern Churches Quarterly. All who are in any way interested in the Eastern Churches will find the new Quarterly attractive, instructive and purposeful, the only publication of its kind in the English language devoted exclusively to the treatment of the Eastern Churches. Sample copies will be available by

writing to either of the following addresses: Dom Bede Winslow, O.S.B., St. Augustine's Abbey, Ramsgate, Kent, England, or James F. Kane, 804 West 180th Street, New York, N. Y. ($1.00 a year).

We are also glad to welcome the first number of the Bulletin of Notre Dame de Sion, the Arch-Confraternity of Prayer for the Conversion of Israel. It is the fruition of a long-cherished thought, the result of constant effort and unwavering prayer. Containing interesting matter, well printed and neat in appearance, it will do much to further the cause it fosters (Kansas City: 3823 Locust Street).

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## INDEX TO REVIEWERS

B. L. C.: Rev. Bertrand L. Conway, C.S.P., missionary and writer, Church of St. Paul the Apostle, New York City; founder and spiritual director of the Catholic Unity League; author of *Studies in Church History, The Question Box*, etc.

B. M. O'R.: Bryan M. O'Reilly, writer and critic, New York City.

C. W. T.: Charles Willis Thompson, author and critic, Scarsdale, N. Y.; former editor of the *Review of Books* and political correspondence for *The New York Times;* author of *Presidents I Have Known, The Fiery Epoch*, etc.

J. A. R.: Right Rev. Msgr. John A. Ryan, D.D., Professor of Moral Theology and Industrial Ethics, Catholic University of America, and Director of the Social Action Department, National Catholic Welfare Conference, Washington, D. C.; author of *Distributive Justice, A Better Economic Order*, etc.

J. McS.: Rev. Joseph McSorley, C.S.P., author and translator, Church of St. Paul the Apostle, New York City; author of *A Primer of Prayer, The Sacrament of Duty*, etc.

K. B.: Katherine Brégy, Litt.D., *Officier de l'Instruction Publique*, author, dramatic and literary critic, Philadelphia, Pa.; author of *The Poets' Chantry, From Dante to Jeanne d'Arc*, etc.

M. C. M.: Margaret C. Meagher, essayist, teacher, musician, cataloguer of bibliographical works for Art and University Society Libraries, Richmond, Va.

M. G. H.: Mary G. Hawks, writer and critic, Co-Chairman of the National Council of Catholic Women's Committee on International Relations, Washington, D. C.; former President of the National Council of Catholic Women.

R. M.: Ruth (Mrs. John Hudson) Merrill, teacher, poet and critic, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

T. M.: Theodore Maynard, Ph.D., Litt.D., poet and essayist, Professor of English, Mount St. Mary's College, Emmitsburg, Md.; author of *Carven from the Laurel Tree, Preface to Poetry*, etc.

W. T. W.: William Thomas Walsh, Litt.D., Professor of English, College of the Sacred Heart, Manhattanville, New York City; author of *Isabella of Spain*, etc.

# BOOKS RECEIVED

BENZIGER BROS., New York:
*The Pastor and Marriage Cases.* By Rev. Matthew Ramstein, O.F.M.C., D.D., J.U.D. $2.00.

FORDHAM UNIVERSITY PRESS, New York:
*The Historical Scholarship of St. Bellarmine.* By E. A. Ryan, S.J.

HARPER & BROS., New York:
*The Anatomy of Personality.* By Howard W. Haggard, M.D., and Clements C. Fry, M.D. $3.00. *Realism and Nationalism, 1852-1871.* By Robert C. Binkley. $3.75. *Divine White Right.* By Trevor Bowen. $1.75. *The Iron Will.* By Margaret Culkin Banning. $2.00. *Flowers of Evil.* From the French of Charles Baudelaire. By George Dillon and Edna St. Vincent Millay. $2.75.

HOLIDAY HOUSE, New York:
*How Percival Caught the Tiger.* By Percival Stutters. $1.00.

HENRY HOLT & CO., New York:
*Puritanism in the South Seas.* By Louis B. Wright and Mary Isabel Fry. $3.00. *The Resources of Religion.* By Georgia Harkness. $2.00.

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN CO., Boston:
*Elizabethan Women.* By Gamaliel Bradford. Edited by Harold Ogden White. $3.00. *Mont Saint Michel and Chartres.* By Henry Adams. New edition. $3.00.

P. J. KENEDY & SONS, New York:
*Pray for Us.* A Collection of Prayers for Various Occasions compiled by Very Rev. John J. Burke, C.S.P., S.T.D. $1.00. *Calvary and the Mass.* By Right Rev. Fulton J. Sheen, Ph.D., D.D., LL.D., Litt.D. $1.00.

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., New York:
*The Coming of the Monster.* By Owen Francis Dudley. $2.00. *Vita Christi.* By Mother St. Paul. Vol. V. $2.00. *Stop, Look, Listen.* By Berta and Elmer Hader. $1.00.

LORING & MUSSEY, New York:
*The Will of Charles Lounsbury.* By Williston Fish. 75 cents.

ROBERT M. MCBRIDE & CO., New York:
*Defender of Democracy: Masaryk of Czechoslovakia.* By Emil Ludwig. $3.00.

THE MACMILLAN CO., New York:
*In the Second Year.* By Storm Jameson. $2.50. *Liberalism Fights On.* By Ogden L. Mills. $1.50. *The Christian Faith in the Modern World.* By J. Gresham Machen, D.D., Litt.D. $2.00. *The King's Good Servant.* By Olive White. $2.50. *Hoot-Owl.* By Mabel Guinnip La Rue. 84 cents. *Bones of Contention.* By Frank O'Connor. $2.75. *Sparkenbroke.* By Charles Morgan. $2.75. *Mary Tudor.* By Beatrice White. $6.00. *The Return to Religion.* By Henry C. Link, Ph.D. $1.75. *The Lost Generation.* By Maxine Davis. $2.50. *Plays of Changing Ireland.* Edited by Curtis Canfield. $3.50. *Fear Is the Thorn.* By Rachel Field. $1.35.

POETRY DIGEST ASSOCIATION, New York:
*Anthology of Magazine Verse for 1935 and Yearbook of American Poetry.* Edited by Alan F. Pater. $4.00.

RANDOM HOUSE, New York:
*The Bed-Side Book of Famous American Stories.* Edited by Angus Burrell and Bennett A. Cerf. $3.00.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, New York:
*Antony (Viscount Knebworth).* By His Father, the Earl of Lytton. $3.00. *Obiter Scripta.* By George Santayana. Edited by Justus Buchler and Benjamin Schwartz. $2.50. *The Living Jefferson.* By James Truslow Adams. $3.00.

SHEED & WARD, New York:
*Night Over the East.* By Erik von Kuhnelt-Leddihn. Translated and Adapted by Edwin and Willa Muir. $2.50.

JOSEPH F. WAGNER, New York:
*A Call to Catholic Action.* Vol. II. A Series of Conferences. $2.00.

DOUBLEDAY, DORAN & CO., Garden City, N. Y.:
*Frank Knox American.* By Norman Beasley. $1.00.

JEWISH PUBLICATION SOCIETY OF AMERICA, Philadelphia:
*History of the Jews in Vienna.* By Max Grunewald. $2.25.

THE ASSOCIATED PUBLISHERS, Washington, D. C.:
*The African Background Outlined or Handbook for the Study of the Negro.* By Carter G. Woodson. $3.25.

CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY OF AMERICA, Washington, D. C.:
*The Social Philosophy of Christian Education.* By Sister Mary Gonzaga Welsh, M.A.

B. HERDER BOOK CO., St. Louis:
*The Children's Bible History.* By Rev. S. A. Raemers, M.A., Ed.M., Ph.D. 60 cents.

THE BRUCE PUBLISHING CO., Milwaukee:
*The Church of Christ.* By Rev. A. Rousseau. $2.00. *The Greatest of the Borgias.* By Margaret Yeo. $2.50.

MOREHOUSE PUBLISHING CO., Milwaukee:
*We Behold His Glory.* By Nicholas Arseniev, D.D. Translated by Mary Anita Ewer, Ph.D. $3.00.

ROCK CITY PUBLISHING CO., Nashville:
*Bible vs. Modernism.* By Allison N. Trice and Charles H. Roberson, B.S., M.A.